

MCCALL'S

FEBRUARY

10¢

"ERIS"
THE HEROINE OF ROBERT W.
CHAMBERS' GREATEST NOVEL
WHICH BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE
OF MCCALL'S MAGAZINE AS
PAINTED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

JAN
18
1923

C. E. Chambers

"Stamped" EX-
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and promptly
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we, please give full
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ERIS *Begins in this Issue*
Latest Novel by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



Bon Ami

for
Aluminum
etc.

See how it shines! I would never think of using anything but Bon Ami on the *polished* parts of my aluminum ware. It always looks like new because Bon Ami cleans it gently—without the tiniest scratch to mar the polish.

Apply Bon Ami with a wet cloth. A moment's pause while it dries and dissolves the tarnish. Then a dry cloth—away goes the grime—back comes the shine.

Bon Ami is used for cleaning and polishing many things. Look over the list at the right and make sure you are getting all the help that this "good friend" can give you.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Principal uses of Bon Ami for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
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Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Valentines come to McCall Street

IF the dictionary is right when it defines a Valentine as "a letter containing sentiments of admiration" then the Editor of McCall's feels he is doubtlessly one of the largest receivers of these friendly missives in the whole length and breadth of the land, for to him comes a countless host of complimentary messages from the many dwellers on McCall Street. Of course sometimes we get letters, too, that take us to task, but these we are going to pass by at this time; and just because St. Valentine's falls in February, some of these "letters containing sentiments of admiration" will be printed here that our readers may enjoy, along with us, the pleasant glow that always accompanies the unexpected, and so all the more appreciated, tribute. Here they follow, then—most of them from our latest mail—and all of them the most interesting sort of Valentines that could fall on a busy Editor's February desk.

TO THE EDITOR:

Robert W. Chambers' stirring message in McCall's regarding our appalling forest situation should be read by every man, woman and child on this continent. I bought up all the McCall's Magazines I could find in Canada and mailed one to each of our Canadian editors as well as to most of our members of Parliament and Senators. I have retired from business and am spending my entire time in an endeavor to save the few remaining trees that we have in Canada. The forest situation here is even worse than in the United States, though we are still exporters of pulpwood, while as a matter of fact our forests are depleted to such an extent that for the good of the country we should not cut another tree in Canada for forty years, and at the present time should be importers of wood rather than exporters. The selfishness of mankind is beyond my comprehension.

FRANK J. D. BARNJUM, Montreal.

TO THE EDITOR:

I am very delighted with the wonderful Story of the Bible by Hendrik Willem van Loon. It is giving me more knowledge, more wisdom and an entirely different view of life than I have ever had before. I always was curious to read a narrative story of the Bible as well as that of mankind.

L. STEINSAFIR, Cleveland, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:

We are very much impressed with the perfectly splendid work that your publication is doing in behalf of maternal and infant welfare, and it seems highly desirable that we should be able to possess the Health Articles which you are so frequently printing at the present time. Will there be reprints which we can secure? I am sure that all State Departments of Health not only appreciate the valiant service you are rendering in the great campaign, but will feel the value of possessing these authoritative articles in some convenient form.

MARY RIGGS NOBLE, M. D.,

Division of Child Health of the State of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:

Your splendid magazine is surely one of the best in the United States, so full of good reading combined with the fashions of today. I cannot say how much I appreciate the fact that the articles written by Gene Stratton-Porter will appear in your paper. It makes your paper still more valuable. I am one among the million readers of Mrs. Porter's books and found in them so much good. With best wishes for your splendid magazine.

MRS. EDWIN FELL, Van Wert, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to tell you that the cover of the current McCall's has attracted great attention in my place of business, a corset store here. The beautiful, natural girl's head—the high lights or reflected square light in the eyes—wonderful! The color scheme is harmonious, and the reflection is a very unique idea. Let me congratulate you.

MME. L. C. GORDON, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR:

I read Lucian Cary's article on "Flapperism and the Colleges" and was very much interested. He mentions the change as having come about since he went to college in 1902. It really came very recently and very suddenly. When I entered college in 1916 there was not a flapper or anyone resembling such a thing in my class. Some of the girls were frivolous as is to be expected of sixteen and seventeen but they were all normal, sensible girls with no extremes of style or conduct, no rouge, no cigarettes or booze. The class that entered in 1917 was on the same order, but the classes of '18 and '19 were simply awful. They were no more like the girls in the college than the offspring of wild Indians would have been. They rouged, smoked, wore extremely short skirts, rolled their stockings, wore galoshes—open—went on wild parties, broke rules. But, as Mr. Cary says, they were not at all bad. When one had dug through an inch or two of paint and enamel, he found a face the same

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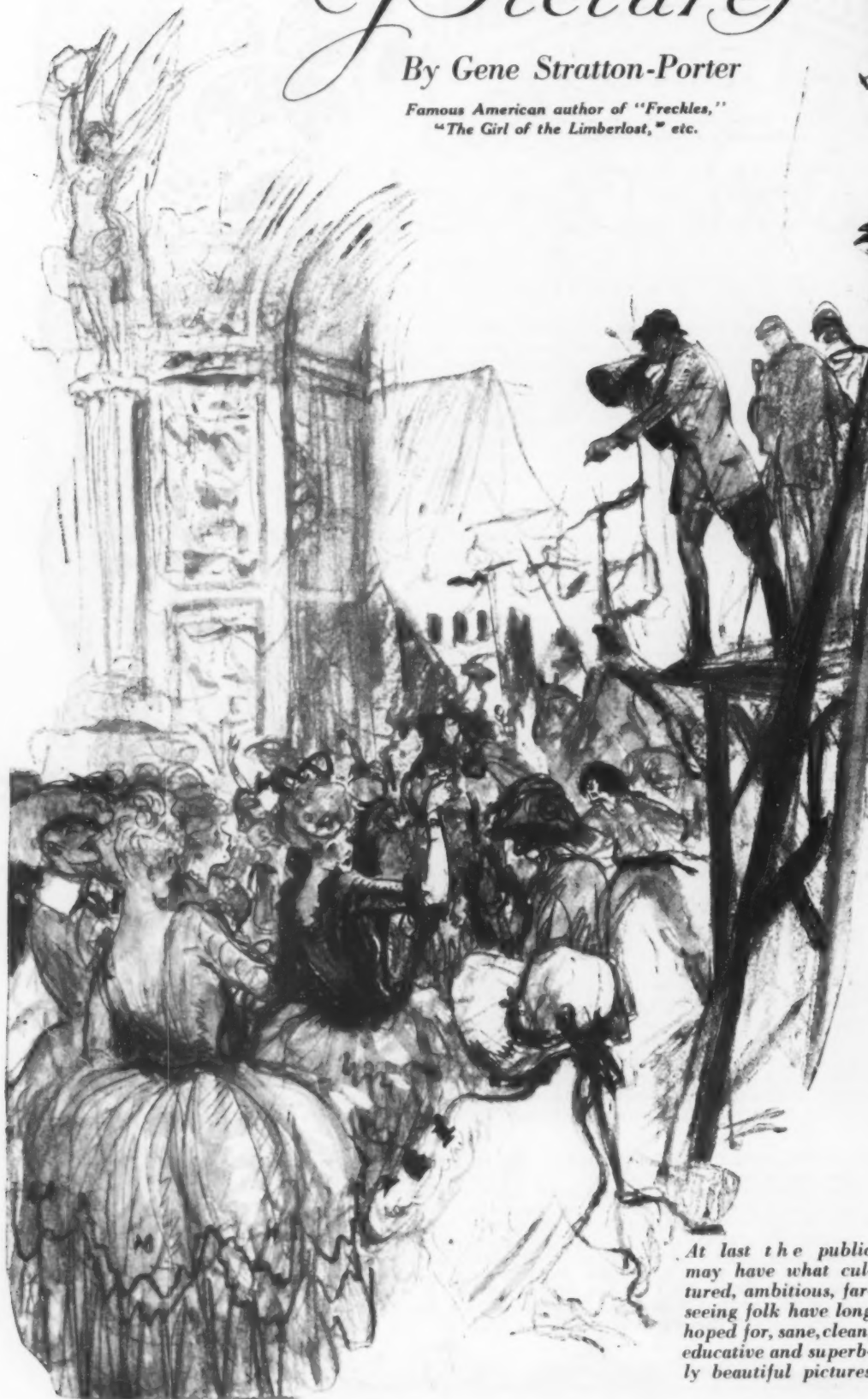
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A New Day in Pictures

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles,"
"The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.



At last the public may have what cultured, ambitious, far-seeing folk have long hoped for, sane, clean, educative and superbly beautiful pictures

NO form of amusement ever has been devised which has reached such increasingly large numbers of people as the photodrama. At a time when theatrical performances, opera and grand opera were ranging in price from one and a half to ten dollars a seat, there came before the American public a form of amusement in which the day laborer might indulge for a price which meant the same to him as the three-dollar theater ticket meant to his millionaire employer. Skipping the time which had provided no entertainment other than the back seat of a church or a band concert at an often inaccessible park, there suddenly came close to the doors of the common daily workers of our country a form of beautiful entertainment. First for a nickel, then for a dime our people might take their children and go to an entertainment at which in beautiful pictorial form they might see the wonders of the world, not metaphorically, but literally—the Laplander herding his reindeer, Kimberly mines

Mrs. Porter's Way of Keeping Faith with Film Fans

MRS. PORTER, in this article discussing the future of films in America, is not taking her facts from hearsay. For years she has been receiving tremendous offers for the celluloid rights to her enormously popular books, but has steadfastly refused to consider them, fearing her stories would be marred in an unsympathetic transition from the book to the screen. And so it happens that today finds this famous and beloved author in Hollywood, filming her own stories.

The Editor asked Mrs. Porter, as her national announcement, to tell McCall readers, all her devoted admirers, what ideals she personally expects to adhere to as a film producer, to which she wired the following characteristic reply:

"Ten million copies of my books stand today as a proof that the public wants stories which reflect the best and not the worst in life. As a motion-picture producer I shall continue to present idealized pictures of life, pictures of men and women who inspire charity, honor, devotion to God and to family. I believe with Will H. Hays in the high ideals of the American public. As a producer of pictures I shall strive to uphold the standard Mr. Hays is setting for pictures, a standard that will keep faith with the million who now attend picture theaters and convert the million who are not yet converted."

This is the sort of standard that will lift the film world to the position it ought to occupy in American life, and McCall's believes Mrs. Porter's influence will be largely responsible in helping to bring this to pass.

turning out diamonds, the curing of Darjeeling tea. They might become familiar with airships, submarines and Zepelins, without ever having been within a thousand miles of any of them. They might see beautiful men and women portraying the characters of books they had read, working



out interesting life histories of the present or reproducing the past.

I am accustomed to doing scientific natural history work, to probing deep, to cutting up, magnifying, learning why the moth takes no food, how the caterpillar knows the right leaf upon which to lay its eggs so that its emerging young shall have food, to describing the last faint color of the feathers of a butterfly or the scales of a fish; but I have no words in which to describe the effect on the minds of the people working all day in the fields, at the forge, in mines, in the kitchen, at the wash tub, doing the work which feeds

and clothes us and provides our comforts, when they laid down their heavy tasks, frequently distasteful, and sat resting while they watched the panorama of the world unroll before them. They could come no closer to telling what the silver screen has meant to them than can I, who am supposed to have some facility with words. The effect on their consciousness has been registered by the necessity for the erection of picture house after picture house, until small and remote villages each have several. In rapid strides the industry girded the world. Pictures began with the wonder of watching a train move, a cowboy herd cattle, an automobile circle a mountain. Rapidly the art advanced until today

we are seeing pictures which truly put across psychology. One may see a picture of what a man is thinking. One may read his mind, until one knows what he is going to do next, before he has made a movement. When producers began to realize the magnitude of the new art, greed crept in, and in an effort to draw even larger audiences, the old process of going to extremes gradually made its way, until there began to appear in pictures, extremes in dress and extremes in portrayal of character which constituted an abuse of good taste that the public refused longer to tolerate.

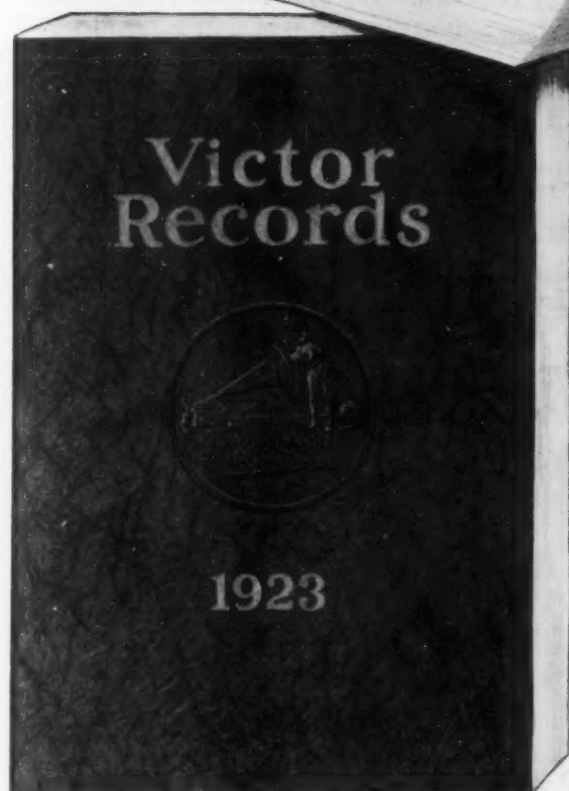
There is one picture in existence that must be horrible. In Japan it is supposed to be a sign of weakness for people to betray their affections in public. In the seclusion of his home a Japanese man kisses his wife and pets his children, but when he appears in public with his family, he is walking straight ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left, while his wife follows in his footsteps, if she be a proper lady, intently viewing her toes. Hence, when American pictures began to be sent to Japan, the suggestive dressing and the scenes of passionate abandon were impossible for their audiences. So one distributor secretly reproduced all these scenes from all the American films which came to him, pieced them together and made one long picture of them, which he dares show only in private. If that picture could be seen in all its horrors by the producers, directors and actors of this country, it would obviate all further necessity for an effort to explain the revolt of the past year against the makers of pictures containing such flagrant abuses of good taste.

These pictures were the result of wonderful box-office returns, which made producers believe that they were the kind of picture the public demanded. Then certain pictures began to be record-breakers, to stand outside all past experiences in popularity. They were "The Miracle Man," "The Four Horsemen," "The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," "The Silent Call," and "Grandma's Boy," the last two of the list being such record-breakers that they forced home the great and shining truth that the picture which the great mass of our people demands is a plain, simple presentment of life and character, absolutely devoid of any salacious touch, stripped of suggestiveness, and in such settings as those to which we are daily accustomed. They settle forever the distressing question: "What kind of picture do the people want?" It has taken lost fortunes, censorship in all its distressing ramifications, and a general housecleaning with Mr. Hays manning the broom, to get the answer to this question; but now I fervently thank God we have it loud and plain: We want clean pictures! Those listed above are some of the

pioneers in this direction. All the past year strenuous efforts were made by sane, right-minded producers to line up, and the results are wonderful. Big, beautifully conceived and executed pictures, improved in many mechanical ways, have been coming out the past year, and along list of such wonderful and uplifting pictures as the world has not previously dreamed of, are in the making. I know of no single producer who has not rallied to the standard carried by Will Hays. Producers, directors, actors, the entire industry has felt the magnetism of this great leader. Everyone has fallen into line, begging to be shown the way. If there are any more sins against good taste, any more pictures having a demoralizing influence they will be accidental. The light of "The Silent Call," and "Grandma's Boy," has been a high-flaming

white light pointing toward a straight and narrow way, plainly designated by Mr. Hays. The producer who does not see the light and seek the way is going to have a very bad time indeed. Personally, I do not think he exists.

[Turn to page 47]



The music of all the world is in the Victor Record Catalog

If all the performances of great music given throughout the world were combined in one mammoth program, they would not even then approximate the music listed for your enjoyment in the Victor Record Catalog. You yourself select the music you wish to hear by the artists you wish to hear.

New Victor Records on sale by all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month. Victrolas \$25 to \$1500.



Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey



How to bring out the Best in your children's clothes

When she rises to recite before the eyes of other appraising mothers, will the condition of your child's clothes arouse pride in her appearance?

The more "party-like" a dress is, the more glaringly soap failure shows. On the other hand, the least expensive dress will have an *air* about it if it has been washed with a soap that brings out the best in it.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap brings out the best in clothes.

How?

By washing *clean*.

By washing *with less boiling or hard rubbing*.

By washing *without fading*.

By *rinsing out completely*.

Gray-white clothes are dirty clothes—
Prematurely worn clothes are rubbed
clothes—

Faded clothes are damaged clothes—
The soap has failed!

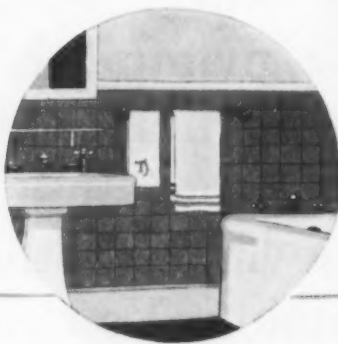
P and G The White Naphtha Soap possesses cleansing properties which few women expect to find in soap—your laundress can *boil* with it, *rub* with it, *scrub* with it, if she likes; but she seldom needs to do *any* of these. P and G washes easily.

That is why it is today the largest selling laundry and household soap in America.

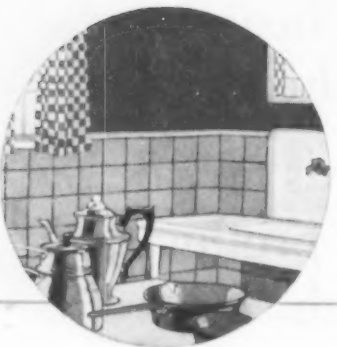
PROCTER & GAMBLE



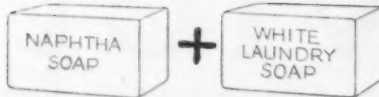
PART OF THE DIRT from hands and face comes off on towels. Soap both sides of towel with P and G, soak and wash. Result: the original fresh whiteness is restored.



KITCHEN LABOR lightened and cooking utensils made clean and bright without scouring, if P and G is used. It cuts grease instantly. Leaves no odor.



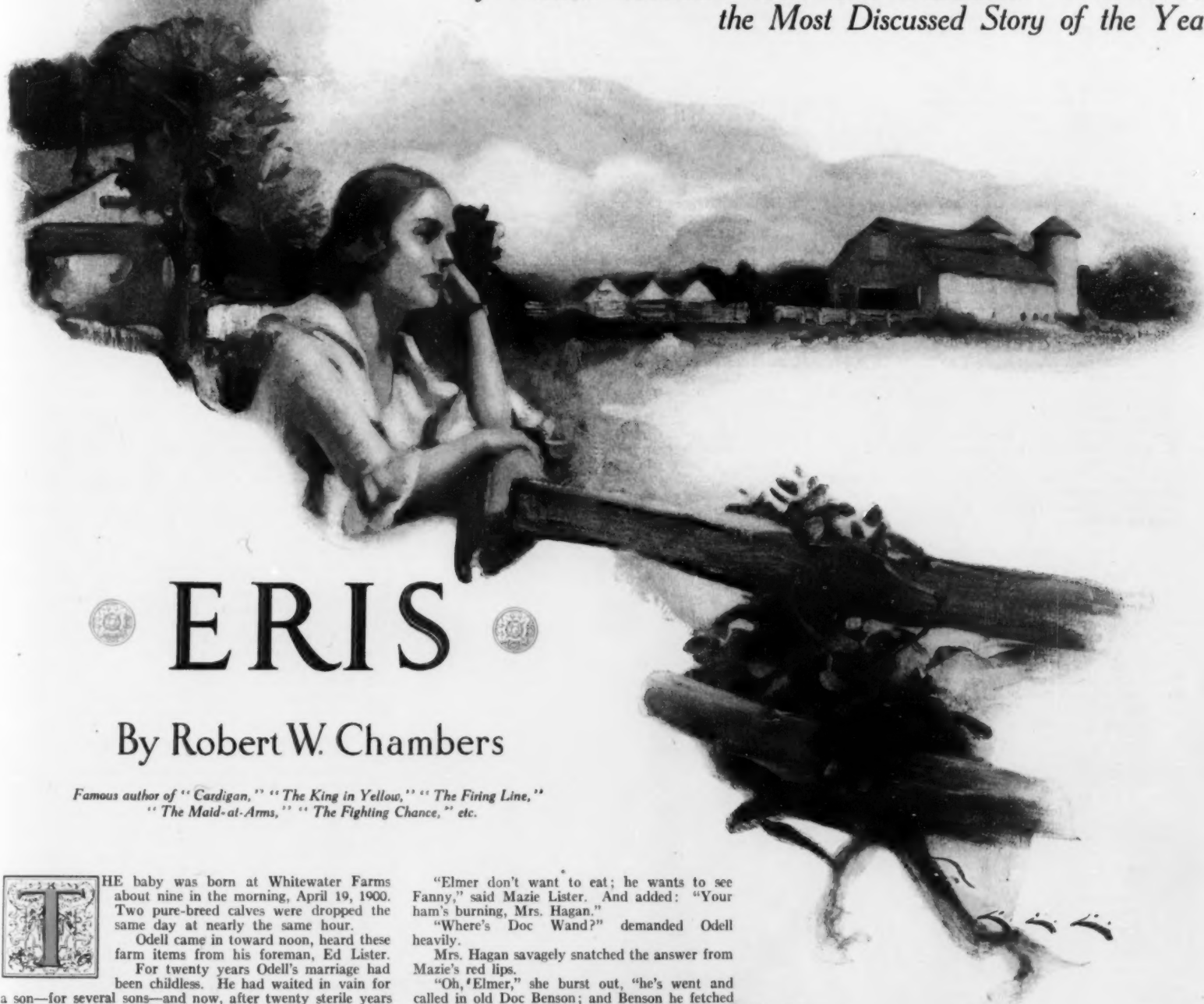
Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both combined



Speed + Safety



Here Begins the Most Remarkable Novel that Robert W. Chambers Has Ever Written—and the Finest Piece of Fiction McCall's Has Ever Published. It Will Be the Most Discussed Story of the Year



ERIS

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous author of "Cardigan," "The King in Yellow," "The Firing Line," "The Maid-at-Arms," "The Fighting Chance," etc.



HE baby was born at Whitewater Farms about nine in the morning, April 19, 1900. Two pure-breed calves were dropped the same day at nearly the same hour.

Odell came in toward noon, heard these farm items from his foreman, Ed Lister.

For twenty years Odell's marriage had been childless. He had waited in vain for a son—for several sons—and now, after twenty sterile years of hardship, drudgery and domestic discord, Fanny had given him a girl.

He stood in silence, chewing the bitter news.

"Awright," he said, "that's *that*! Is Queen doin' good?"

Whitewater Queen was doing as well as could be expected, and her fourth heifer calf was a miracle of Guernsey beauty.

"Awright! Veal that bull-caaf. That's White Chief's second. I'm done."

He dusted the fertilizer and land plaster from his patched canvas jacket.

"It blowed some," he said. "I oughta waited. Cost me five dollars, mebbe. I thought it might rain; that's why. It's one dum thing after another. It allus comes like that."

He scraped the bottom of his crusted boots against the concrete rim of the manure pit.

A bitter winter with practically no snow; dry swamps; an April drought; a disastrous run of bull calves with no market—and now, after twenty years, a girl baby!

How was a man going to get ahead? How was he to break even? Twenty years Odell had waited for sons to help him. He should have had three or four at work by this time. Instead he was paying wages.

"I guess Fanny's kinda bad," remarked the foreman.

Odell looked up from his brooding study of the manure. "I dunno," continued the foreman; "another Doc is here, too. He come with a train' nurse n'hour ago. Looks kinda bad to me, Elmer."

Odell gazed stupidly at Lister. "What other Doc?" he demanded.

"Old Doc Benson. Doc Wand sent Mazie down after him."

Odell said nothing. After a moment or two he walked slowly toward the house.

In the kitchen a neighbor, one Susan Hagan, a gross widow woman, was waddling around getting dinner, perspiring and garrulous. Two or three farm hands, in bantering conversation, stood washing or drying their faces at the sink.

Mazie, the big, buxom daughter of Ed Lister, moved leisurely about, setting the table. She was laughing, as usual, at the men's repartee. But when Odell appeared the clatter of the roller-towel ceased. So did Mazie's laughter and the hired men's banter.

Mrs. Hagan was the first to recover her tongue.

"Now, Elmer," she began in unctious tones, "you set right down here and eat a mite o' ham—" She already had him by the sleeve of his canvas jacket. She grasped a smoking fry-pan in the other hand. The smoke from it blew into Odell's face.

"Leggo," he grunted, jerking his arm free.

Mrs. Hagan encountered Mazie's slanting black eyes, narrow with derision.

"Elmer don't want to eat; he wants to see Fanny," said Mazie Lister. And added: "Your ham's burning, Mrs. Hagan."

"Where's Doc Wand?" demanded Odell heavily.

Mrs. Hagan savagely snatched the answer from Mazie's red lips.

"Oh, 'Elmer," she burst out, "he's went and called in old Doc Benson; and Benson he fetched a train' nurse from Summit—" Smoke from the burning ham strangled her. Odell left her coughing, and strode toward the sitting-room.

"Dang it!" he muttered. "What next!"

It was cool and dusky in the sitting-room. He halted in the golden gloom, sullenly apprehensive, listening for any sound from the bedroom overhead.

After a little while Dr. Wand came downstairs. He was haggard and white, but when he caught sight of Odell he went to him with a smile.

The village folk feared and trusted Dr. Wand. They feared his sarcasm and trusted his skill. But, with the self-assertion of inferiority, they all called him "Fred" or "Doc."

"Well, Elmer," he said, "the baby's doing nicely. . . . I thought I'd like to have Dr. Benson look at Fanny. . . . A fine baby, Elmer. . . . Fanny asked me to think up some uncommon and pretty name for your little girl—"

"Name her anything," said Odell thickly. "Dang it, I waited twenty years for a boy. And now look what I get! It all comes to once. Whitewater Queen drops me a bull-caaf, too. But I can veal that!"

"Better luck next time—"

"No," he interrupted fiercely. "I'm done!" He turned and stared at the sun-bars on the lowered shade, his tanned features working. Twenty years I had been lookin' for a boy, Doc. No, I'm done. And that's that!"

"You'd better go and eat," suggested the doctor.

Odell nodded. "Fanny awright?"

"We're watching her. Perhaps you'd better stay around this afternoon, Elmer—"

"I gotta spread manure!"

"I want you within calling-distance," repeated the doctor mildly.

Odell looked up. After a moment's hesitation—

"Awright, Doc. I guess I can work around nearby. You must be dead-beat. Eat a snack with us?"

"Not now. I can't leave your wife."

"Do you mean that Fanny's kinda bad?"

"Yes. Your wife is very, very ill, Elmer. Doctor Benson is with her now."

BREAKING ground for a new kitchen garden that afternoon, Odell found the soil so infested with quack-root, horseradish and parsnip that he gave it up and told Lister that they'd fence the place as cheaply as possible and turn the hogs on it.

Lister hooked up a horse and drove away to hunt for locust posts and wire. Odell dragged his plow to the wagonshed, stabled the fat gray horse, walked slowly back toward the woodshed. There was a dead apple tree he could fell while waiting.

Whitewater Farms became Eris's world. Within its confines lay her duties and diversions

It was very still there in the April sunshine. All signs of rain were gone. The wind had died out. Save for the hum of bees in crocus and snowdrop, and except for the white cock's clarion from the runs, no sound broke the blue silence of an April afternoon.

Odell looked up at the window of his wife's bedroom. The white-capped nurse was seated there, her head turned as though intent upon something taking place within the room. She did not stir. After a while Odell picked up his spading-fork and wiped the tines.

Yes, every kind of bad luck was coming at once; drought, bull calves, wind to waste fertilizer, doctors' bills, expenses for a nurse, for Mrs. Hagan, for posts and wire—and the land riddled with quack and horseradish.

H'E'D about broken even, so far, during the last twenty years. All these years he'd marked time, doggedly, plugging away. Because, after all, there had been nothing else to do. He could not stop. To sell meant merely to begin again somewhere else, plug away, break about even year after year, die plugging. That was what general farming meant in White Hills when there were wages to pay. He could have made money with sons to help him. . . . Life was a treadmill. What his cattle took from the land they gave back; nothing more. He was tired of the treadmill. A squirrel in a cage traveled no further and got as far.

Odell drove his spading-fork into the ground, sifted out fragments of horseradish roots, kicked them under the fence into the dusty road beyond.

Dr. Wand's roadster stood out there by the front gate. Behind it waited Dr. Benson's driver in the new limousine car. Odell had not felt he could afford any kind of car—not even a tractor. These danged doctors—!

As he stood with one foot resting on his spading-fork, gazing gloomily at the two cars, Dr. Benson, fat, ruddy and seventy, came out of the house with his satchel.

He nodded to Odell.

"Dr. Wand wants you," he said. "She's conscious."

After the portly physician had driven away down the dusty road, Odell went into the house and ascended the stairs to the common bedroom from which now, in all probability, he was to be excluded for a while. Dr. Wand beside the bed, very tired, motioned Odell to draw nearer. It was the ghost of his wife he saw lying there.

"Well," he grunted with an effort, "you don't feel very spry, I guess. You look kinda peekid, Fan."

All the stored resentment of twenty barren years glittered in his wife's sunken eyes. She knew his desire for sons. She knew what he now thought of her.

She said in a distinct voice to Doctor Wand: "Tell him." The doctor said: "Your wife has asked me to think up some new and unusual name for the baby. I suggested 'Eris,' he added blandly. And, after a silence: "Your wife seems to like the name."

Odell nodded. "Awright."

HIS wife said to the doctor, in her painfully distinct voice: "I want she should have a name that no other baby's got, because—that's all I can give her. . . . Something no other baby's got. . . . Write it, Doctor."

Dr. Wand wrote "Eris" on the birth certificate. His expression became slightly ironical.

"Eris," he repeated. "Do you both approve this name?" Odell shrugged assent.

"Yes," said the woman. "She's mine. All I can give her is this name. I give it."

"Eris was the name of a Greek Goddess," remarked the doctor. He did not explain that Eris was the Goddess of Discord. "I'm very sure," he added, "that no other baby is named Eris, though plenty of 'em ought to be. . . . Was there anything you wanted to say to your wife, Elmer?"

"Hey?" demanded Odell, stupidly. Suddenly something in the physician's eyes sent a dull shock through Odell. He turned and stared at his wife as though he had never before laid eyes on her. After a while he found his voice.

"You—you'll get better after a spell," he stammered. "Feel like eatin' a mite o' sunthin' tasty? You want I should get you a little jell 'r sunthin', Fanny—?"

Her bright, sunken gaze checked him.

"You ain't asked to see the baby," she said in her thin, measured voice; "I'm sorry I ever bore a child to you, Elmer."

Odell reddened. "Where is it?" He stumbled up from his chair, looking vaguely about him, confused by her brilliant eyes—by their measureless resentment.

For life was becoming too brief for pretense now. Fanny knew it; her husband began to realize it.

She said: "I'm glad I have no sons. I'm sorry I bore a child. God forgive me; I'll never rest, never be quiet, now. . . . But I don't mind so much. . . . if They will let me keep an eye on her somehow—" She tried to lift her head from the pillow. "I want to see her," she said sharply.

"Yes," said the doctor. "I want you to see her. Wait a moment—"

As he passed Odell he drew him outside. "Go downstairs," he whispered. "I'll call you if she asks to see you again."

"She ain't a-going to get no better?" demanded Odell hoarsely.

"No."

The physician passed on into the adjoining room, where the nurse sat watching a newborn baby in its brand-new cradle. Odell continued down the stairs, and seated himself in the dim sitting-room.

Everything was coming at once—drought, wind, bull-calves, girl babies—and Death. All were coming at once. . . . But no sons had ever come. None would ever come now. So—wages must go on. . . . A woman to mind the baby. And somebody to keep house for him. Expense piling on expense. And no outlook—no longer any chance to break even. . . .

One of the cats came in with a barn rat hanging from her mouth, looked furtively at Odell, then slunk out, tail twitching.

The man dropped his elbows on the center-table and took his unshaven face between both scarred fists.

The room had grown as still as death now—which was fitting and proper.

After a long while Dr. Wand descended the stairs. Odell stood up in the semi-dusk of the sitting-room.

"She didn't ask for you again," said the doctor.

"Is—is she—gone?"

"Yes. Quite painlessly."

They walked slowly to the porch. It was nearly milking-time. The herd was coming up the long lane—the sun dipping low behind—and a delicate rosy light over everything. "You got your milking to do," said the doctor. "I'll notify Wilbur Chase. I'll see to everything, Elmer."

Wilbur Chase was the local undertaker. The doctor went out to the road, cranked his car, got in, wearily, and rolled away toward the village. Odell stood motionless. In his ears sounded the cow-bells, tonk-a-tonk, tonk-a-tonk, as the Whitewater herd turned leisurely into the barnyard. Ed Lister opened the sliding doors to the cow-

barn. A frisky heifer or two balked; otherwise the herd went in soberly, filing away behind spotless, sweet-smelling rows of stalls, greeted thunderously by the great herd-bull from his steel bull-pen.

Odell, heavy-eyed, turned on his heel and went upstairs. But at the door of the silent room above, the nurse barred his way.

"I'll let you know when you can see her," she said. "She isn't ready."

Odell gazed at her in a bewildered way. "The baby is in the other room," added the nurse. "Don't wake her. Better not touch her."

He went, obediently, stood in the doorway, his scarred hands hanging.

Eris lay asleep in her brand-new cradle, almost invisible under the white fabrics that swathed her. The chamber of death was no stiller than this dim room where life was beginning. There was no sound, no light except a long, rosy ray from the setting sun falling athwart the cradle.

So slept Eris, daughter of discord, and so named—an unwelcome baby born late in her parents' lives, and opening her blind, bluish eyes like an April windflower in a world still numb from winter.

IT is a long lane that has no turning, either for cattle or for men.

When Fanny died, Odell was forty. Two months later he married the strapping daughter of Ed Lister, and came to the turn in the long, long lane he had traveled for twenty years.

For, as Whitewater Queen was a breeder of heifer calves, Mazie Lister proved to be a breeder of men. Every year, for the first four years, she gave Odell a son.

There was no fuss made about these events. No cares worried her. She laughed a great deal. She was busy from dawn to dark. Unfatigued but sleepy, she yawned frightfully toward nine o'clock. It was her time to roost.

Mazie's instincts concerning progeny were simple. She nursed each arrival as long as necessary, then weaned it, laughingly. Then the youngster had to learn to shift for

was duly registered. Little Eris, small-boned, with delicately fashioned limbs, looked out on the world from a pair of crystal-blue, baby eyes, which ultimately became a deep, limpid gray.

Unlike White Princess, Eris did not promise to conform to the Odell type. There seemed to be little of that breed about her. Fanny had been bony and shiny-skinned, with a high-bridged, pinkish nose, watery eyes—a wisp of a woman with a rodent's teeth and every articulation apparent as a ridge under a dry, tightly stretched epidermis. Odell, with his even, white teeth, coarse, highly-colored skin and brown eyes, was a compact, stocky, broad-footed product of Scotch-Irish pioneer stock. But Fanny's great grandmother, a Louisiana Creole, had run away from school to go on the stage, and had married a handsome but dissolute Southern planter who died of drink. Sundays Fanny used to wear her grandmother's portrait painted in miniature on ivory, as a breastpin.

"Hand painted," she used to explain. And always added: "Creoles are all white." Which was true. But when quarreling with his wife, Odell pretended to believe otherwise.

RUMMAGING through Fanny's few effects a day or two after her marriage, Mazie discovered a painted fan, a mother-of-pearl card-case, and this breastpin. She carried the miniature to Odell.

"Looks like baby," she explained, with her care-free laugh.

"She'll be lucky if she favors that pitcher," said Odell. "But like as not she'll take after Fanny."

He was wrong in his guess. When Eris was five her resemblance to the miniature had become marked—and Mazie's boys looked like their mother and father.

On Saturday nights, after immersing her own unwilling brunette brats in the weekly bath, Mazie found the slim white body of little Eris an ever-increasing amusement and a pique to her curiosity. The child's frail yet healthy symmetry, the fine skin, delicate, perfect limbs, lovely little hands and feet, remained perennial sources of mirth and surprise to this robust young woman who was equally healthy, but built on a big, colorful, vigorous plan. To what stock was this child a throwback?

When Eris was seven she was sent to the village school, leading her eldest stepbrother thither by the hand. Both were scared and fearful. Nobody went with little Eris to mitigate the ordeal; and she was a most sensitive child.

At her small desk, rigid, bewildered, terribly intent on the first teacher in human form she had ever gazed upon, she found herself on the verge of tears. But, before she could dissolve, her brother forestalled her, bursting into vigorous yells, bawling like a calf; and would not be comforted. Which allowed Eris no time for private grief, while wiping his eyes with her pinafore.

Noonday recess and lunch baskets and the wildly gyrating horde of children let loose on a sandy playground ended the first encounter between Eris Odell and the great god Education in his local temple at White Hills village.

ERIS learned little in school. None of her teachers could speak English as it should be spoken. In their limited vocabulary there was no room for choice of words. Perhaps that was why negatives were doubled now and then.

As for the rest, she was stuffed with falsified history and unessential geographical items; she was taught to read after a fashion, and to spell, and to juggle figures. There was a nature class, too, full of misinformation.

In Mazie she had a stepmother who made no difference between Eris and her own progeny. She kissed them all alike at bedtime; dosed them when necessary, comforted their sorrows with stock reassurances from a limited vocabulary, darned, sewed, mended, washed for all alike.

Mazie gave her children and her husband all she had time to give—all she had the capacity to give—the kindly, cheerful offices and understanding of a healthy female. Whitewater Queen was as good a mother. Both lacked imagination. But Whitewater Queen didn't need any.

For a time the knowledge imbibed at school nourished Eris, although there were few vitamins in the feed.

When she was thirteen her brothers—twelve, eleven, ten and nine—alternately bullied her, deferred to her, or ran, bawling, to her with their troubles.

When she was fourteen the world met its own weird at Armageddon.

The old order of things began to change. A new earth and a newly interpreted Heaven replaced the "former things" which had "passed away."

At eighteen Eris looked out over the smoking debris of "former things"—gazed out of limpid gray eyes upon "a new Heaven and a new Earth;" and saw the cloudy, gigantic spectre of all-that-had-once-been receding, dissolving, vanishing from the world where it had reigned so tyrannically and so long.

About that time she dreamed, for the first time, that dream which so often re-occurred in after years—that she stood at her open window, winged, restless for flight to some tremendous height where dwelt the aged god of

Wisdom all alone, cutting open a human heart that was still faintly pulsating.

At eighteen—the year the world war was ended—Eris "graduated."

She wrote a little act for herself, designed her own costume, made it, acted, sang and danced the part. It was the story of a poor girl who prays for two things—a pair of wings so that she may fly to the moon, and a new hat for the journey. Suddenly she discovers a new hat in her hands. The next instant two beautiful little wings sprout on her shoulders. Instantly she takes scissors and snips off the wings and trims her hat with them. Ready for her journey, suddenly she realizes that now she cannot fly. She tears the wings from the hat. Too late. She can't fasten them to her shoulders again.

"Elmer you can't use a girl like a boy. A girl's a tender thing. I was afraid of this, because Eris is a mite different"

himself—wash and dress, turn up at meal hours, turn in with the chickens, rise with the crows.

It was a little different, however, with Eris, whom Mazie had inherited. Eris, of course, was bottle-fed. Whitewater Queen's heifer-calf, White Princess, had no better care. Whatever was advisable was completely and thoroughly done in both cases.

White Princess grew to beautiful Guernsey symmetry, with every promise of conformation to classic type, and





"You want to know how to get into pictures. So does every female in the United States. That's what sixty million women, young and old, want to know"

They flutter to her feet. She falls on her knees in a passion of tears. The moon rises, grinning.

It was a vast success—this little act of Eris Odell—and while its subtler intent was quite lost on the honest folk of White Hills village, the story itself was so obvious and Eris did it so prettily that even her father grunted approval.

That evening he promised her the next heifer-calf for her own. If it proved a good one, the sale of it should provide a nice nest-egg for Eris when she married.

THE next heifer-calf promised well. Eris named her White Iris, and she was so registered.

In the yearling pure-breeds she was first at the County Fair. But Eris refused to sell. At the state fair White Iris beat every Guernsey and every other heifer, pure-breed and grade.

Brookvale Manor offered her three thousand dollars. Odell made her take it, and put the money into the local bank. So, with tears blinding her gray eyes, Eris sold Iris out of the county, and would not be comforted even by the brand-new check-book sent to her by Wesley Smull, cashier of the White Hills Bank.

Now, the horizon of Eris Odell had narrowed as her sphere of activity dwindled after graduation. Whitewater Farms became her world. Within its confines lay her duties and diversions, both clearly defined.

They were her heritage. No loopholes offered escape—excepting marriage. And that way out was merely the way into another and similar prison the boundary of which was a barbed-wire fence and its mathematical center a manure pit.

She continued to dream of wings. An immense, indefinable longing possessed her in waking hours. But she was only one of the youthful, excited millions, waking after aeons to the first instincts that had ruled the human race.

Odell shoved up his spectacles and lowered the newspaper to glance at Eris.

"What say!" he repeated fretfully.

"I'd like to study dancing."

"Can't you dance? You go to enough socials and showers 'n' one thing 'n' other."

"I mean—stage dancing."

"Stage!" he thundered. "Be you crazy?"

"Why, Eris, how you talk!" said her stepmother, too astounded to laugh.

"I could go to New York and work in a store by day, and take stage-dancing lessons evenings," murmured the girl. "I want to be somebody."

"You stay here and you do your chores and try to act as if you ain't a little loonatic!" shouted Odell. "I'm sicka hearing about the capers and kickups of young folks nowadays. Them galivantin's don't go in my house. I'm sicka reading about 'em, too. And that's *that*!"

"After all," said Eris, "why do I have to do what I don't care to do?"

"Dang it," retorted her father, "didn't you never hear of dooty? What'd they teach you in school?"

"Nothing much," she replied listlessly. "Did you always want to be a farmer, daddy?"

"Hey?"

"Are you a farmer because you wanted to be? Or did you want to be something else?"

"What dinged trash you talk," he said, disgusted. "I didn't wanta be a blacksmith or I'd 'a' been one."

"Why can't I be what I'd like to be? Will you tell me why?"

Odell, speechless, resumed his newspaper. It was nearly nine o'clock, and he hadn't read half the local news nor any of the column devoted to the Grange.

Eris looked wistfully at him, loitering still in the doorway, slim, gray-eyed, undeveloped.

Her stepmother laughed at her. "Notions," she said. "Don't you know you'd go to rack and rooin that way? You go to bed, Eris. . . . There's fresh ginger snaps in the pantry."

Until the great war turned the world upside down, Whitewater Farms made money after Odell married Ed Lister's daughter.

Shortage of labor during the war cut into profits; taxes wiped them out; the ugly Bolshevik attitude of labor after the war caused a deficit.

It was the sullen inertia of the mob, conscious of power. Men did not care whether they worked at all. If they chose to work, mills and factories would pay them enough in three days to permit them to remain idle the remainder of the week. No farmer could pay the swollen wages demanded for field labor, and survive financially. Every village was full of idle louts who sneered at offered employment. Fruit rotted in orchards, grain remained uncut, cattle stood neglected.

THE next year mills and factories began to lay off labor. Odell and Lister scraped together a few sulky field hands, mainly incompetents, men who had spent all their wages. Fields were sullenly tilled, crops gathered, cattle cared for.

Except for profiteers, reaction had set in. War profligacy, asinine finance, crushing taxes, already were doing their work.

Rather than pay for feed, farmers sold their stock. The demand for pork started everybody hog-raising. Prices fell; loss followed. Then stagnation. It was the bitter aftermath of war—the deluge. Only one star of hope glimmered over the waste—the new administration.

Spring was a month early that year. Odell, at sixty, unimpaired by pie and the great American frying pan, his gaitered legs planted sturdily in the new grass, looked out over his domain and chewed a clover stem.

"I ain't afraid," he said to Lister. "I'm going the hull hog. Every acre."

"Where's your help?" remonstrated Lister.

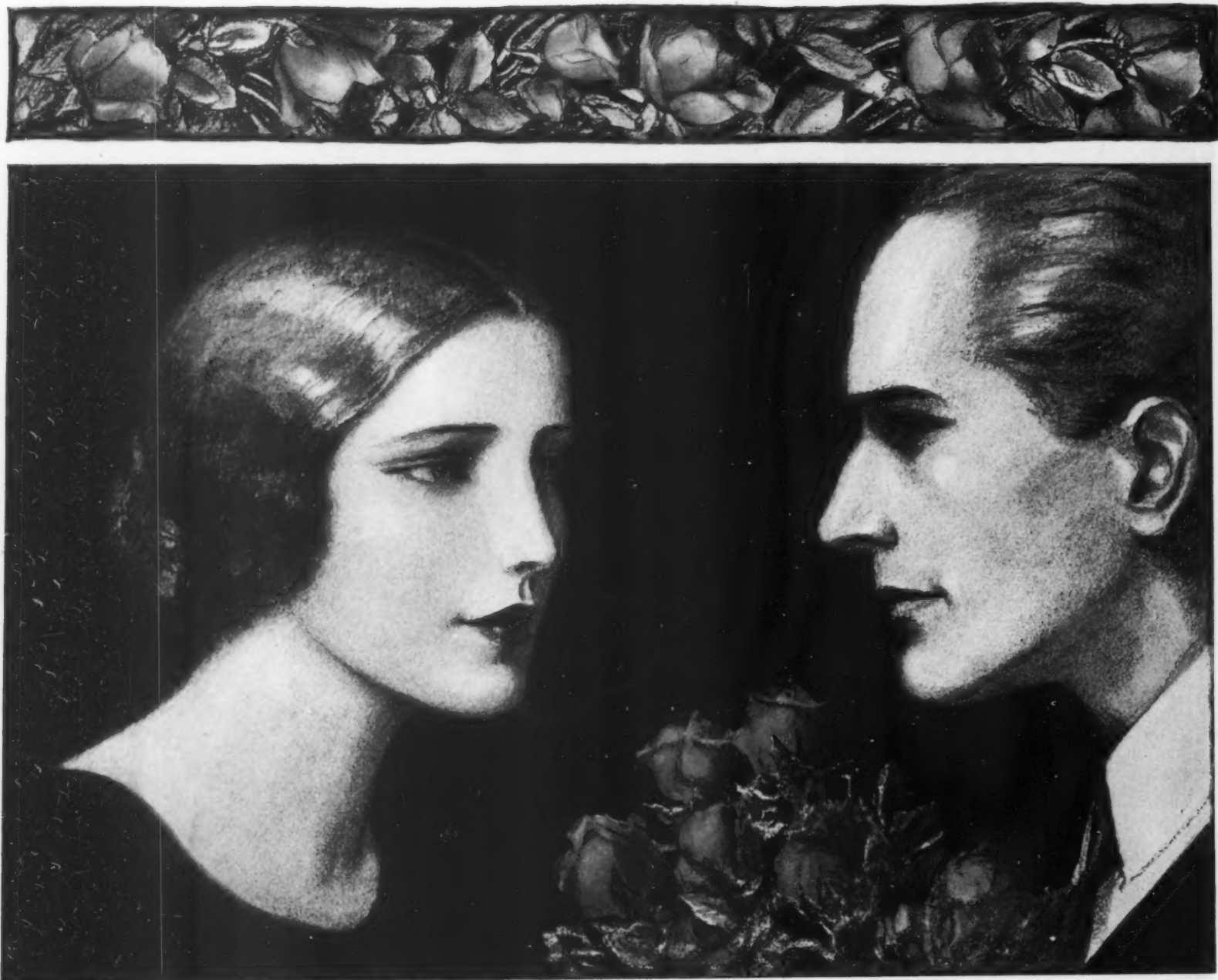
"I got 'em."

"Some on 'em is quitters. They'll lay down on yeh, Elmer."

Odell spat out the clover stem. "Every acre, Ed!" he repeated.

"We ain't got the help—"

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Luther was regarding me fixedly. It was the sort of signal a man might give to a comrade if both stood in a jungle full of ambushed terrors

The Affair at Gray Walls

By Kate Jordan

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

WITH yellowish-black fog, rain catapulting from the tumid skies as from a fractured dam, wind shrieking on mixed discords as if Bedlam made mutiny—it was the kind of morning that might well have turned every houseful into fire-huddling shut-ins. Too dreadful it seemed for happenings of any sort upon the emptied streets, yet with a tragic diapason through its raging voice as if it gave warning of coming doom. As I write, this recognition of its faithfulness comes out of its two-year-old grave, so vivid again it is breath-taking. For it was on this morning that the first knowledge of Gray Walls came into my life.

No premonition of what awaited me was with me when, close to eight o'clock, I went down the stairs to breakfast. I was merely going from the dreariness of my hall bedroom in Mrs. Merck's boarding-house to the emphasized dreariness of her basement, where would be added the odor of delayed garbage in the area passage and, in the dining-room, the soaked-in smell from the reek of many yesterdays.

"Here's Miss Page!" Miss McKenzie called out as I took my seat opposite her. She had on her hat, coat and rubber mackintosh, ready for the street as if for a whaling expedition. "Looking like a rose, as usual, even on a morning like this," she said, and gave a sniff in which admiration and envy were about equally mixed.

"The morning hasn't had a chance at me yet," I said. "Lucky you!" Miss McKenzie sighed. "School teachers have got to be at their desks on time—if they have to swim to them. Lucky you!"

With what I knew was open desolation I looked across the lop-sided cruet full into Miss McKenzie's light-lashed eyes.

"You know you don't think me lucky. You know I'd go through this storm—through fire I almost believe—to get work. I don't show what I feel"—there was rage in the murmur—"if, as you so often say, I keep looking like a rose. No girl in New York could be more miserably anxious than I am. I've told you something like this before. Oh, Miss McKenzie"—I sat back, not able to eat—"if you hear of anything at all that I can do, please put in a word for me!"

HER downcast and narrowed eyes had the look of one deeply puzzled. "I can't help saying, Miss Page, that I don't for the life of me see why you came from the south to New York to earn a living."

"Why not?" I demanded, my heart hot. "Girls do it every day."

"Oh, yes, but girls that have some business specialty to be used as a tool. Now you have—nothing!"

"I'm beginning to find that out"—my tone had a bitterness that might have been fitting for the fourth act of life, not for the first. "I'm beginning to know that what at home is called the education of a lady doesn't count in the markets of the world."

"Naturally, what have you to sell? A smattering of everything—of music, of languages, good manners, correct speech—a smattering. Are you expert in a single thing? No." Her clever, creased face took on a sudden bright concern, brought there I knew by my tears, that made a dancing mist of her and the hash. "Now I wouldn't have said this so plainly, Miss Page, if I hadn't a suggestion for you." I quivered in a hope that died as it flickered up.

"There's only one way you can be useful in this world," she began, pulling on her soiled dogskin gloves, so old, that, empty, they held the form of her hand. "It's this: you are a girl to make a man happy, to run a home. There's your salvation, and it's the only one. Marry, my dear!"

Color was always like a barometer of my feelings. I felt it leap to my cheeks, while the rage against hampering tradition and convention that comes so easily at twenty-three, hardened me. "And suppose that is the last thing I want to do?" I demanded saucily.

"Foolish," was Miss McKenzie's crisp comment. "You seem to me," she continued, "the sort of girl that the male of the species would go off his head about. He'd make you marry. You know very well that the young men in this house are all interested in you—"

"Oh, please, what does all this matter?" I asked wearily. "It matters because it shows that you have a wrong point of view." Her face was close to mine as she continued in a semitone: "Surely you know you are a most unusual-looking girl."

"I meet girls by the hundred as attractive, and more attractive than I am," I answered rebelliously.





A voice crept out upon the tomblike quiet. . . . "Small sweet-smelling hand! Ah, the rose, the rose of youth!"

AS pretty, yes. I said—unusual. Fifty sumptuous Venus de Milos might go by—merely pretty dolls—but not one human being like you."

I knew what was coming. I had heard it all my life. "You mean my color, my health," I sneered.

"Your radiant health," came with impressive wistfulness from the little, gray-faced school-teacher, "your wonderful vitality. I'm as hard as a mousetrap, and I never gush; but you make me." She grew actually poetical. "I've never seen a living thing that gave out such a sense of life as you do—life in springtime, when the sap is throbbing for outlet. In these days of pallid flappers that have to rouge up to the eyes—look at you! It's magnetism to watch your rich blush come and go under your snow-white skin, as if an American beauty rose had been bled for it. Every word you say, every movement you make is—quickenings. And your hair glows and quivers as it goes into kinks out from your head. Why, it's fairly electric with energy! Don't belittle your blessings. You're Hebe from head to foot—a June morning in a girl's body!"

I must have looked as hopeless as I felt, for after she had turned from me she came back to whisper: "Isn't there someone—perhaps someone you left in Kentucky—that you could care about?"

"No one," I said in dull misery. "I only answer you, Miss McKenzie, because I can't help hoping that you may yet hear of work of some sort for me. I think the fashionable education I've had would at least make me useful as a companion, and that's what I've tried for mostly."

"Oh, piffle! That companion business is old-fashioned—a sentimental sort of necessity that belonged to the generation before the last, when women stayed home and grew old. They don't any more. No, it'll have to be something else."

From the shadows at the farther end of the dining-room—for dark as the morning was, the gas had been but briefly lighted—someone voiced the word "Postman!"

A MYSTERY so dark, so deep, that the sorely-tried heroine, striving her utmost, cannot fathom it through many haunted weeks, is thrillingly revealed in this, one of the most breathless tales it has ever been McCall's fortune to print.

"It's only once in a blue moon that I get even a post card," Miss McKenzie confided cheerfully. "But for the life of me, I can't help waiting to see what he hands in."

I was discontentedly experimenting with a forkful of the grayish mince that might as well have been damp dust for all the flavor it had, when I heard: "Miss Page, a special for you," and looked up to find a letter thrust at me.

Hope crept tentatively into Miss McKenzie's purselike face as she watched me seize it and study the envelope. "Special delivery!" she exclaimed. "Is it from home?"

"No; from the Nelson Agency on Fifth Avenue," I said, my heart beating so hard the words were a gasp.

"A first-class place!"

"I left my name there—and two dollars—only the other day. Oh, how I hope—!"

AND what I hoped for would have had to be entrancing to live up to my hammering heart and shaking fingers. When I pulled out that big, parchmenty, monogrammed sheet it seemed there, calling to me in the words that I managed to read aloud:

MISS JANET PAGE,

Dear Miss Page: This is a hurry call. On receipt of it please come at once to the office. I think I have a lucrative position for you. It is, however, a most unusual one, requiring hurried decision and courage. So, if you are as desperately anxious for employment as you were the day you called, do not delay a moment in responding to this.

THE NELSON AGENCY.
(Per Agnes Cruith)

The blood was high in my cheeks as I looked up in ecstasy at Miss McKenzie. "At last, at last! And how much I seem wanted—don't I?" My laugh had a touch of hysteria. I was left gazing at her in floundering interrogation. Her lips were set, her eyes speculative.

"Wanted too much, it almost seems to me," she said with the chilliest withdrawal. "I don't like the tone of that letter—no, I don't like it at all."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Strange things are happening to overtrusting and pretty girls these days," she said, and still watched me.

"Are you thinking of the plot of 'My Little Sister'?" I asked, smiling. "I'm not a fool, Miss McKenzie, but neither am I ridiculously suspicious."

AS I passed her in a rush to the door she seized my arm. "Be suspicious. Don't arrange for, or sign anything until you talk it over with me. You promise to let me help you?" That this stranger should wish to steer my troublesome bark on the choppy sea of uncertainty loomed before me suddenly as most valuable tenderness. I put my arms tightly around her rubber-coated bulk.

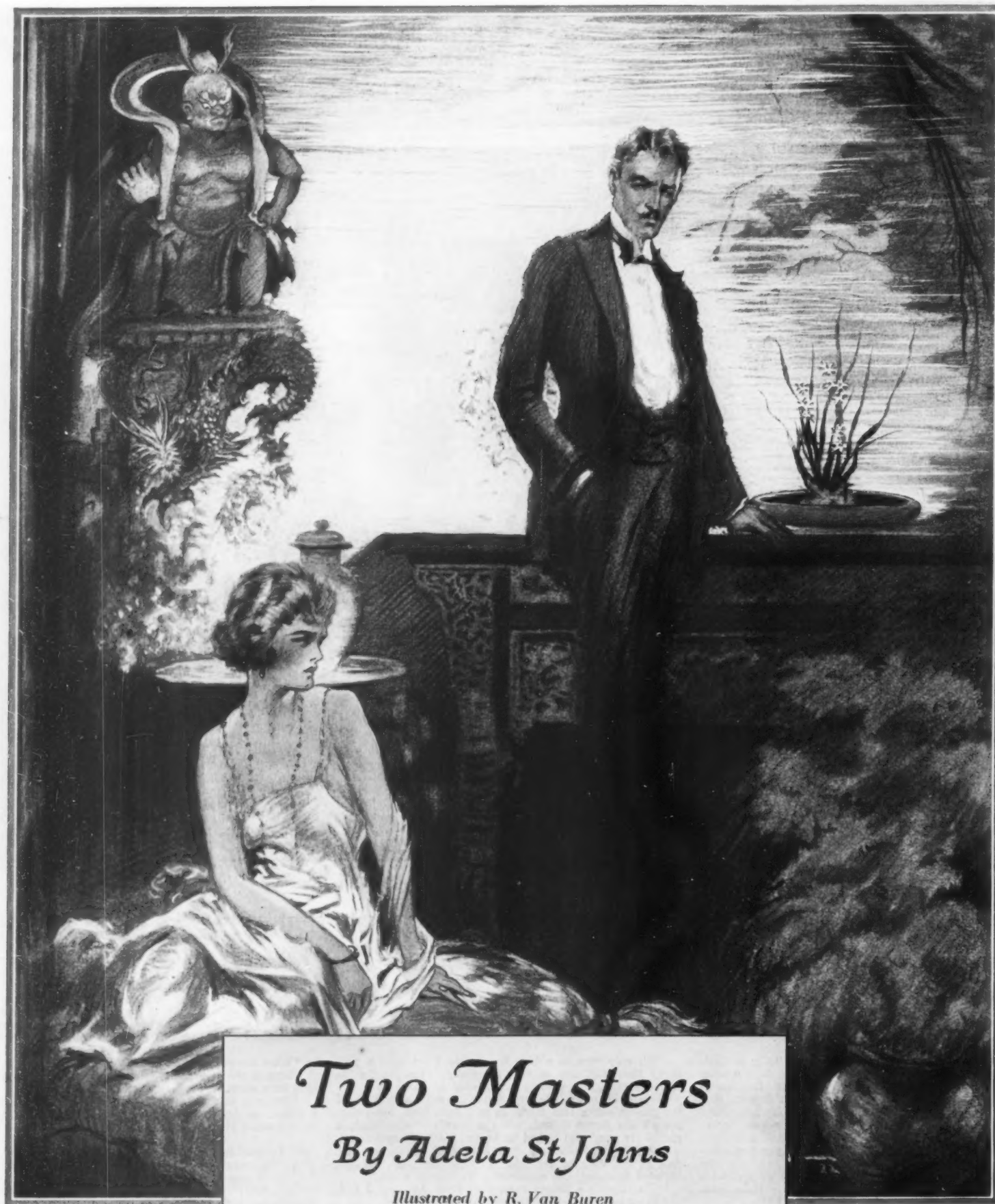
"Miss McKenzie, of course I'll come to you. Oh, how sweet you are to bother! I'll take your advice. You'll see."

But I did not—because I could not.

I was drenched and breath-torn when, a little more than a half-hour later, I reached the Nelson Agency on Fifth Avenue. And at first there seemed to have been no need of my haste, everything about the reception-room was so somnolent. No one was there—that is, no one of the office staff. There was one other in the room—a woman who sat at the end of a settee in the corner where least light fell. Naturally observant, I found myself studying her with furtive glances. Except for eyes that occasionally flickered and a flaccid moistening movement of her lips, she seemed

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Two Masters

By Adela St. Johns

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

He was afraid of that smashing, red-eyed, uncontrollable demon of anger that raced too swiftly beyond his control

I CAN'T see the slightest use in the world you getting sore about it," said Wally Bonner, calmly lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the old one. "You won't do anything. And you take it from your little brother-in-law, Don Juan Bonner, the worst mistake in the world with a woman is to make a fuss about something unless you're going to do something about it. Sally don't mean any harm. Besides, if she did, she's got you so tight around her little finger, you wouldn't say boo. You may be the best director in motion-pictures; I don't know. I never go to see your pictures. You may have everybody on this lot sold on the idea that you're chief of the works. But to Sally you're just a man and a husband.

"Now you know Ma and Sally are just alike. If there's anything around in pants, from the dingy bootblack to the bank president, they want it to fall down in front of 'em. Ma's a good old girl in her way, but she's suffering from a delusion that she's a combination of Cleopatra, Circe and Peggy Joyce.

"You got to consider those things, Alan. Mama brought Sally up on the idea that woman's chief end in life is to be adored by men. She brought Evelyn up that way, too, but it's never harmed Ev. Ev hasn't got much on the ball. But Sally's got a fadeaway and a fast one and a change of pace. Sally is a knockout. But you know how she is. Nobody can do anything with Sally. She's just plain spoiled. She

and Ma think they were specially designed by heaven so that everything they do is right because they do it.

"There's nothing wrong in Sally. Only she's just so darned spoiled she thinks the world is a set for her to star in, that's all. She don't know a woman can talk to a man five minutes without making him discontented with his wife, even if he's only a messenger-boy. Ma never had five minutes' sensible conversation with a man in her life. She even thinks the bread-man saves the loaf with the most raisins in it for her. And Ma's convinced there isn't anybody in the world quite as good as her and her kids, and Sally agrees with her."

"I've noticed that," said Alan Gordon a bit wistfully. "It's a trifle hard on anyone that marries into the family."

"It must be. But Sally's all right. She's an impudent little piece, and I think a real good licking'd do her no end of good. She never had one in her life. There are some women have to have a master, I've found. But I wouldn't worry about a few minor poets and ukulele hounds hanging around. That's just Ma's idea of being a social success—a little innocent amusement."

"It doesn't amuse me," admitted Alan Gordon, that warm, almost shy smile of his lighting up his square-cut, severe face.

"No, but you're a darned tough audience," said his brother-in-law, shrugging his perfectly groomed, slim shoul-

ders. "You're as good-natured as a pup, Alan, and you don't inspire me with any such amount of awe as you do the hired help around this lot. But even I don't amuse you much—and I'm considered one of the best indoor entertainers in the business."

"I expect you've been a little too expensive to me, kid," said the man, settling his short, solid bulk, that gave such an instant impression of tremendous strength, more firmly in the leather chair.

"Well," Wally approached the real object of his call, smiling without impudence and without interest, "Pearl's sure paying me a high compliment. She's going to sue me for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars breach-of-promise. Can you feature that?"

FROM the big chair behind the desk came such a shout of rage that the typewriters in the outer office stopped short for an instant, then scurried on for dear life.

"Do you mean to tell me, you insufferable little half-baked idiot, that you've got yourself into a breach-of-promise suit?"

"Can't do her any harm to sue," said Wally equably. "Anybody who can get money out of me ought to have a job in vaudeville pulling rabbits out of a hat."

"You know perfectly well," said Alan Gordon plaintively; "that before I'd let my wife's name be dragged

If you have wondered what sort of lives our motion-picture stars lead in their Hollywood domain, read this revealing story by a writer who lives there among them

through the newspapers right now, in a rotten suit against her brother, I'd settle for every cent I've got in the world. What's she got on you?"

"A letter," said the boy judicially. "I was awful lit when I wrote it. I'd been listening to Tony Jacobs sing a song about his angel wife. I expect it must have been a comic song, but I was soft, and I took it seriously. I wrote Pearl a letter just to use that very expression. Thought it was so sweet. 'My angel wife.' I should never listen to music. Never."

"I wish you'd get paralysis in your right hand," said Alan; but he could not keep the glint of amusement out of his eyes. "Wally, Pearl's terrible! A chit of a blond cabaret dancer. Can't even speak the English language!"

"I don't know about her language," said the boy, yawning a little behind his hand, "but there aren't any misplaced pronouns on her figure."

"Wally," said the big man, and there was again a hint of wistful appeal in his voice, "why can't you behave yourself? You can really act, you know. Good comedy juveniles are as scarce as dramatic ingenues. Why do you always have to go and get yourself mixed up with some woman?"

"I dunno." Wally considered the question with a pensive and impersonal indifference. "Women—women interest me. All women are different. Ever stop to figure that? What was it your buddy, Mr. Kipling, said?—'You never can tell till you've tried 'em, and then you are apt to be wrong.' It's the way I like to gamble, that's all."

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money to gamble with."

"Now, you know Pearl knows she hasn't got any more chance to get that much money than I've got to be a prohibition officer."

"Has the suit been filed yet?"

"I don't think so." Wally was plainly beginning to be bored with the subject. "Her press agent's going to file it next week some time."

"It's an outrage. Your mother will throw a fit. And she'll expect me to settle it and keep it out of the papers. Why don't you marry her?"

WALLY BONNER opened his handsome blue eyes and stared at his brother-in-law for a long minute.

"I never thought of that," he said at last. "Oh gee, Alan, have a heart. I don't want to get tied. Can't you get me out of it some other way?"

"You'd just go get yourself into another one. I'm sick of it. This Jane might keep you straight."

"That's it. Still, Pearl's not so bad. She makes good money. But I'd probably get tired of her."

"Maybe she'd get tired of you."

"They never do," said Wally wearily. "Well, anyhow, I'll go talk to her about it."

The door closed. The hum of a motor tearing down the drive grew fainter, was lost in the night.

"Well, I hope you had a nice evening," said Alan Gordon, his smile tinged with that quiet irony of his, as he faced his wife in the dim light of the barbaric Chinese room that reeked of subtle incense and strange, ancient smells.

his control. And he despised quarreling, vulgar bickering, nagging. That was all remonstrance amounted to, in the end, with Sally.

He couldn't control Sally any more than you could control a dazzling flash of lightning. Unless he descended to brute force—

Looking down at her now, he forgave himself for many things.

Whatever else one might say about her, there was no denying Sally's charm. She was different—different in a world of women who seemed striving for a horrible sameness. She was worth some of the bad nights she had given him. Worth his undeniable weakness where she was concerned.

The first time he had seen her—and how little she had changed in six years!—he had been struck by the whiteness of her. Her skin had the tone of a pure white rose, and yet there was warmth and life and freshness in it. Her little face had sprung out at him from a crowd as a picture sometimes springs at you from the walls of a picture-gallery. Flashing, distinguished, with that odd set of the small head on its round, firm throat—that odd set of defiance, of pride.

He studied her now, in the ultra-fashionableness of her dinner-frock, whose skirts swept the floor. About her throat, her slim, white arms, in her ears, in the pale, waving masses of her hair, she wore the great, heavy rubies he had given her—rubies that had cost him more than this Beverly Hills mansion he had built her.

She had wanted them so. He remembered how she had looked when she asked him for them, the intensity of the desire that shook her. She had no idea of their money value. And of course, he bought them for her.

Her little chin went up now, in that impudent defiance of hers. How could he fight anything so small, so frail, so white, without

She pushed him onto a big, carved teakwood seat, and flew back to her cushion, leaning her brilliant head and shoulders against the crusted embroidery of a mandarin coat.

"I won't hurt you," he said. "You aren't worth it. I'm through. Here's your anniversary present." He held the box open for an instant. Then with a savage arm he flung it far over the cliff

"Well, the truth is, Sally, that I could live if we didn't see quite so much of your family," he began slowly.

The smile flew from her face. The small lips tightened.

"Go on," she said, "I'm listening."

"Well, this is the third night this week some of them—most of them—have been here to dinner. I'm working awfully hard, honey, you know. I don't mind this foolish Beverly Hills society racket, if you get any amusement out of it. A woman's got a right to that. But I'd be mighty grateful if I could see my own wife once in a while, without a troop of relatives sticking around."

"I know you don't like my family," said Sally defiantly.

"Well," said Alan, with a perverse twinkle in his eyes, "I've used Wally in my last three pictures. I suppose if your mother had ever had a real chance at Mr. Stein she'd have persuaded him to star her, but I did manage to land her a three-year contract with Associated at a lot more money than she's worth. I've got Evelyn playing the piano on Le Breton's set, and he hasn't spoken to me since. Uncle Pelham is working in the research department, and I got Aunt Violet a job in the reading department that ought to make her feel like Jesse James' sister every time she takes a pay check."

"You've been very kind to them, and I'm sure they're all grateful," said Sally proudly. "But it isn't nice to throw it up to me. And just the same, you don't like them."

"My angel child, my darling little wife, I do like them. I think they're most estimable people. However, I must admit I would like them better if I didn't see them quite so often. Can't you have them here all day and then clear them out when I come home?"

"I do see them in the daytime," said Sally, her eyes very brightly blue; "but they like you. They like to come here evenings. It's almost all the fun they have. They like to go places with us. And—mama works daytimes."

"They may like me," said Alan, pacing back and forth the length of the fantastic little room, "they may adore me. But I could stand a dinner conversation that wasn't entirely composed of their views about what's the matter with pictures in general and mine in particular. I may not be the greatest artistic director in the business. I don't pretend to be. I haven't any of these higher views on art for art's sake that your mother has suddenly developed. If I had, I'll tell you now you wouldn't be wearing rubies. I make pictures for a hard-working public that wants to be amused. I know I started as a property boy. I'm not going

[Turn to page 32]



She sat now quite straight, on the immense embroidered floor-pillow and opened her blue eyes in cool disdain upon him.

Oh, it wasn't any use. He could not quarrel with Sally.

He wanted to talk to her about Luther Rathenau. About young Teddy Burton. About the small indiscretions that were being coupled with her name. But he couldn't.

The truth of the matter was that he seemed to find no half-way ground. He was afraid to lose his temper. He had been afraid of it for years—of that smashing, red-eyed, uncontrollable demon of anger that raced too swiftly beyond

of him—"Did I treat him so badly? Never mind, angel. Sally's in a very happy mood tonight, and you couldn't make her angry if you tried. You just sit down and get it all out of your system."

crushing her utterly?

"Are you going to be cross?" she asked. "Because, if you are, I shall go to bed."

Alan shook his head good-naturedly. "No, not cross, dear. Only—there are one or two things I'd like to talk over with you. Important things. If you'd only listen sensibly."

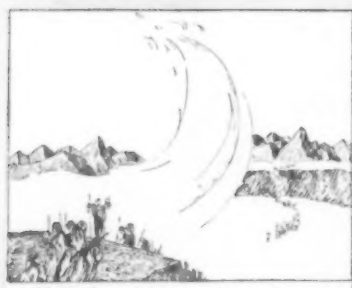
Sally, you bully me outrageously. And it's cowardly, because you're so little and so sweet I can't fight back."

With that she burst into a shower of laughter that filled all the room like gay confetti, ran swiftly to him, lips reaching up to his.

"My poor old bear," she said—and he felt her frail, slight body relax against him, as though she gloried in the rock strength of him—

The Story of The Bible

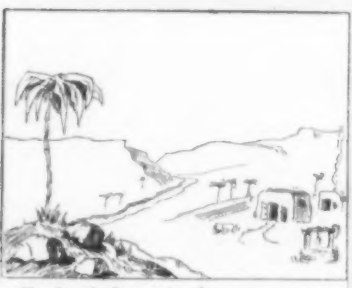
by Hendrik Willem van Loon



Pharaoh and his armies destroyed



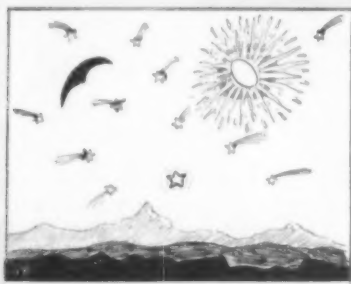
The brethren sold Joseph



Abraham's home in the new country



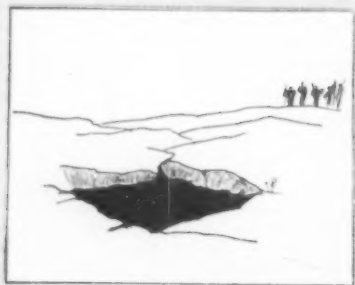
Joseph's first dream



Joseph's second dream



His new coat



Joseph was thrown into the pit

Jacob Returned to Hebron. And after many Years of Wandering, the Jews found a New Home in the Land of Egypt, where their Kinsman Joseph held a High Political Position

JACOB really was a very good shepherd. He knew how to change the food and the water of his flocks, so as to increase the number of certain strangely colored goats and sheep.

Laban, on the other hand, who left most of the farm work to his sons and to his slaves, was not familiar with these new methods of husbandry. Before he knew what was happening, Jacob had gained possession of most of his herds. Then he grew very angry, but it was too late. Jacob had gone. He had taken with him all his black lambs and all his spotted and speckled goats and his two wives and his eleven children.

Jacob decided to return to Canaan. Perhaps Esau would forgive him—and besides, there was the inheritance in case of Isaac's death.

Once more, his journey through the desert was accompanied by strange happenings. Upon one occasion, so Jacob vowed, he actually wrestled with an angel of Jehovah, who broke his thigh when he threw him, and who told him that his name henceforth would be Israel, and that he would be a mighty prince in the land of his birth.

But when he came near Mamre, he did not feel so sure of himself, and when he heard that Esau was coming forward with many men and many camels, he greatly feared that the day of reckoning had come.

He did his very best to gain the good will of his brother. He offered to give him everything he had. He divided his flocks into three parts, and sent one ahead every day, as a present to Esau. But Esau was as kindly as he was rough. He did not want anything that belonged to Jacob. He had forgiven him long ago, and when he met Jacob, he tenderly embraced him and bade bygones be bygones. Their father, so he told him, was still alive, although very old, and he would be glad to see his new grandchildren.

There were eleven of these when Jacob reached Hebron, but before he got back to the family farm, there were twelve.

Leah, the wife whom Jacob did not love, had ten sons and daughters. But poor Rachel had only one, who was called Joseph. And now she died when she gave birth to her second boy, who was called Benjamin.

This was a sad home-coming. Rachel was buried at Bethlehem, and then Jacob drove his flocks westward until he reached Hebron. Isaac was still strong enough to greet his long-lost son. Soon afterward, however, he died and was buried with his father, Abraham, and his mother, Sarah, in the cave of Machpelah.

YOU must remember that the Old Testament is really a collection of short histories which were put together into one book many years later.

Abraham and Isaac and Jacob had been the original heroes of this chronicle. They had dared to push forth into the wilderness, and they resembled our own Pilgrim Fathers in their courage and in their perseverance and in their loyalty to their ideals.

But they lived in an age when the Jewish people had not yet learned the use of letters. The account of their adventures was told from father to son until, at last, it was woven into the written chronicle that we know as the Old Testament.

It is not always easy to keep to the main line in this record of events. One thing, however, strikes us with great force. The Jews of thirty centuries ago were obliged to face a problem which is familiar to all students of American history. They were shepherds, and as such they were forever in search of new grazing lands. Abraham left his home and traveled westward to find pastures for his increasing flocks. Often he thought that he had found a home that would support him. Then we see him building a house, digging wells, clearing the ground for a few small farms. But alas! After a few years, there would be a period of drought. Abraham would break up camp and once more be a wanderer on the face of western Asia.

During the life of Isaac, the land of Canaan was regarded more and more as the definite dwelling-place of the Jewish tribes. But this era of peace and prosperity did not last long. Jacob himself never remained for very long in one spot. When he was quite an old man, the prolonged dry seasons had made Palestine almost uninhabitable, and the Jews were forced to leave Asia and move over into Africa. This time, the absence from the land of their choice was of very long duration. But they never lost sight of the old home and returned at the earliest possible opportunity.

And this was the way the story was told when the old men gathered around the city walls of the little Jewish towns and spoke of the mighty deeds of their grandfathers.

Jacob, you will remember, had married two sisters. The name of the elder one was Leah, and she had ten sons. The name of the younger one was Rachel, and she had only two sons, Benjamin and Joseph.

Now it happened that Jacob was very fond of Rachel, but did not care much for Leah. Quite naturally he loved the children of Rachel more tenderly than those of Leah, and it seems that he showed his preference quite openly when all the children were together at the dinner-table or out in the fields. This was not very wise. It is not good for little boys to know that their father likes them better than their brothers. It is apt to spoil them.

Joseph was a particularly bright child. One day he announced that he had had a wonderful dream.

"What was it about?" the others asked.

"I dreamed," he answered, "that we were out in the field, binding sheaves, and my own sheaf was standing right in the middle. But your sheaves were standing all around in a large circle, bowing very low to my sheaf. That was all."

The brothers understood what Joseph meant, and they did not like him any better for it.

A few days later: "I have had another dream," Joseph said.

"What was it this time?" the other members of the family asked.

"Something more about sheaves?"

"Oh, no. This time it was about the stars. There were eleven stars in the heavens and they and the sun and the moon all bowed to me."



He was thrown into prison



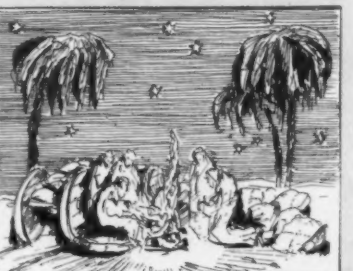
Joseph built vast storehouses



Famine stalked through Egypt



Joseph's brethren traveled to Egypt

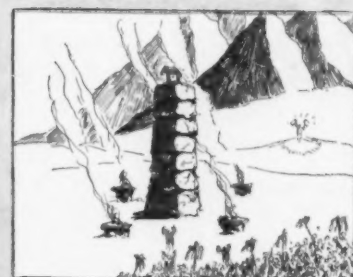


Joseph's brethren rested in the desert



The Cave of Machpelah

THIS is the third instalment of what is indisputably the greatest literary and historical masterpiece which has appeared in many years. It is a great epic compiled directly from Holy Writ by the famous author of "The Story of Mankind." Everyone has need to call upon the wisdom that lies hidden in the sacred stories of the Bible, and by keeping the ten consecutive issues of McCall's in which this master work is appearing, you will possess the first authentically historical outline of Biblical events.



The golden calf



Egypt had beautiful cities

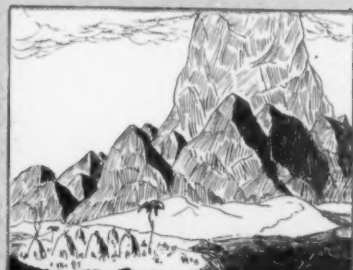
The eleven brothers did not feel flattered. Neither did the father. He warned his young son that a little more modesty would not be amiss. But he could not help spoiling the boy, for soon afterward he bought him a lovely coat of many colors—a nicer garment than any of the other boys possessed.

Well, you can easily understand what happened in the end. At first, the brothers merely laughed at Joseph. Then they got annoyed. Finally, they hated him, and one day, when they were all out in the fields near Shechem, and when the father was far away, they took Joseph, stripped his fine coat off his back, and threw him into an empty pit.

Then they sat down to think. After all, they could not very well kill their brother.

But Judah had a bright idea. The Jews lived near the highroad which led from the valley of the Nile to the valley of Mesopotamia. Caravans were passing through their country all the time.

"Let us sell Joseph," Judah suggested, "and then we take his coat and tear it up and smear some blood over it and we tell our father that a lion or a tiger came and ate Joseph up, and we divide the money, and no one is any the wiser."



At the foot of the mount called Sinai



Moses in his floating cradle

A SHORT time later, a caravan of Midianites came by on their way from Gilead to Egypt, carrying spice and myrrh for the embalmers of the Nile.

The brothers told them that they had a young slave for sale. After some bargaining, they sold their brother for twenty pieces of silver.

That is how Joseph happened to go west. The brothers stuck to their story very faithfully. For the next twenty years, Jacob mourned his youngest son, who, he thought, had been killed by wild beasts, while Joseph—quite unknown to his family—ruled the land of Egypt, after some of the strangest adventures of which the world had ever kept a record.

The Midianites had bought the Jewish slave as an investment. As soon as they could, they sold him at a good profit to a certain Potiphar, who was a captain in the Egyptian army.

And so Joseph became Potiphar's house-slave, and ere long, he was the captain's right-hand man, kept his accounts, and was overseer of all the other workmen on the estate.

Unfortunately, Potiphar's wife admired the handsome, black-haired boy. But Joseph, who knew that too great familiarity between masters and servants invariably leads to trouble, kept at a respectful distance.

This hurt the lady's vanity, and soon she was telling her husband that his new foreman was a very insolent young fellow and as for his honesty—well, she had her doubts, and so on and so forth.

In ancient Egypt, a slave was a slave. Potiphar did not bother to investigate these accusations. He sent for the police, and Joseph was taken to prison and locked up, although no charges were preferred against him. But there again his good spirits and his pleasant manner stood him in good stead. Joseph was given the freedom of the jail, so to speak, and he spent a good deal of his time with his fellow sufferers.

Among these, two prisoners interested him most of all. One had been the chief-steward of the royal palace and the other had been Pharaoh's baker.

In some way or other, both had displeased His Majesty, and that, of course, was a grave offense in a day when a king was regarded as a god. The Egyptians especially had such a tremendous respect for their ruler that they never referred to him by name. They called him Pharaoh, which really meant the "Big House," just as we often say the White House, when we really mean the President of the United States.

The two men were both servants of the "Big House," and they were awaiting their sentence. They had nothing to do and they whiled away the weary hours as best they could. One of their favorite practices was to tell each other their dreams. The ancient people had great respect for dreams. A man who could explain them was in their eyes a person of importance.



Moses received the commandments



Moses in the desert



The pillar of cloud



The plague visited the land of Egypt

WHEN the baker and the steward came and told Joseph their visions, he agreed to explain them.

"This is what I saw," the steward said. "I was standing near a vine, and suddenly three branches grew on that vine and they were full of grapes and I plucked the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's drinking-cup and placed the cup in my master's hand."

Joseph thought a moment and then he answered: "This is very simple. Within three days, you shall be set free and reinstated in your old office."

Eagerly the baker interrupted him. "Listen to my dream, for I too saw many strange things. I was going to the palace with three baskets filled with bread on my head. But suddenly a number of birds swooped down from high heaven and ate all my bread. What does it mean?"

"That, too, is simple," Joseph answered. "You will be hanged inside of three days."

And behold! on the third day, Pharaoh celebrated his birthday, and gave a great feast to all his servants. He then remembered the baker and the steward, who were still incarcerated. He ordered that the baker be hanged, and that the steward be set free and be brought back to the palace.

Of course, the steward was very happy. When he left his cell, he promised golden mountains to Joseph, who had foretold him his luck. He was going to speak of Joseph to Pharaoh and to all the officials, so that Joseph should receive justice and be set free. But as soon as he was back in his official uniform, standing behind the king's chair, ready to fill the royal cup at his master's request, he forgot all about the Jewish boy who had been his companion for so many months, and he never mentioned him with a single word.

It was rather hard on Joseph. He was obliged to stay in prison for two more years, and he might have died there if Pharaoh had not had a dream which greatly upset him.

When the king dreamed, it was a great and solemn occasion. All the people talked about it, and every one tried to guess what the gods had tried to reveal to the royal slumberer.

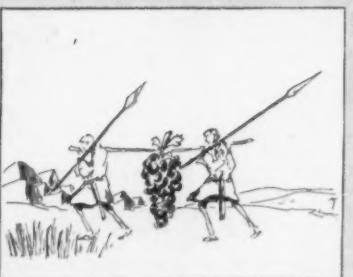
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The pillar of cloud and the Ark



Moses struck the rock



A fertile land

Babbie

By Vivien R. Bretherton

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

HERE is the very first story of a new writer—a writer discovered by McCall's. In it you will find all the lively freshness and all the elusive romance that make the charm of the great northwest where Miss Bretherton lives and of which she writes so tellingly.



Princess" but rose softly in a sweeter, fainter song. A sharp curve in the road hid Michael from the singer; but the words of her song were borne to him on the May winds.

"With flames upon my laughing lips,
(For I have kissed a mortal!)
With fire in my fingertips,
(They lightly touched a mortal!)
With silver slipping through my veins

And in my hair a peacock's feather,
I madly dance a-down the lanes
In misty, rainy weather."

On the last clear note she rode around the curve.

In one astonished glance Michael caught the sensations of a pepper-and-salt mule, enormous as to ears; a pale, pointed face clouded in a night of cropped hair; two long, slim, black-silk-clad legs crossed, Turk-fashion, upon the mule's back. She rode without a saddle.

HER pink mouth still parted with the last note of her song, she stopped suddenly, unwound her long legs and fished into the pocket of the dark-blue sweater that engulfed her, bringing out a very shiny and treacherously dainty-looking revolver.

"Hi! I say," cried Michael, "you aren't going to need that thing!"—thinking to himself the while: "She's going to speak; she's sure to speak now. God give that face an Erin voice!"

"I'm sorry," she murmured, and Michael could have hugged her for her voice. "The sun's in my eyes. You can't always tell about a man you meet on this road. And I'm not very husky. Sometimes they are loggers."

Michael groped for further conversation. "I wonder could ye tell me, now. I thought I'd camp along here pretty soon. Are there many good places?"

The black head nodded. "If you know how to choose them."

"I do," he returned gravely. "If there's any around. I sent my car up yesterday. Told my man to look for a good spot."

The red lips twitched in a suddenly suppressed smile.

"He went into Limpy Creek," she murmured.

"What!"

He held her eyes with his.
"There's enchantment in
the woods tonight,
Babbie. It isn't to
be the last time,
is it?"

DOWN the curving mountain road came the voice, now rising, now falling, in a whimsical little melody that brought a sudden tug of sadness to Michael's Celtic heartstrings.

Music did that to Michael—as did a sudden glimpse of youth. And when it was youth that sang in that merry, poignant manner of the very young, he felt stirring within him all the romance of the world.

"I'm dreamin'—or this is never I!"

So spoke Michael Menninick in as clearly deft English as ever purred a half-unconscious brogue. "Voices that come down mountain roads do not sing Borodin in that disturbing manner."

Michael looked about him. Since early morning he had been riding deeper and deeper into the Siskiyou Ranges, pausing now and then in pure joy at his surroundings. He drank in the green, shadowy beauty of the woods—beauty such as you find nowhere in all the world, save in these vivid mountains upon a day in early May.

The voice was nearer now, and he drew up his horse. It no longer sang the lovely and pathetic "Enchanted

"Only two wheels," she hastened to reassure him. "But I guess that was enough. He's just around the second bend from here. He's rather wet. You didn't give him any matches—or he forgot them. I just gave him some."

She dangled her long legs in impatience, anxious to pass. Michael couldn't judge whether she was ten or twenty. He noticed that below the sweater appeared what seemed to be boy's knickers. Drawing aside to let her pass, he said, "I thank ye for your kindness." Then, with Celtic audacity, "And do ye live around the third bend?"

She saw the flash of his blue eyes, and a gleam slipped into her own. "No," she returned mournfully. "You've camped right at the foot of my house. I live in the top of the big fir tree where the road crosses Limpy! I'm hunting for a new tree now." And giving her mule a gentle kick, she passed him.

Michael chuckled. "Ah, now, Babbie," he cried in a cajoling voice, "I'll move the little machine if ye say the word. Wait now—" But the gray mule trudged several paces before it stopped, and the green eyes peered over her shoulder.

"You're more than kind," she flashed. "But it's moving month anyway." She hesitated. "Would you tell me what that box thing is"—pointing a slim finger—"strapped on behind you?"

Michael looked at her seriously. "That, Babbie, is my fortune."

"Ah, naturally. Your typewriter. Well, good-by, Michael." And digging her heels again into the thick wool of her mule, she urged him into a jolting trot that took her quickly around the curve in the road.

Michael stared after her in astonishment. "Michael!" he ejaculated. "Now, how do you suppose she knew me name?"

He rode on rejoicing. In all the twenty-eight years of his delightful life, Michael had not experienced quite such an entrancing encounter as this—and his life had been anything but lacking in encounters of passing charm. Bent upon adventure from the day when he first dropped his nurse's hand and ran down a certain rugged path in Cornwall to see what lay at the end of it, and possessed of true Celtic magnetism and charm, he had found life a most amiable thing. At twenty-four, Michael had taken London captive with that rollicking farce, "The Tinker's Dam." Following with the three successive years had come "The Love Song" and "Ecstasy"—both utterly different, yet each touched with the spark of genius. Michael had been working upon a fourth play when a prolonged attack of influenza sent him to America to recover. A year in Chicago with his sister, Sheila Pierce, who, by virtue of her American husband's millions and her own inimitable charm, was the social dictator in that smoky lake city, had put him back to first-rate condition and had filled him with a strong desire to get back to writing again.

IT was at this opportune time that Michael had taken a flying trip across the continent with his brother-in-law in the interests of apple orchards in Oregon's Rogue River Valley. The business taken care of, Anthony Pierce had returned to Chicago. But Michael, enamored of the startling beauty of those mountains that hem in the valley, had collected a saddle-horse, a portable typewriter, a car and a guide and chauffeur in one and had set forth in an effort to imprison on paper the spell that the surroundings had cast over him.

Babbie out of sight, Michael rode along until he came to the spot where his car and his driver—a man evidently more versed in the ways of city traffic than in the difficulties of mountain traveling—had nearly come to grief. The car, fortunately, was not much the worse for having spent several hours with its front wheels resting in Limpy Creek, and it took but a short time for the two men to right matters. By dusk Michael's camp was pitched, and his man had taken the saddle-horse and had started back to the nearest town with orders to await him there.

Alone at last, Michael drew a deep breath of relief, then gave himself up to conjectures about the black-haired, green-eyed witch who had come to him, singing, around the bend of the road. Although he had kept an expectant eye upon the road, Michael had known that she would not pass his way again that day, it hardly being in keeping with the spirit of adventure. So he piled high a fire with dry wood, filled his pipe, and stretching himself out in front of its blaze, lay there, reviewing his encounter of the morning.

For Michael was in love. He would hardly have credited this fact at, say, ten that morning. By ten o'clock that evening, however, he was quite ready to admit the fact. He was in love—and no less completely by reason of his precipitancy. In lesser degrees, this was no new sensation to Michael. But he recognized in this new feeling a distinct variation from his experiences of the past. Whereas many a red mouth had made its appeal to him, and eyes—bewitching eyes, of every shade and hue—had smiled up into his, Babbie's voice had taken hold of his music-worshipping heart, and Babbie's charm had stolen into his senses and gripped his imagination. Ah yes, Michael was in love and unlike most men, save those who have been touched with the magic of Cornwall in their blood, he had known his love upon the moment that she had come.

For three days Michael roamed the forests, realizing the complete soul-satisfaction that days in these mountains can give to a beauty-loving person, or lounged drowsily, lulled to dreamings by the silver murmur of Limpy Creek. And now and then he roused himself to fits of energy, when the little typewriter was brought forth and the noise of the keys clicked steadily through the dimming twilight.

There had been no further sign of Babbie, although, after the first day, some inner, unexplained instinct had told Michael that she had been near. He ran across no trace of her in his wanderings; but at night, returning to camp, he could have sworn that the fragrance of her still lingered there.

On the fourth day, when he left in the morning for a tramp to the top of Baldy, the big mountain that rose just behind Limpy's little valley, Michael tacked this note on Babbie's tree.

BABBIE: If you're calling on me, as I think you are, is it exactly polite to leave before I get home? You need not deny it. I know for truth that you are a witch—on two occasions I have heard the swish of your broomstick as you hastily cleared the topmost branches of this tree in your flight! Not that I don't approve of witches. Indeed, I find them interesting. I shall even forgive you your green eyes and the song in your throat if you'll call like a lady!

MICHAEL.

Hastening down the road that evening, Michael found no trace of Babbie. But his note was gone, and dangling from several inches of scarlet ribbon fluttered a bit of paper. Snatching it off with a chuckle, he read:

Ah, Michael—but don't you know a witch when you see one? It's a nice new play you are writing, Michael Menninick. I've been



Catching the halter rope in her hands, Babbie plunged into the underbrush that skirted Limpy, now a raging torrent

reading it. Do you mind? I left a cherry pie in payment. It's on the table.

Michael wrote in his second note:

It's not fair. Limpy is a fearfully good chaperon—not to mention that cunning little thing that you lug around in your pocket. And so Mr. Michael Menninick entertains the company of Mistress Babbie of the Singing Voice to honor him with her presence at tea this afternoon at four. (Guests are requested to check all broomsticks and tame bats. Pepper and Salt, however, is cordially invited!)

This safely tacked on the tree, Michael tramped off through the woods with a light heart. Adventure was lighting her beckoning torches along his pathway, and the world looked most entrancing to his eyes. He hurried off in the direction of a certain spot where just the day before he had found a soft blanket of purple violets, intent upon gathering a mass of them for his tea-table and reaching the camp around three o'clock.

BUT it was nearer two when, perhaps five miles from camp, he felt the first drop of rain upon his face. He hardly noticed it; and then he felt the second and the third. In less than three minutes the sky was dark, and heavy gray clouds began to drift across it with sluggish movements. Even then Michael failed to realize the import of what was in store for him. In another five minutes the storm was upon him, developing with incredible rapidity into that most dramatic and terrifying of events—an electric storm in the Siskiyou mountains!

Head bent against the rushing winds that seemed to spring up from nowhere, half-deafened by the roar of the thunderclaps, he stumbled along, staggering over fallen trees and through suddenly swollen streams, his nerves on edge and quivering from the white flashes of lightning! Through it all the thought occurred to him persistently, running through his brain like a song: tea, at four, for Babbie. Unable to find the trail, he crashed through the underbrush, frantic with the thought that she might be out there somewhere in the storm, alone, frightened, perhaps even in danger. Babbie alone and in danger! The fear of it drove him forward, tearing his way desperately through the scrub and tangle.

An hour later Michael stumbled into camp, drenched to the skin and blinded by the beating rain, to find his tent

blown down into a queer-looking heap at the foot of Babbie's tree, and his car telescoped by a young fir that had crashed down directly on top of it. Dropping to his knees to seek a moment's refuge beneath the car before rushing out again into the storm on the chance of finding Babbie, he halted—stared—then burst out into a shout of laughter!

At the identical moment when Michael had noted with surprise the first raindrop, a vivid little thing whom Michael called "Babbie," tugged at the rope that was tied around a certain pepper-and-salt mule and halted him on the mountain trail that hung on the edge of the Limpy Creek ravine.

"If that's a storm coming," she murmured, shaking back the shock of black hair to peer closely at the clouds, "you'll have to dash along, Emy, or two of us'll get wet!"

But even as she hesitated, the first rumble of the thunder came, and she cowered, white-faced, closer to the mule's back. For she had inherited a terror of thunder and lightning even as she had been born with a love of the storm, glorying in the beating rains and the tearing winds.

She now turned her mule about, and thumping his belly with her sharp little heels, urged him into a gallop. Before she had gone a hundred yards, the second clap came, and almost on the instant the rain swept down upon them.

The bellow of the thunder and the sharp glare of the lightning were broken by crash after crash as the enormous trees on the sky-line trail—her only road to shelter—were uprooted and thrown headlong to earth in the whipping gale.

Babbie knew her mountain trails, and she knew that it was as much as her life was worth to try to cross the sky-line trail when the storm was upon it. Cold and trembling, but with her green eyes blazing with excitement, she turned about again, determined upon hurrying back along the ravine while that was yet clear, down to Limpy where she could follow the creek up to a little indentation behind Baldy.

By this roundabout trail, three times the distance over the sky-line, she hoped to reach the lodge where she lived. Even should the storm die down at once, she reflected, the sky-line trail would be blocked by the fallen trees.

But there came no lessening of the storm, and the rain beat like needles upon her white face. The crash and the blare of the thunder and lightning were driving even the stolid little mule into a state of panic. Babbie caught her

lips between her teeth as a tree, not fifty feet behind her, fell headlong across the trail.

"Hurry! Hurry, Emy!" she sobbed as she urged the mule on to a faster pace.

Suddenly it seemed as if the sky were on fire, opening up to cast its scourge upon the mountains. Babbie threw up her hands before her eyes and screamed. She felt blinded by the light, and the mule dug his forefeet into the trail in terror, throwing himself back on his haunches with a suddenness that almost unseated her.

A crash that seemed as if the whole forest of trees had fallen in upon them!

THE mule snorted with fright, and Babbie drew her breath in long sobs that left her throat angry and raw. Not six feet in front of them lay an immense fir, blazing, where the lightning had struck it some fifty feet up the mountain side, still trembling from the impact of its fall!

Hardly conscious now of what she did, Babbie slid off the mule's back, and catching the halter rope in her hands, plunged into the underbrush that skirted Limpy—now a raging torrent. She stumbled into the creek, the water to her waist, to be instantly swept off her feet by the swirling current. Clutching the mule's head, she dug her hands into his long hair, throwing her weight on him. Inch by inch he struggled through the icy water until the further bank was reached. Babbie, clambering up the bank, fell over Michael's fallen tent. Clumsily she pulled the wet canvas over the mule as a partial protection against the storm, and, wet as any river rat, chilled to the bone and sobbing with fright and nervousness, she stumbled to the car and crawled under it.

Michael's rich laugh rose even above the storm at the sight that met his eyes. Babbie's black density of hair was plastered to her lovely head, and her green eyes glittered out of the gloom. As she lay there, curled up in a heap, she looked for all the world like some forlorn little animal, so appealing in her misery that Michael could have gathered her into his arms with a crooning murmur, and so delightfully gnomish that he chuckled with enjoyment.

"Babbie!" he cried. "Are me eyes seein' aright?"

[Turn to page 24]



Recognizing the shimmer of blue steel, Rodney hurled himself upon Angelo. The pistol exploded as he struck him

Double Doom

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl" and "The Coast of Cockaigne"

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

Fifth Instalment

BUT I knew then," she said, "I had been wrong in assuming Angelo had not made himself a power in

Little Italy. You would never have been attacked, I felt sure, except by his orders. So I knew only Angelo could save you. It seemed hardly probable that they'd accept me as Angelo, seeing me come out of Luigi's flat, but it was worth trying and—I couldn't think of anything else."

The encounter with Rodney and the troublesome problems it provided, of how to get him out of harm's way and how to cheat his jealous solicitude, had so delayed the girl that she got back to her tenement lodging via the back yards and fire-escape in time to hear impatient knocking at the hall-door.

Thanking her stars for the foresight which had instructed Marcella not to return to the flat before midnight, Francesca hastily slipped out of her coat and low shoes, tore off collar and necktie. Then she unlocked the hall door and presented a drowsy face to three who were waiting there, the picciotto

American Camorristi, "gangsters" or "gunmen" in the vocabulary of police reporters.

Her heart quaked with dread inspired by the obvious significance of this veritable guard of honor, when she had expected only one for her guide. Apparently her impersonation of Angelo had served for the time being only; she told herself she had been a fool ever to hope for better luck. Now she was plainly suspect. And if she clung to any doubt as to that, she had the look of the picciotto to undeceive her, the malice and distrust that glimmered in his slotted little eyes.

"What 't'ell the' matter wid youse? We must of been knockin' fi' minutes. Where yuh been anyway?"

"Asleep—just now waked up."

"Uh-huh. I guess that's a hot one, too. Where's the guy yuh pulled in here a while ago? What yuh done with him?"

whose acquaintance she had made earlier in the evening, and two others of his kind—slender, alert, corrupt and deadly types of the Italo-

"Why," said Francesca pleasantly, as she turned back and lighted the gas, "he's gone, a good while ago. What about it?"

The three gangsters shouldered into the room.

"Aw, nothin'—only you got some tall explainin' to do to the boss—"

"Well," said Francesca coolly, as she donned collar and tie, "I daresay I can satisfy him, if it comes to that. But how did I know he was interested in that man—the capo maestra? I thought they were Mafiusi, those boys who were beating the man. As for the man himself, I mistook him for one who had been friendly with me on the steamer, coming over. When I found I was wrong, he begged on his knees to be let out the back way, so I showed the fire-escape—and got this for doing it."

She displayed an exultant grin and a sizeable roll of bills.

THEY went out. In the streets two of her escort kept close to her elbows, while the picciotto walked behind: an arrangement that told the girl clearly enough she could consider herself virtually under arrest.

A longish walk, something more than a mile by her dead reckoning, carried them in a generally southeasterly direction well beyond the southern bounds of Little Italy, and ended in a quiet block of old brick houses running down to the East River.

In front of the very last house on the north side of the street the two at her sides fell back, and the picciotto, touching Francesca's elbow, turned in through the areaway. He had a key to the door of iron grating under the stoop, and admitted himself and Francesca to a basement hallway, lighted by a single electric bulb. Then he knocked respectfully on the first door and opened it when a strong Italian voice within bade them enter.

In a stuffy little dining-room round a table, three men sat looking up from a game of cards.

One was a thin, dark, dyspeptic wreck of a man of fifty or thereabouts. Over across from him sat his antipode, a great obese bulk of flesh with a face radiantly good-natured—all but its cruel and sensual mouth.

The third was like neither, but a substantial figure of a man, strikingly handsome in the Latin style.

He was the first to break a fairly long space of silence, during which Francesca's "Luigi Barocco" had to withstand the gruelling scrutiny of three pairs of eyes.

"You call yourself Luigi Barocco?"

"Is it my name, *si masto*."

"I wish precise information concerning your parentage and personal history."

"Willingly, *si masto*." Obediently Francesca recounted the major points of her fictitious biography, with some uneasiness observing that the nervous little man was jotting down notes of what she said in a pocket memorandum book. "But," she concluded, "all this is no news to you since, undoubtedly, you are familiar with the letters from

Italy which procured me the honor of this interview." "It is true," the man admitted, "but you have done much, Luigi Barocco, to counterbalance the good impression made by your letters, by interfering tonight in an affair of the Camorra."

"So I have been given to understand, *si masto*," Francesca replied with a good appearance of regret. "But how was I to know?" She repeated her specious defense of her conduct in rescuing Rodney.

"It is a matter affecting the honor of the Camorra less than the personal interests of one of our brothers in the Honorable Society. I mean, it was his private affair you interfered with, and you have your peace to make with him; if he rejects your explanation, then you must give him the satisfaction every good Camorrista owes another whom he has wronged or injured, even though unintentionally."

FRANCESCA now knew she was to see Angelo again before the night was over.

"In the meantime I see no reason why we should not proceed with the business for which we have been called together, according to the wishes of the Supreme Master as communicated in this letter. And you, Luigi Barocco—are you prepared?"

"I am ready, *si masto*," Francesca replied quietly.

"Then let us proceed. Follow Tonio." The picciotto promptly tapped Francesca on the shoulder, opened the door, and slouched out.

The girl followed without hesitation, at least with none she dared show.

It might be that Angelo would prove her undoing. She understood that he was expected to appear at any moment. His anger she could foresee and discount, but never what

[Turn to page 18]

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I call this "play," but you may say:
 "Pea-culiar recreation!"
 (Excuse the pun.) To me, it's fun
 To win your approbation.



Taste pea soup at its very best!

Taste Campbell's! Lift it to your lips—this delicious puree of dainty peas, rich milk and golden butter. Perfection! Especially if you add only a little water at a time and each time mix until smooth. This is the right way to make a smooth puree. It brings out the full pea flavor.

Refreshing Cream of Pea

Prepared with Campbell's, as the label directs, it's ready in a few minutes! Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. (Use a spoon or egg-beater.) Heat almost to boiling point, but do not boil. Serve immediately.

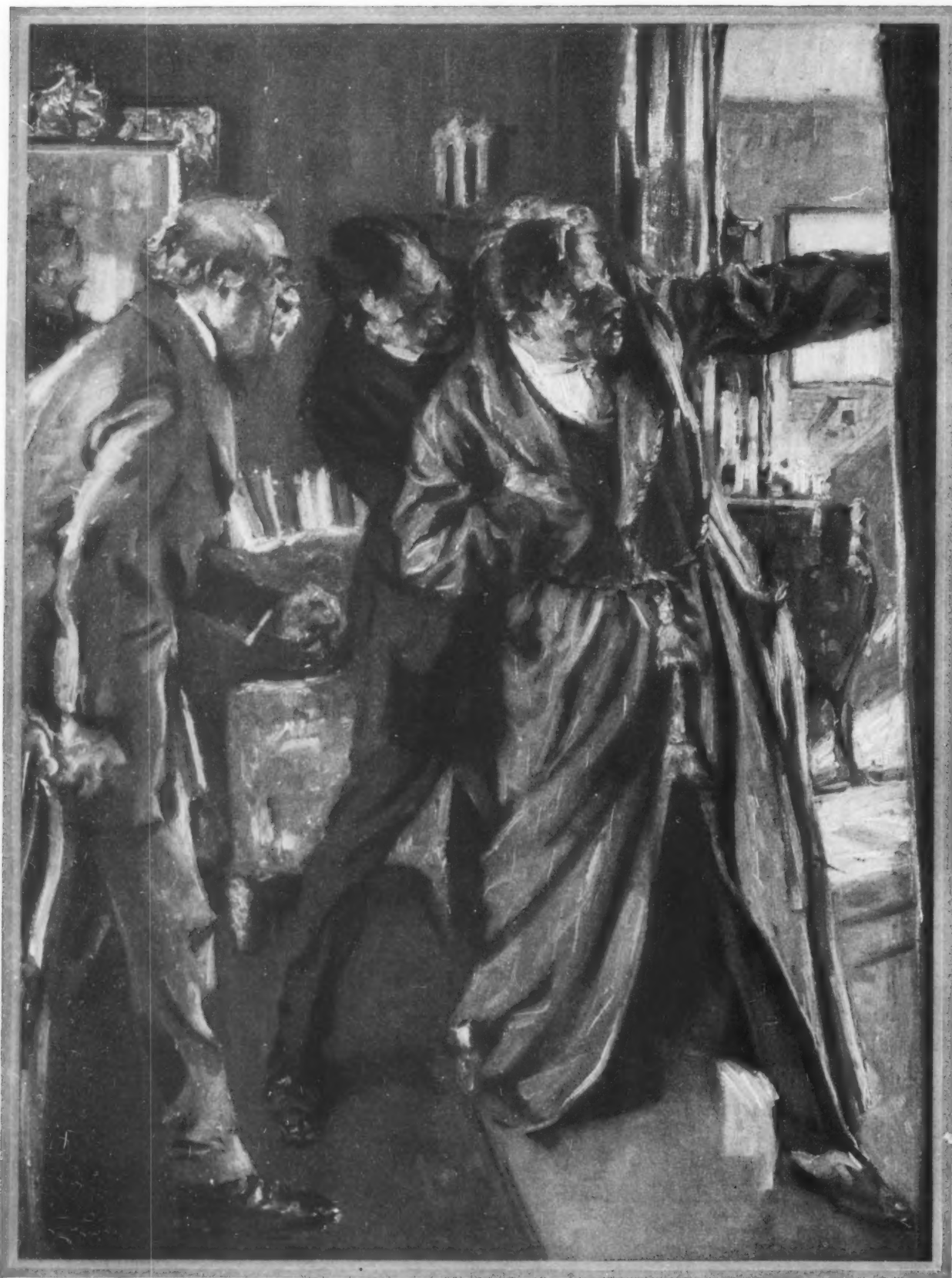
21 kinds 12 cents a can

Be sure to include Campbell's Celery Soup

—when you are selecting an assortment from the 21 Campbell's kinds. Campbell's Celery Soup is an extremely palatable, nourishing puree of crisp, white celery, blended with milk and butter. Serve it, too, as a Cream of Celery when you desire a special luxury for your table.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Rodney stared with blank and witless eyes. The bedchamber was without a tenant

outlet it might find in action, especially if he were as guilty as she feared of the treachery which had decreed the death of their father and uncle.

The three who had put her through that perfunctory form of interrogation brought up the rear of the little procession, which passed to the back of the basement hallway, then down a short, dark flight of steps to a closed door. Here the picciotto stopped and rapped, panels of sheet metal giving sounding response to his knuckles. The door swung on creaking hinges.

"Signori of the High Council, the Tribunal brings you a novice."

And docile to a tug at her arm, Francesca passed him and entered the cellar.

EIGHT men were waiting there, ranged in a wide circle round a table in the middle of the bare cement flooring.

She scanned curiously and fearfully those countenances which she could see without turning her head. But they told her nothing. Angelo's was not among them, of that she was sure.

Upon a naked deal table lay three knives, a straw-swaddled wine flask, a goblet of chased silver, a lancet, an automatic pistol with its magazine clip and cartridges disassembled.

Francesca, overwrought, could not control a nervous start when, after the ordeal of waiting had lasted nearly ten minutes, a thunderous knock on the metal door, followed by six more, set hollow and inhuman echoes a-bellow in the cellar.

Without looking, without hearing one familiar accent, but solely through that sensitive psychic affinity which bound their souls together with bonds unbreakable, Francesca knew that her brother had come into the cellar and taken his place in the circle at a point immediately behind her, but so close that he could have touched her.

More than this, Francesca knew that Angelo had recognized her instantly, in spite of the fact that he could not have seen her face, in spite of her disguise.

A voice suddenly boomed out a question:

"What has the Supreme Master to say concerning his candidate?"

"That he is an orphan, born of parents known to be well-disposed toward the Honorable Society; that after their death in London, this Luigi Barocco repaired to Naples to offer himself to the Society; that while preparations were being made for his initiation as picciotto d'honneur he distinguished himself by shooting dead three out of four Carabinieri who had been charged with the arrest of a Camorrista known to you all, Tobia Basile; that in consequence of this signal proof of devotion and zeal, the candidate was constrained to leave Naples secretly and in haste; and that in reward therefor the Supreme Master requires us to receive him into full membership."

"Is there question as to the authenticity of the Master's letter?"

"None. There were in all five letters, all in the same tenor and each describing the applicant minutely. Each, furthermore, was sealed with the personal seal of the Supreme Master himself."

"If that is so, and the Council approves, there need be no more delay."

A murmur of assent was audible.

"Luigi Barocco!"

"Si masto!" the girl responded.

"Knowest thou the conditions, what thou must do to become as a brother to men of heart and honor?"

"I am here to be instructed."

"Thou must be prepared to endure misfortune upon misfortune and to lay down thy life, if need be, that the life of a brother may be spared."

"I am so prepared."

"Thou must hold sacred the secrets of the Camorra—and God have mercy upon thee if thou dost traffic with spies and traitors!"

"Shouldst thou see one, were it thine own father, attack or stab a member of the Honorable Society, thou art bound to defend him at the cost of slaying thy father—thou shalt own no kinsman closer than thy brethren of the Camorra."

"The Honorable Society shall be to me as my father and my mother, my wife and my children," said Francesca.

"Take that pistol, Luigi Barocco; load it."

Slowly, that her nerves might not betray her in hands of bungling haste, Francesca took up the magazine clip, fitted into it the six deadly little cylinders.

"Give it to me."

The man with the smoldering eyes took the pistol, drew back its slide, simultaneously cocking it and chambering a cartridge in the barrel, and returned it to the girl.

"Put it to your head."

She dared not demur, she felt the chill mouth of metal lip her temple.

"Pull the trigger!"

Francesca shut her eyes, that their appeal might not be read, and with a silent prayer tightened the pressure of her finger on the trigger. The hidden hammer clicked loudly upon a dead cartridge.

She heard a subdued murmur of admiration, and reopened her eyes with a sense of daze in her relief: she had known that it would be thus, and yet . . .

"Put the pistol down, and bare your right arm."

Wondering, Francesca rolled back her coat sleeve to the elbow, then unbuttoned and turned back the cuff of her shirt.

"Give your arm."

SHE extended it across the table. With the lancet the man delicately slit the skin above a vein in the forearm. A few drops of blood welled out and dripped into the silver goblet. Then Francesca's wrist was released, she wrapped a handkerchief round it, over the wound, and readjusted her cuff and sleeve.

"Drink," the inquisitor commanded, offering the goblet, filled to the brim with wine from the straw-bound flask.

Francesca set the vessel to her lips and returned it to the man, who drank a little of the mixture and gave it back to her again.

"Offer it to each of the brethren," he enjoined her. "If one refuse, thou art rejected by him and must fight him."

He indicated the brace of deadly dueling-knives upon the table.

Strengthened by a belief that the worst was over, Francesca took the goblet blindly to the nearest Camorrista. He sipped and returned it, and spoke to her by name, as Luigi Barocco, calling her comrade. She passed on to the next, the next and the next. Angelo was fifth in line.

The hatred in his gaze was undisguisable, his fear she divined as she paused before him, proffering the cup of blood and wine. His eyes were glassy and unwinking in their glare, sweat was standing out upon his forehead, in his temples the veins were blue with congestion, his features were drawn and set in a mirthless grin. Angelo was afraid of her, afraid to the very marrow of him.

He made no move to take the goblet, and Francesca was aware, as clearly as if his mind had been her own, of the frightful struggle going on within him.

To refuse would precipitate the duel prescribed by inexorable ritual, in which Angelo might be successful in so wounding or maiming Francesca that she would be forced to abandon her purpose, or at least would remain hors de combat long enough to permit him to strengthen his defenses or plan some promising counterstroke, something that would make her hesitate and think, perhaps give it up altogether.

On the other hand, a misjudged blow might deal a mortal wound, and he dared not risk that for the very reason that bound him to refrain from denouncing his sister then and there, exposing her imposture: for the reason that her death would follow, as night follows day, and . . . his twin would not die alone.

Shaking as with palsy, his hands lifted, he took the cup, carried it to his lips . . .

"And then," continued Francesca, "he quietly vanished."

"I don't mind telling you, that quiet exodus was so unlike Angelo, it frightened me more than anything. I have learned to distrust Angelo's infrequent, amazing exhibitions of self-control; as a rule they mean he's nursing some scheme rather more devilish than usual. It took all my courage to go home alone."

"You found your brother at the flat, of course."

"No, I didn't, and that only made it worse. Marcella was waiting up, and when she said nobody had been there, I knew I had the worst to fear. And I was so panicky, I

[Turn to page 61]



Ordinary cleanliness won't do for towels, which come in contact with dishes. They need and deserve Fels-Naptha cleanliness.

Wash dish-towels daily with FELS-NAPTHA — a simple, sanitary safeguard



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell

For men, too!

Autoists, sportsmen, and mechanics find Fels-Naptha great for removing grime, grease, and dirt from hands, without the use of grit. Takes spots out of clothing, too.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Dish-towels need the purifying power of a safe, searching, sanitary soap. At least once a day, spare a few minutes to wash your dish-towels and kitchen-cloths with Fels-Naptha, the great double-cleaner.

The real naptha goes through the threads and loosens grease and unsuspected dirt like magic. The sudsy water flushes them away. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the cloths clean, sweet and sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is not only a great cleanser of dish-towels. It does *all* laundry work, from sheets and shirts to sheerest waists, with equal speed, thoroughness and safety.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get it today from your grocer.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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The publication by McCall's of this novel by Sabatini, distinctly the new literary sensation, is another example of McCall's determination to lead the magazine world. "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood," Sabatini's first novels, are, today, best-sellers and scheduled for stage and film production. "Fortune's Fool" will follow suit as McCall's completes publication.



Fortune's Fool

By Rafael Sabatini

Conclusion

Illustrated by E. Patrick Nelson

DO not suppose that any two men ever engaged with greater confidence than these. Each regarded the other half-contemptuously, as a fool rushing upon his doom. Holles was a man of his hands, trained in the hardest school of all, and although for some months now sword-practice had been a thing neglected by him, yet it never occurred to him that he should find serious opposition in a creature whose proper environment was the court rather than the camp. The Duke of Buckingham was possibly the best blade of his day in England. Of great coolness in danger, vigorous and agile of frame, he had a length of reach which would still give him an advantage on those rare occasions where all else was equal. He regarded the present affair merely as a tiresome interruption to be brushed aside as speedily as possible.

THEREFORE he attacked with vigor, and his very contempt of his opponent made him careless. It was well for him in the first few seconds of that combat that Holles had reflected that to kill the duke would be much too serious a matter. For Buckingham's lackeys were at hand. Thus it happened that in the first moments of the engagement he neglected the openings which the duke's recklessness afforded him, intent instead upon reaching and crippling the duke's sword-arm.

In the background, in a tall armchair to which she had sunk, white with terror, her breathing so shortened that she felt as if she must suffocate, sat Nancy Sylvester, the only agonized witness of that encounter of which she was herself the subject.

The sounds of combat in that locked room—the stamp of shifting feet and the ringing of blades—had drawn the attention of the men in the hall outside. There came a vigorous knocking on the door accompanied by voices. The sound was an enheartening relief to Buckingham who was finding his opponent much more difficult to dispatch than he had expected. He raised his voice suddenly:

"A moi! François, Antoine! A moi!"

Heavy blows upon the door in answer to the command made an end of the colonel's hopes of rendering the duke defenseless.

Upward under the duke's guard he whirled his point, and the duke, who had been carried a little too far round in the speed required, unduly exposing his left flank, found that point coming straight for his heart. He was no more than in time to beat it aside with his left hand, and even so it ripped through the sleeve of his doublet and tore his flesh just above the elbow.

In this fierce *corps-à-corps* they writhed and swayed hither and thither, snarling and panting and tugging, whilst the sound of the blows upon the door announced the splintering of a panel, and Nancy, half-swooning in her chair, followed the nightmare struggles of the two men in wide-eyed but only half-seeing terror.

They crashed across the room to the day-bed under the window, and the duke went down upon it backward in a sitting posture. But still he retained his grip of the colonel's sword-wrist. Holles thrust his knee into the duke's stomach to gain greater leverage.

Now at last with the increased strain that Holles brought to bear, Buckingham's fingers were beginning to slip. And then under a final blow the door, splintered about the lock, flew open, and the grooms rushed into the room.

Holles tore his wrist free at the same moment by a last wrench. But it was too late. Casting the duke's sword-hand from him, he sprang away and round with a tearing sob to face the lackeys. For a second his glittering point held them at bay. Then the blow of a club shattered the blade, and they rushed in upon him. He felled one of them with a blow of the hilt which he still retained, before a club took him across the skull. Under that blow he reeled back against the table, his limbs sagged, and he sank down in a heap, unconscious.

The grooms trooped out, and Buckingham, still very pale, but breathing now more composedly, turned to Nancy with a queer smile on lips that looked less red than usual.

SHE had reached that point of endurance at which sensibility becomes mercifully dulled. She sat there, her head resting against the tall back of the chair, her eyes closed, a sense of physical nausea pervading her.

"Ah, my Sylvia, you shall forgive me the shifts to which my love has driven me, and this last shift of all with that roaring fool's heroics and what they have led to. Don't blame me altogether. Blame that *cos amoris*, that very whetstone of love—your own incomparable loveliness and grace."

She sat now stiffly upright, dissembling her fear behind a mask of indignant scorn that was sincere enough.

"Love! You call this violence love?"

"Not the violence, but that which has moved me to it, that which would move me to tear down a world if it stood between you and me. I want you, Sylvia, more than I have ever wanted anything in life. I swear to you that if it lay in my power, if I were free to make you my duchess, that is the place I should be offering to you now."

She looked at him. There had been a humility in his bearing which together with that vibrant sincerity in his voice must surely have moved her at any other time. It moved her now, but only to a still greater scorn.

"Is anything sacred to you?" She rose by an effort, and stood before him, swaying slightly and marveling a little that she should be unable better to command herself. "Sir, your persecution of me has rendered you abhorrent in my sight, and nothing that you may now do can alter that. And now, sir, I beg you to bid your creatures fetch the chair in which I was brought hither and carry me hence again. Detain me further, and I promise you, sir, that you shall be called to give a strict account of this night's work. I swear that you shall hang though you be duke of twenty Buckinghams. You do not want for enemies, who will be glad enough to help me, and I am not entirely without friends, Your Grace."

"Where are your witnesses? Until you produce them it will be your word against mine. And the word of an actress, however exalted, is . . . in such matters . . . the word of an actress." He smiled upon her. "Then this house. It is not mine. It is tenanted by a ruffian named Holles; it was taken by him a few days ago in his own name. It was he who brought you here by force."

"What follows? How came I here into that man's house? Why, to rescue you, of course. The facts will prove my story. My grooms will swear to it."

"Stand back, and let me pass."

Instead he sprang forward to seize her. He would make an end of this maddening resistance, he would melt this icy disdain until it should run like water.

She slipped aside and away in panic before his furious onslaught, over-setting the high-backed chair in which she had lately been sitting.

The crash of its fall seemed to penetrate to the slumbering mind of Holles and disturb his unconsciousness. For he

stirred a little, uttering a faint moan.

Beyond that, however, her flight accomplished nothing. She would have run round the table, but before she could turn to do so the duke had seized her and held her helpless in his arms as he kissed her.

He seized one end of the blue scarf, and tore it roughly away, laying bare her lovely throat.

Over that white throat he now bent his head, but his fevered lips never reached it. In the very act of bending he paused, and stiffened.

For a moment he was as a man paralyzed. Slowly his arms relaxed their grip of her body and he raised his right hand to point with a shaking finger at her throat.

"The tokens! The tokens!"

THE awakened Holles looked dazedly round to see the duke's pointing hand, to hear the duke's quavering voice saying yet again: "The tokens!" and to see Sylvia collapse, white and almost fainting with weakness, on the day-bed.

The grooms stood at gaze in the horror which they fully shared with the duke. They craned forward, to look at Miss Farquharson, lying limp and speechless on her couch, her white neck and shoulders thrown into dazzling relief against the dark brown of the background, and from where they stood they could make out quite plainly stamped upon the white loveliness of that throat the purple blotch that was the brand and token of the pestilence.

With wild cries of terror they fled before the duke, out of the room, and out of the house.

Colonel Holles and the woman he had sought so passionately long years ago were alone together at last, brought thither by that ironic destiny of his, in circumstances of horror. The very act by which at last he had found her, irrevocably lost her to him again. The very chance that had brought them together after all these years, flung them at the same time farther apart than they had ever been. Was he not Fortune's fool indeed?

The violent slamming of the door appeared to rouse him to a further degree of consciousness. Painfully he got to his knees, and with dazed eyes looked round the room.

He beheld Nancy, her shoulders turned to him, contemplating herself in an oblong Venetian mirror that adorned the wall near the head of the day-bed, and in the mirror itself he beheld the reflection of her face. It was ashen, and there was a staring ghastly horror in her eyes. It was then that he began to remember and piece together the incidents of the confused scene upon which his gaze had fallen when first his mind was dimly rousing itself. Again he saw Buckingham, crouching and shuddering as he backed away from Nancy, pointing to her the while with a palsied hand, and again he heard the duke's voice, quavering, "The tokens!"

He understood. Nancy was safe from Buckingham. She had been snatched from the duke at the eleventh hour by a ravisher even more merciless and infinitely more foul.

She looked up, and beheld the ghastly, blood-smeared face of Randal Holles. For a long moment she stared at

[Turn to page 22]

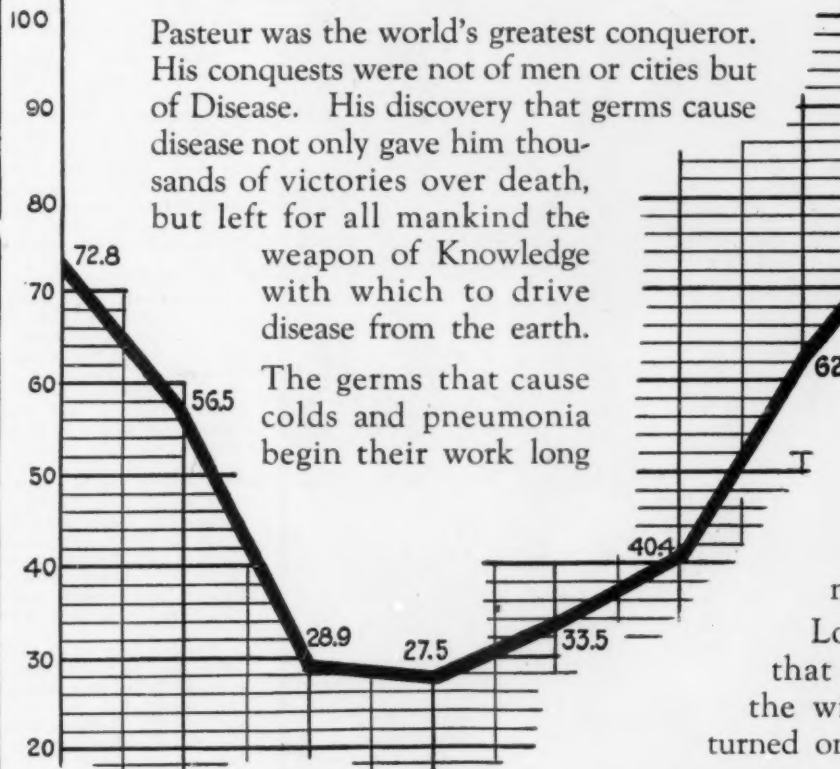
March—The Danger Month

May June July August September October November December January February March April

Below is a photograph of a Year. It pictures graphically for you, month by month, the death rate from Pneumonia, from May 1921 to April 1922.

Study the picture. Travel over the Year. At each station or month, note carefully the Pneumonia figures.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will note that the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than six times as great as in midsummer.



Pasteur was the world's greatest conqueror. His conquests were not of men or cities but of Disease. His discovery that germs cause disease not only gave him thousands of victories over death, but left for all mankind the weapon of Knowledge with which to drive disease from the earth.

The germs that cause colds and pneumonia begin their work long

before March. That windy month is, in reality, the reaping of the whirlwind—of the wind sown from November on.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"Most diseases can be cured if taken in time, but some of them should be taken three hundred years before the patient is born."

Thus Dr. Holmes anticipated the great Pasteur and sounded the keynote of modern medicine—Prevention.

Looking backward down March Hill, note that the up-grade for pneumonia began when the windows went down and the steam was turned on.

And that is the time to begin the work of Prevention—the building up of the body from within to fortify it against the germs that cause colds, influenza and pneumonia.

And remember, even though March comes in like a lamb—she is a wolf in sheep's clothing—ready to devour the body not strengthened throughout the year to resist her blustery winds, icy breath and the flattery of her occasional sunny smile.

The heavy zigzag line which stretches across this page is a facsimile of a portion of one of the health graphs regularly kept by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It is printed to bring home to millions the fact that the danger from pneumonia is more than six times greater in March than in midsummer.

The things to be guarded against are over-fatigue, exposure, contagion and neglect. A first hint of danger is often indigestion or cold. Avoid clogging the body with heavy, indigestible foods.

Most important, avoid constipation. Wear light, warm clothing. Wear stout, warm shoes. Sleep with windows open.

If you get your feet wet, change to warm, dry things as soon as possible and restore the circulation. Keep the hands out of the mouth and keep the mouth and teeth clean.

Use a handkerchief as a screen for a cough or a sneeze.

As soon as nature warns you that something is wrong, consult your doctor; go to bed, get warm and keep

covered up. Cut down your diet to the last possible notch. Drink plenty of water—hot preferably.

Mothers should specially guard children suffering from measles, whooping cough and the other contagious diseases—Pneumonia frequently follows these diseases.

In the interests of community welfare, the Metropolitan gladly authorizes any individual, organization or periodical to reprint either the chart or information on this page.

HALEY FISKE, President





For five days, which to Holles were as five years of mortal anguish, she lay suspended between this world and the next

him, dull-eyed, a little frown of effort drawing her brows together. Dully then she spoke:

"Do not touch me. Did you not hear? I have the plague."

"Aye . . . I heard," he answered.

"Why do you stay?" she asked him in a dull voice. "Go . . . go your ways, sir, and leave me to die. It is, I think, all that remains to do. And . . . and I think I shall die the easier without your company."

He stepped back as if she had struck him. He made as if to answer her; then turned, and with dragging feet walked slowly out of the room, softly closing the door.

SHE lay there, invaded suddenly by a great fear. She strained her ears, to catch the sounds of his footsteps in the passage, until finally the slamming of the door leading to the street announced to her that, taking her at her word, he was gone indeed. She sat up in alarm, holding her breath, listening to his steps moving quickly now, almost at a run, up the street. At last she could hear them no longer. Her fears mounted. For all her brave talk, the thought of dying alone, abandoned, in this empty house, filled her with terror, so that it seemed to her now that even the company of that dastard would have been better than this horror of loneliness in the hour of death.

She attempted to rise, to follow, to seek the companionship of human beings who might yet afford her some assistance and ease her sufferings. But her limbs refused their office. She got to her feet merely to collapse again, exhausted. At last a merciful unconsciousness supervened.

Without hat or cloak, Holles sped onward, a man half-distracted with but a vague notion of his object and none

of the direction in which its fulfillment would be likeliest. As he was approaching Carter Lane, a lantern came dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp round the corner to meet him.

"Keep your distance, sir! Keep your distance!" a voice warned him out of the gloom. "Ware infection." But Holles went recklessly on.

"Are you mad, sir?" the man cried sharply. "I am an examiner of infected houses."

"I need a doctor, man, quickly, for one who is taken with the plague."

The examiner's manner became brisk at once.

"Doctor Beamish, there at the corner, is your man. Come."

And thus it happened that from the sleep which had succeeded the swoon that so mercifully whelmed her senses, Nancy was aroused by a sound of steps and voices. Where she lay she faced the door of the room. And as through billows of mist that now rolled before her eyes, she saw the tall figure of Colonel Holles enter, followed by two strangers.

THE younger man, who was the examiner met by Holles in Sermon Lane, came no farther than the threshold.

He was holding close to his nostrils a cloth that gave out a pungent vinegary smell and his jaws worked vigorously the while, for he was chewing a stick of snake-root as a further measure of prevention. Meanwhile, his companion, who was that same Doctor Beamish he had recommended, approached the patient and made a swift, practised and silent examination.

At his elbow Holles spoke in a toneless voice:

"Is her case beyond hope?"

"*Dum vivimus, speremus*," said the physician. "Her case need not be hopeless any more than another's. Much depends

upon the energy with which the disease is fought. But more—indeed all—upon God, my friend." He spoke to Holles as to a husband, for that indeed was the relationship in which he conceived him to stand to the afflicted lady. "If suppuration of the swellings can be induced, recovery is possible. More I cannot say. To induce that suppuration infinite pains and tireless labor may be necessary. Nurses are scarce and difficult to procure. I will do my best to find you one as soon as possible. Until then you will have to depend entirely upon yourself."

"And in any case the law does not now allow you to leave this house until you can receive a certificate of health—which cannot be until one month after her recovery or . . ." He broke off, leaving the alternative unnamed. "I come prepared to leave you all that you will require."

Holles begged: "Tell me but what to do, sir."

HE produced a bulky package from his pocket, and beckoning Holles to the table, there opened it, and enumerated the lesser packages it contained and the purposes of each.

"I shall return very early in the morning, and we will then consider further measures."

The colonel went with Dr. Beamish to the door of the house. This was standing open, and by the light of a lantern held by the watchman, the examiner was completing the rudely wrought inscription, *Lord have mercy upon us!* under the ominous red cross which he had daubed above.

Bidding Holles a good night and a stout courage, the physician and the examiner departed together. The watchman, who remained to hinder any unauthorized person from passing in or out, then closed the door. Holles heard the key being turned on the outside, and knew himself a prisoner in that infected house for weeks to come, unless death should choose to set him free.

He found Nancy in a state of lethargy which, while leaving her a full consciousness of all that had occurred and was occurring about her, yet robbed her of all power of speech or movement. Lying there, her head supported by the pillows which it had been the doctor's last service to adjust, her wide, fevered eyes followed every movement of the colonel's as, stripped now of his doublet, he went briskly about the business of preparation. Anon under the pain which his ministration caused her, she sank into unconsciousness, and thence into a raving delirium which for days thereafter was to alternate with periods of lethargic, exhausted slumber.

For five days, which to Randal Holles were as five years of mortal anguish, she lay suspended between this world and the next. The lightest straw of chance would suffice to tip against her the fearful balance of the scales. The slightest lack of care and watchfulness might result in the snapping of the slender thread by which life was still tethered to her exhausted, fever-wasting frame.

The doctor had succeeded beyond all his hopes in his quest of a nurse-keeper, and he brought her with him to the house in Knight Ryder Street, on the morrow of Nancy's taking ill—a lean, capable, good-natured, henlike woman of forty. But for all her competency and willingness, had this Mrs. Dallows been alone in charge of the patient it is long odds that Nancy would quickly have succumbed. For no hired attendant could ever have ministered to her with the self-sacrificing, remorseful devotion of the broken adventurer who loved her. Whereas the boy had worshiped, the man now loved with a love that surpassed understanding.

THE doctor, ignorant of Nancy's true identity, and persuaded ever that the twain were husband and wife, was touched by what he conceived to be an expression of exemplary conjugal devotion.

"Sir, sir," he commended the colonel on the evening of the fourth day, "your pains are being rewarded. They have wrought a miracle already."

"You mean that she will live?" cried Holles.

The doctor paused, moderating his satisfaction, afraid of his own optimism. "So much I cannot promise yet. With proper care and God's help I trust that we may save her."

"Never doubt that the care will be forthcoming. Tell me but what is to do."

The doctor told him, and the exhausted yet unyielding Holles flung off his deadly lassitude and applied himself diligently to the execution of all, exactly as he was bidden.

From daybreak until past eight o'clock of the sixth day, Holles waited in a frenzy of impatience for the coming of Beamish. When at last he arrived, Holles met him at the stair-head. The colonel's face was ghastly, his eyes fevered, and he was trembling with fearful excitement.

[Turn to page 50]



"Surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance"

THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

BEAUTIFUL—triumphantly happy—surrounded by a world of loveliness and romance—is it so that you dream of the woman you would like to be?

No matter how you picture her—you can have something of her grace and beauty.

In a hundred ways—you can help to make yourself the woman you would like to be.

Do you long for the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful skin? With the right care you can make your complexion what you will!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new forms in its place. Begin now to give this new skin the treatment suited to its needs; see what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your complexion. No matter what its condition has been in the past—you can correct its faults. You too can have the lovely skin that is part of every beautiful woman's charm.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Just what type of skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Sensitive or resistant? Does it lack color? These are some of the things you must consider in deciding the right treatment for your skin.

There is a special Woodbury treat-

ment for each type of skin. Two of these famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs you will find in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Fastidious women everywhere are using these famous treatments, for they represent the ideal method of meeting the different needs of different complexions.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood-supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today. See how your skin will improve in color, clearness, texture, through the daily use of a soap made of the purest ingredients to meet your skin's special needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

The right treatment for a skin that is subject to blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

For 25 cents—these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 1502 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London E. C. 4.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Babbie

[Continued from page 15]



"No, Michael, it's just that I know my heart will be all gone . . ."

BUT Babbie was cold and wet; and she had been frightened. She saw no reason for levity.

"That's n-n-not my n-n-name!" she chattered. "T-t-t isn't that! It's—"

But Michael interrupted her, concerned at the misery in her voice. "Why, kiddie, you're as wet as the weather outside, and cold and shiverin'! Here!"—and he began to pull off his coat, unmindful of the fact that the water was running off of it in rivulets.

Babbie's sense of humor came to her rescue at the sight of this damp protection offered, and she grinned.

"Ah, no, Michael! I'll catch c-c-cold if I get any wetter! H-how nice of you to come, though. Is t-t-tea ready?"

He eyed her seriously. "Ye've a twinkle in your eyes, Babbie. Oh, I know that Babbie isn't your name; but I shall always call you that. No, there is no tea, and it's impolite of you to mention it. There's naught but rain; and from the looks of you, I believe you got caught in it. Were you comin' to tea?"

"I might have been. There isn't even any tea-table now, is there?"

"Never a leg of one! But we might have tea without that if it hadn't all washed down the creek." He peered out from under the car. "Looks a bit— Bless us! Babbie, if the tent isn't walking!"

Babbie poked an investigative nose around his shoulder. "Oh, no," she retorted calmly. "That's only Mr. Emerson, my mule. It's getting warmer in here now, isn't it? My teeth talk. Emy has hair just like one of the old prospectors up here. He's called Mr. Emerson. Emy got called after him because of the resemblance."

Michael chuckled. "And who are you, Babbie, when you slide off your broomstick?"

She peered at him with her enchanting eyes. "You've called me Babbie. That's all I'll ever tell you! You mustn't try to tie a witch down to earth."

"Tis fate that has dumped us both down here under the little machine, Babbie, and fate that sent you to me, singin', down the road back yonder. Ah, Babbie, here with the rain about us, won't ye sing again the song of the Enchanted Princess?"

So, lying there with the wind for her violin and the rush of Limpy behind her, she sang in a soft, silver voice that magic melody, so wistful, so haunting—sang it until her scarlet lips trembled, sang it until Michael's blue eyes darkened with feeling, and his Celtic heart was touched with fire. And, when her song was finished, he was holding her two hands in his—and outside the rain had stopped, and the blue sky was again drifting behind the swaying branches of the trees.

THEY crawled out from their place of refuge, their bodies stiff and numb, and hurried about gathering a great heap of torn branches and broken wood for a fire. Everything was soaked; but Michael found a fallen tree that was a mass of pitch, and chopped off enough of it to set their pile ablaze. Mr. Emerson, with very much the air of one not sure of his welcome, had crawled out from under the canvas and was shivering and shaking as near the fire as he dared to go.

"There's no tea, Babbie," remarked Michael as the heat of the fire began to warm them. "Upon my word, you know, there's nothing at all! That was a most efficient storm. Everything went down the creek!"

She smiled, then grew suddenly shy at the look that crept into Michael's eyes. "I must go now; but if you will follow the road down to where Limpy crosses it again, and then turn to the right and go up that little hill, you'll find a ranch where you can buy supplies. Enough to last you, I think."

She rose and stood with her arms across Mr. Emerson. "But, Babbie," cried Michael, "you're not leaving me like this, are you? You'll come back for tea, some day when I have nice weather? And tell me where you hang your broomstick at night, and what they call you back there in the world? For no witch ever kept that face back here in the woods! Ah, Babbie, won't you tell me how you knew my name?"

But she only laughed softly, shook her head and leaped, boy-fashion, upon the mule's woolly back. "Good-by, Michael, and thanks for the shelter and the fire."

Michael strode to her side and catching the mule's halter rope in his hand, cried, "You'll come again?"

"Well—" she hesitated, then smiled, "I'll come to visit you tomorrow evening, Michael. It will be full moon." And turning Emy's head toward the trail that skirted Baldy, she set off up the creek bank.

The next morning Michael voyaged to the ranch that Babbie had spoken of and secured sufficient supplies for the day. So busily was he occupied all day that he hardly noticed how the time was passing until, with a sudden dip,

the sun sank behind Baldy, and the camp was plunged in dusk. Then he piled the fire high with logs, and filling his pipe, stretched out in front of it to dream and wait for the coming of Babbie.

Deeply green, the shadows of the forest crept about him, and just a step away, Limpy ran with musical glibness over the gleaming pebbles. The sky grew darker. Suddenly, like a proud, white princess, the moon swept out from behind the reaching fingertips of the tallest fir, painting with a silver brush the darkest shadows of the hills.

Michael drew a sudden breath. There, across the circle of the fire, stood Babbie! Like a bit of its own flame she seemed, with a thread of scarlet for a mouth and crimson rowan berries around her throat, the sweet slimmness of her body clothed with a gypsy frock of scarlet silk—vivid, arresting, enchanting!

Michael sprang to his feet and looked at her across the firelight. "Ah, Babbie," he breathed, "is it really you?"

She dropped down on the ground with a laugh at once mischievous and shy. "Yes, Michael. Do you want to pinch me? Ah, no!"—as he started toward her—"You stay on that side, Michael, so that I can look across the fire and see you. It will throw a gypsy spell of friendship, to talk across the circle of flame."

THE moon swung high in the sky, and Limpy sang a magic song, and Michael and Babbie talked of their dreams and their ideals. And in the old, old way, the way of all men and the maids they loved, they talked of Michael and Babbie and love.

"Oh, Babbie," burst out Michael when silence had slipped between them. "I can't hide it any longer. I'm mad, darlin', for love of you. I don't dare think what life would be if I lost you! I must have you with me always."

Her lips trembled, and a startled look crept into her eyes. She shook her head at him. "Michael, you must not! You cannot mean that. You can't love me. Just because I've forgotten all conventionality by coming here—"

"Ye little pig!" cried Michael. "I could spank you for that. No more talk of conventions between you and me. As if ye didn't know it from the first moment. As for knowin' you—isn't it enough that I love ye? Oh, Babbie, won't ye marry me?"

She shook her head. "I was in London the first night of 'Ecstasy,' Michael, and I've watched you ever since. I've known your success and your bright genius. But it's moonlight, and Limpy creek is singing. How can I know what it is I feel when I've only talked to you three times?"

"Do you need to know more, Babbie? Is love something that is measured by years and born because we know the story of our ancestors?"

She rose hastily to her feet. "I don't know, Michael. I must go now, though."

"But, Babbie—you can't! And tell me nothing? Nor even let me touch your hand?"

"Please! Not even that, Michael."

"But I'll find you, Babbie, if I have to search every city in the world. Ah, cushla, why do ye make it so hard for me? Must you go back to the cities to know if you love me? Can't you give me that gift now?"

"Michael, I don't know! I can't tell you anything now! I was born here in these forests. I'm hardly mortal when I return to them. Witch!"—wildly. "Sometimes I believe I am one!" She whistled softly, and out of the shadows came Emy. "See! He comes when I call him with those notes. But, Michael, it isn't only Emy. All wood animals do. Even the big green frogs in Limpy come at my wish. Don't you see; I'm afraid of myself here—afraid to trust my heart?"

She slid a white arm around Emy's neck and looked across the firelight into Michael's eyes.

"All right, Babbie. I'll wait. And you'll not forget? You'll know where to find me?"

"Yes, in Chicago."

"Will ye sing once before ye go, Babbie?"

With the firelight on her scarlet frock and green eyes strangely glowing, she smiled once, then jumped upon Emy's back. But as she slipped out into the shadows her song, like a ribbon of silver, drifted back to him.

"There's scarlet slippers on my feet,
(I begged them from a mortal!)
And wildly does my red heart beat,
(I stole it from a mortal!)
With rowan berries round my throat
And in my hair a peacock's feather,
I fly from things that mortal seem,
In misty, rainy weather."

Early the next morning Michael drove out of the Siskiyou, and the following evening found him on the train bound for Chicago.

But the days slipped by and lengthened into weeks until they became months, and the months numbered four, and still he had run across no trace of Babbie.

The passing time left its mark on Michael; for Babbie had so filled his heart and woven her fantastic charm around him that he seemed but half a person now. He became irritable as only a moody, temperamental Celt can become!

He resolutely turned from every social function which would necessitate his meeting the young debutantes of his sister Sheila's set until he became her despair and exasperation. He even, at last, left her home—and, incidentally, her efforts to bring him back to normal—and buried himself at the club where honorary membership had been extended to him. At last, when despair was closing in around him, there came to him through the mail, a single peacock feather!

That was all. No line, no signature, no clue that he could follow. But Michael needed none of these things.

"Babbie's come!" he cried. "What did I tell you! I knew she'd come, the darlin'. I'll go to every tea—to every dance. There won't be a spot in Chicago where a girl with green eyes and an enchanting voice might go where you won't find me!"

And he was as good as his word. With unflagging enthusiasm he haunted country clubs and grills, receptions and at-homes. But Babbie's vivid face was never there to greet him, nor did the silver of her voice slip to him over the clatter of the teacups.

Then, as he was again beginning to lose faith, the second feather came.

That same morning, his phone rang.

"Michael? This is Sheila. Busy tonight?"

Michael was in a radiant mood. "Not a single plan, sisterine. But the second feather came. There'll be three, you know."

"Oh, Mike, this is quite like a play. But please, I must hurry now. About tonight—It's the first night of 'April Fire!'"

"Is it now? And what may 'April Fire' be?"

"Michael! And you a playwright! Don't you even read the papers? It's Jane Fisk's new play!"

"And who might Jane Fisk be?"

Sheila groaned. "What? You don't even know that? The wonder child that Puccini discovered? She swept the country off its feet last season in 'Dreams.' Surely you remember."

"I was in London, you forget. I didn't read the separate accounts of every American actress. But if it's a first night, and she's really good, I suppose everyone will be there."

"Ah, that's slick of you, Mike. You believe your Babbie will be there. And so she is sure to be, I'd say, if she loves beauty and music, as I'm sure she must. I've a box. And a charming young creature—one that will give a twist to even your heart—as my guest. Will you come?"

Throughout the day and as he made his way to the theater, Michael hugged the idea that at last his waiting might be rewarded.

"Michael darling," murmured Sheila as he entered her box. "You are just on time. I was afraid you might be delayed. You've met Mrs. Wildering before—and Mr. Wildering. But I don't believe that you and Aimee know each other." And she smiled at the vividly attractive girl who now looked up into Michael's face with such an intently absorbed look.

It is greatly to Michael's credit that he gave no outward sign of the intense disappointment he experienced when he looked down into Aimee's face. He felt suddenly as if a cold hand were laid on his heart. Pretty. There was no prettier girl in the entire audience than little Aimee Durant. But her eyes were the cloudy blue of a spring day, where he had looked for eyes of green. Her hair was a soft cloud of gold, where only a shock of black might quicken the beat of Michael's heart. But he dropped into the chair at her side and entered into a charming conversation.

As the curtain rose on "April Fire," Michael caught the sensation of things repeated—though still sufficiently detached from his memory as to be undefined. It was a mountain scene, done with such artistry that you caught your breath at its beauty and its realism; the deeper shadows beyond the trees, the carelessly blown dead leaves that were the final vestige of winter. The greens were soft and drifted into browns, and over it all hung the pale light of early twilight. Again recollection stirred within Michael as he looked upon it—the fern-hung rocks, the rugged little path that curved down upon the stage.

That path! Where had he seen it? And then, just as he was assuring himself that it could never be, a voice, rich and golden and poignant with sweetness like the throat of a lark, piercing in its joyousness, rose in that enchanted song.

MICHAEL caught his breath and closed his eyes. The sound of her was enough. He dared not look upon her in that first moment. But that sudden catch in his throat left, and he looked—with eyes that were hungry for the sight of her.

Down that little path she came, her scarlet frock wrapping around her. And as she came, she sang:

"With flames upon my laughing lips,
(For I have kissed a mortal!)
With fire in my fingertips,
(They lightly touched a mortal!)
With silver slipping through my veins
And in my hair a peacock's feather,
I madly dance a-down the lanes
In misty, rainy weather!"

Michael could have told you no word of that first act, for he sat there as one in a dream. But as the curtain fell, he sprang to his feet, uttered a scant excuse to Sheila's guests, and catching her by the hand, rushed her out of the box.

"Mike!" she exclaimed as he pulled her after him. "What is it? What has happened? Are you crazy? Where are you taking me?"

He half-turned to toss over his shoulder, "To Babbie!"

Then, at the sight of her face, aghast, he stopped and facing her, caught both her hands in his. "Listen, Sheila! I've found Babbie after eight months of heartache and fear and longing. I'm going to see her now. I'm taking you along for her sake. Myself, I'd forsake everything and everybody on earth to run off with her this night! I love her. I'm going to beg her to marry me. Now hurry!"

Michael couldn't foresee what Babbie's reception of him would be. And because he loved her very much, he feared her very much. So instead of going to the door of Babbie's

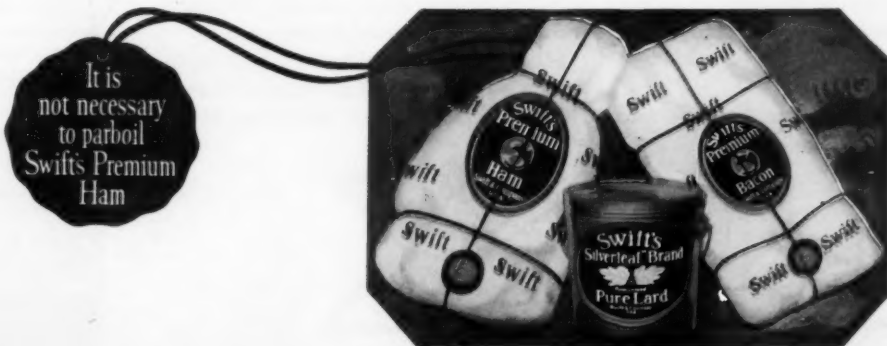
[Turn to page 25]



To give the family dinner a touch of luxury

Your Dresden china, your gleaming crystal goblets—these you may save for state occasions. But surely, since it costs so very little, even of time, should not your family have frequently the luxury of Premium Ham?

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Have this treat tonight

Just fry a slice of Premium Ham. (It's so perfectly cured it needs no parboiling.) In the fat that's left in the pan, cook slices of apple about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick. The tartness of these fried apple slices sets off particularly well the exquisite flavor of Premium Ham.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.



Their little woolens are sensitive as a baby's skin



WOOLENS must be washed as carefully as their small owner's rosy cheeks. Strong soap shrinks and coarsens woolens, just as it coarsens and chaps a child's soft skin.

Toss Lux into your basin or wash tub—turn on the hot water—now watch the rich Lux lather bubble up. Souse the little garments up and down, press the cleansing suds through them. The rubbing so ruinous to woolens is not necessary with Lux.

A harsh soap or soap chip "felts" and shrinks wool—and a shrunken woolen is an old woolen, scratchy, uncomfortable—its freshness and charm all gone.

Lux contains no harmful ingredient to attack the sensitive wool fibres. The pure, gentle suds preserve the soft texture of *all* your woolens. You can wash them as often as you like and be sure they will not shrink or mat. Anything that water alone will not harm is safe in Lux.

Keep the children's woolly things, their scarfs and stockings, their little suits and underwoolens always soft and fluffy with Lux. Your own sport things, your stockings and combinations—don't let careless laundering shrink and thicken them. Washing them in these pure flakes actually makes them wear longer.



How to keep them soft and unshrunk — sweaters, stockings, flannels — anything made of wool

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. If suds die down in washing, too much water has been used in cooling, and more Lux should be added to restore suds.

For colored woolens make suds and

rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors in cold weather or on windy days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 45, Cambridge, Mass.

These manufacturers recommend washing woolens in Lux

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger's Woolens
North Star Blankets
The Fleisher Yarns



For washing dishes

Three times every day your hands are in the dishpan. Don't let them get that tell-tale in-the-dishpan look.

Wash your dishes in pure Lux suds. Lux won't redden your hands; won't coarsen them even gradually.



LUX

Eris

[Continued from page 7]

"I gotta make money," Odell groaned. "I'm aimin' to and I'm a-goin' to. I got four sons. And that's that!"

"Elmer—"

"Awright. I know all what you gonna say, Ed. But where does it get you to go around with a face a foot long? How's things to start unless somebody starts 'em?"

He went into the creamery, where his wife stood beside the separator, watching a cat lap up some spilled cream.

"Your pa's timid, Mazie," he said. "I tell him I cal'late t' start under full steam. What do you say?"

She laughed. "Pa's got notions. He allus was a mite slow. I guess you know best, Elmer."

"We all gotta work," he said. "That means Eris, too."

"She allus helps me," remarked Mazie, simply.

"I dunno what she does," grunted Odell; "—sets a hen or two, fools around the incubators, digs up a spoonful of scratch-feed. What does she do, anyhow?"

"Now, Elmer, she's only a child yet—"

"She's twenty!"

"She's no more'n sixteen in her way of thinking, Elmer. She's a good girl."

"I didn't say she's bad. But she's twenty, and she ought to be more help to us. And she ought to quit readin' and moonin' and dreamin' and laziness—"

"You quit your laziness, too," laughed Mazie, setting a pan of cream in the ice-chest. "Why don't you go down to the barn and ring that new herd-bull? You can't get him into the paddock without a staff any more. And if you don't watch out Whitewater Chieftain will hurt somebody—n' I'll be a widow."

As Odell went out the dairy door, preoccupied with the ticklish job before him, he met Eris with her arms full of new kittens.

"Mitzi's," she explained. "Aren't they too cunning, daddy? I hope they're not to be drowned."

"I ain't runnin' a cat-farm," remarked Odell. "Did you mend my canvas jacket?"

"Yes; it's on your bed."

"Did you coop them broody hens? I bet you didn't."

"Yes. There are seventeen in three coops."

"Housework done?"

"Yes."

"Awright. Why don't you get the cook-book and set in the hammock a spell?"

The girl laughed: "Don't you like mother's cooking?"

"S'all right for me. But I don't cal'late your mother's going to cook for the fella you hitch up with."

Eris turned up her nose. "Don't worry. I shan't ever marry. Not any boy in this town, anyway. Probably I'll never marry. I'll not have time," she added, half to herself.

Odell, who was going, stopped. "Why not?" he demanded.

"An actress ought not to marry. She ought to give every moment to her art," explained the girl naively.

"Is—that—so? Well, you can chase that idea outa your head, my girl, because you ain't never going to be no actress. And that's that!"

"Some day," said Eris, with a flushed smile, "I shall follow my own judgment and give myself to art. And that's that!"

THE old order dies, slowly sometimes, sometimes in the twinkling of an eye.

The change came swiftly upon Eris; passed more swiftly still, leaving no outward trace visible. But when it had passed, the heart and mind of Eris were altered. All doubt, all hesitation fled. She understood that now the road to the stars was open, and that, one day, she would do what she had been born to do.

The world war was partly responsible for the affair. The dye situation in the United States resulted. In Whitewater Mills, both dyes and mordants remained unsatisfactory. The mill chemist could do nothing, and they let him go.

Before the war, Whitewater Mills had built a separate plant for fine hosiery, lisle and silk, and had specialized in mauves and blues—fast, unfading, beautiful colors, the secret of which remained in Germany. Now, desiring to resume and unable to import, the directors of the mill sent a delegation to New York to find out what could be done.

There the delegates discovered, dug out and engaged a chemist named E. Stuart Graydon.

It appeared that the secrets of German dyes and mordants were known to Mr. Graydon. How they became known to him he explained very frankly and eloquently. Candor, an engaging smile, pale, smooth features full of pale, bluish shadows—these and a trim figure neatly clothed made up the ensemble of Mr. Graydon.

Permanent color was his specialty. Anyway, his long, steady fingers were permanently stained with acid and nicotine.

He was employed by a photographer when they discovered him. Or, to be accurate, he discovered them at their third-class hotel on Broadway—and never left them until he had signed a contract.

It was after church that somebody introduced E. Stuart Graydon to Eris.

He walked home with the family; and his talent for general conversation earned him an invitation to remain to midday dinner. Quiet, convincing eloquence was his asset. There appeared to be no subject with which he was not reasonably familiar. His, also, was that terrible gift for familiarity of every description; he became a friend overnight, a member of the family in a week. He was what Broadway calls "quick study," never risking going stale by letter-perfect preparation for an opening.

After dinner Mazie showed him Fanny's miniature on ivory.

He smilingly sketched for the family a brief history of miniature-painting. It happened that he was minutely familiar with all methods and all branches of Art. Indeed, that was how the entire affair started. And Art accounted for the acid stains, also.

HYPNOTIZED yawns protested against the bed hour in the household of Odell. Nobody desired to retire. The spell held like a trap.

As for Eris, she decided to stay in the sitting-room with Mr. Graydon when the family's yawns at last started them blinking backward.

Odell, yawning frightfully, got into his night-shirt and then into bed; and lay opening and shutting his eyes like an owl on the pillow while Mazie, for the first time in months, did her hair in curl-papers.

"A nice, polite, steady young man," she said, nodding at Odell's reflection in the looking-glass. "My sakes alive, Elmer, what an education he's got!"

"Stew Graydon knows a thing or two, I guess," yawned Odell.

"I've a notion they pay him a lot down to the mill," suggested Mazie.

"You can't expect to hire a Noo York man like that fer nothin'," agreed Odell. "He's smart, he is. 'N' there's allus a market fer real smartness. Like as not that young fella will find himself a rich man in ten years. I guess."

A silence, Mazie busy with her lustrous hair—the plump, rosy, vigorous incarnation of matronly health.

In the mirror she caught Elmer's sleepy eye and laughed, displaying her white teeth.

"You think he kinda favors Eris?" she asked.

"Hey?"

"I don't know why else he come to supper."

"He come to supper to talk farmin' with me," said Odell gruffly.

"Maybe. Only I guess not," laughed Mazie.

She twisted a curl-paper around a thick brown tress.

"When he talked about the theater and acting," she remarked, "did you notice how Eris acted?"

"She gawked at him," grunted Odell. "She better get that pitcher idee outa her fool head—lazin' round readin' them pitcher magazines 'n' novels, 'n' moonin' all over the place instid of findin' chores to occupy her 'n' doin' 'em—"

"Oh, hush," interrupted Mazie; "you talk and take on awful foolish, Elmer. When Eris marries some bright, steady boy, all that trash in her head will go into the slop-pail."

"Well, why don't she marry, then? She ain't no help to you—"

"She is! Hush up your head. You'll miss her, too, when she marries, and some strange man takes her away. I guess I know who aims to do it, too."

"Well, who aims to do it? Hey? She don't have nothin' to say to our Whitewater boys. She allus acts proud and high-mighty and uppish. Dan Burns he come sparkin' her 'n' she sayed in her room 'n' wouldn't even come down to supper. 'N' there was Clay Wallace 'n' Buddy Morgan—"

"It looks like she's willing to be sparked tonight, don't it?" said Mazie, with an odd little laugh.

Elmer rose on one elbow. "Say, you don't think he wants our Eris, do yeh?"

"Why not? Isn't Eris good enough for any man?"

"Wall, wall, dang it all, Stew Graydon seems diff-runt. He's too educated 'n' stylish for plain folks, 'n' he's gotta big position in the mill. He don't want our Eris—"

"Why not?" repeated Mazie.

Odell shook his frowzy head. "He'll want a rich girl. Eris hain't got only that heifer money. I can't give her more'n a mite—"

"That didn't count with me, Elmer." She flushed. "—It didn't count with you."

[Turn to page 28]



Your Skin Needs Intelligent Care and a Good Cold Cream

MOST of us do not devote as much time to the fundamentals of beauty as we do the external adornments. Mere artifice of make up cannot work wonders on an improperly nourished, sallow and neglected skin. Study the deficiencies of your skin and then set about to rectify them with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

If your skin is dry and inclined to chap in severe weather, protect it from exposure by a light application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream before going out. This will insure comfort in all sorts of weather.

A sallow skin is usually the result of poor circulation. A brisk treatment of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—used regularly—will stimulate the sluggish blood flow and open the pores to more air. It will give your complexion the natural glow that is its due.

But the paramount fault with most skins is the lack of daily attention to and practice of the simple rules of skin hygiene. Women who do housework regularly are too often satisfied with the merest superficial cleansing of their skin. A casual washing of the face sometimes does not even remove surface dirt. Cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream removes the dirt from and beneath the surface.

Give intelligent thought to the proper care of your skin. Cover the face with a liberal application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, let it stay on a few moments, then wipe it away with a soft cloth. Do this every day and thus make the skin more able to resist fresh assault.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has a long established reputation for reliability. You will find it thoroughly satisfactory in every respect. On sale at all drug and department stores. In tubes, 10c, 25c, and 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1333 D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"



Magic

Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show you how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 957

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 573, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Eris

[Continued from page 27]

"Well, you was worth con'sid'ble more'n cash," he grunted.

"So's any girl—if a boy likes her."

"You think a smart man like Stew Graydon—"

"How do I know?" drawled Mazie. "She's downstairs yet with him, ain't she? I never knew her to act that way before. Nor you, either."

She never had "acted that way before."

The drowning swimmer and his straw—Eris and the first man she had met who had been actually in touch with the mystery of the moving-pictures. That was the situation.

For Graydon's personality she had only the virginal interest, which is reassured by a pleasant manner, a pleasing voice and the trim, neat inconspicuousness of face, figure, and apparel which invites neither criticism nor particular admiration, nor alarm.

But for his education, his knowledge, his wisdom, his fluency—above all for his evident sympathy and ability to understand her desire—she had an excited and passionate need.

As he talked, he looked her over, carefully, cautiously—preoccupied with odd and curious ideas even while conversing about other things.

That evening, when taking leave, he pressed her slender fingers together, gently, not alarming her, scarcely even awaking self-consciousness. He was always the artist, first of all.

He had said to her, one evening, after the family had gone to bed, that the stage was her vocation and that God Himself must have ordained that she should, one day, triumph there.

She listened as in a blessed trance. All around her the night air grew heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. A moon was shining. The whippoorwill's breathless cry came from the snake-fence hedge. He took her smooth hand of a child. All set for the last act, he drew the girl against his shoulder.

Her head was still swimming with his eloquence. Hope intoxicated her. His lips meant nothing on her cheek—but her mind was all a-quiver; and it was her mind alone that he had stimulated and excited to an ecstasy uncontrollable, and which now responded and acquiesced.

"And after we marry I am to study for the stage?" she repeated, tremulously, oblivious of his arm tightening around her body.

It transpired, gently and eloquently, that it was for this very reason he desired to marry her and give her what was nearest her girl's heart—what her girl's mind most ardently desired in all the world: her liberty to choose.

ERIS was married to E. Stuart Graydon in her twentieth year at the parsonage of the Whitewater church, at ten o'clock in the morning. All Whitewater attended and gorged. No rural precedent was neglected—neither jest nor rice nor old shoes. Everything happened, from the organ music and the unctuous patronage of the "Rev. Stiles," to the thick aroma of the "bounteous repast" at Whitewater Farms, where neighbors came, stuffed themselves, and went away boisterously all that rainy afternoon.

Bride and groom were to depart on the six o'clock train for Niagara.

About five o'clock, the groom, chancing to glance out of the window, saw two men, strangers in Whitewater but perfectly well known to him, walking up the path that led to the front door.

For a second he sat motionless; the next, he turned and looked into the gray eyes of his bride.

"Eris," he said calmly, "if anybody asks for me, say I've run down to the mill and I'll be back in fifteen minutes."

She smiled vaguely as he rose and went out the back way where the automobiles were parked.

A few minutes later Odell was called from the room by one of his sons.

"Say, pop, there's a party out here inquiring for someone they call Eddie Graydon."

Odell went out to the porch: "What name?" he demanded, eyeing the two strangers and their dripping umbrellas.

"You Elmer Odell?" demanded the taller man.

"That's what my ma christened me," replied Odell, jocosely.

"Your daughter marrying a man who calls himself E. Stuart Graydon?"

"She ain't marryin' him. She's done it."

"Where is he?"

"He jest stepped out. Gone to the mill to fix up sunthin' before leavin'."

The taller man said to his companion: "Run down to the mill, will you?" And, as the other turned and walked rapidly away in the rain:

"I've got a warrant for Eddie Graydon when he comes back. That's one of his names. Eddie Carter is the right one. Sorry for you, Mr. Odell—sorrier for her."

Odell stared at him, the purple veins beginning to swell on his temples.

"D-dang it!" he stammered. "What's all this dinged junk about? Who be you?"

And when the tall, quiet man had terribly convinced him, Odell staggered slightly and wiped the sweat from his temples.

"That lad has a record," said the detective, in his low, agreeable voice. "He's a fine artist and a crackerjack chemist. Maybe he don't know anything about the new tens and twenties. *Maybe*. Nor anything about the location of the plates. My God, Mr. Odell, we've got to get those plates. Only Brockway could have equaled that engraving. Yes, sir—only the old man."

Odell scarcely heard him for the thunderous confusion in his brain.

He sat down, heavily, staring at space under knitted brows. Minute after minute passed. The distant laughter and clamor of guests came fitfully from the great kitchen beyond. It rained and rained on the veranda roof.

After a quarter of an hour the detective came in from the porch.

"You got a telephone, Mr. Odell?"

The farmer nodded.

"I want to call up my mate at the mill." He looked around the sitting-room and finally located the instrument. "What's the mill number?"

"Seven."

After a few moments he got his mate. He talked rapidly in a low, clear voice. Odell heard without listening or understanding. The detective hung up.

"Say," he said, "that fellow's gone. He won't come back here. He's gone!"

"What say?" mumbled Odell, wiping away the sweat.

"I'm telling you that Eddie Carter has beat us to it. He didn't go to the mill. He won't come back here. . . . Who's got a big yellow touring car—a Comet Six—in this town?"

Odell put his scarred hands to his forehead. "Doc. Benson, I guess," he said vaguely.

"He here?"

"I guess he's in there eatin'."

"Well, tell him his car went out of town twenty minutes ago at sixty per," said the detective briskly. "So long. I'm sorry. . . . Is there a garage in the village where they have cars for hire?"

"At the hotel," said the farmer. He got up as though dazed.

"Mazie," he called hoarsely. Nobody heard him in the gay tumult. He stared after the detective, who was walking swiftly down the path in the rain.

"He done us all," he whispered. "N' that's that! Oh, God!—n' that's that!"

A nine days' scandal in the village—a year's food for gossip—and that was that, also.

Neither blame nor disgrace attached to anybody. Nobody thought less of the Odells, nor did they of themselves. The crash of her dream-house stunned Eris. She took it very silently, with no outward emotion. After a month the whole thing seemed, in fact, a dream—too unreal to believe or to grieve over.

After three months Odell talked vaguely of getting her a di-vorce, "so's she kin hook up to somebody respectable when she's a mind to."

Then Eris flashed fire for the first time: "I'll never marry again! Never! I never wanted to, anyway. This is enough! I'll live and die as I am. And there'll be no more men in my life and no bother about divorce, either. He'll never come back. What do I care whether I'm married or not! It doesn't mean anything, and it never will. I'm through with marriage and with marrying men! And that's that!"

IT was Sunday; and it was in May. To Whitewater Farms floated the sound of bells from three village churches, pealing alternately. With a final three strokes from each bell, Odell and Lister drove out of the horse-barn in the family carryall. Mazie, handsome in her trim summer clothes, appeared from the house, herding her loitering, loutish offspring—Gene, 18; Si, 17; Willis, 16; Buddy, 15; all habited in the dark, ready-made clothing and dark felt hats of rural ceremony, the gloomy similarity relieved only by ready-made satin neck-scarfs of different but primitive hues.

"Where's Eris?" inquired Odell.

Mazie laughed: "She ain't ready, what with her curling and her manicure set—busy 's a bee from fingers to toes—"

"Eris!" shouted her father, looking up at the open window, where dotted muslin curtains were blowing.

Eris peeped out, her chestnut hair disheveled.

"Don't wait," she said. "I'll walk."

For twenty minutes or more there was no sound in the house of Odell except the

[Turn to page 43]

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N. K. F. Co.
1923



Tighten a string around your finger and very soon your whole hand will throb with pain. The blood is fighting to get through. Circulation is retarded. Unless the string is loosened mortification will soon set in and your hand will be crippled.

Are You Doing This to Your Pores?

NATURE is kind to you so long as you are kind to Nature. Stop or retard a single bodily function and immediately a penalty is imposed. Close the pores of your skin and they cease to breathe. Then your body suffers and your health falls below par.

Nature demands that your millions of pores be kept open. That calls for *real* cleanliness—not *near* cleanliness. Twenty-five ounces of perspiration should be thrown off by the skin daily. Nature will take care of that if you will only keep the way clear. And that is easy—it means simply

using a soap that will thoroughly cleanse and gently stimulate the pores instead of retarding their action with clogging, irritating pigments and cheap scents so often used to disguise soaps of inferior quality.

Fairy Soap will give you the skin freedom so essential to perfect health. It is *soap in its purest form* with no camouflage added. *It is the whitest soap in the world*—a live, sparkling whiteness which evidences purity and endures to the last thin wafer. Fairy Soap has set the fashion of *American white*

cleanliness—the joy of people who are *really* clean instead of *nearly* clean.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe. Try it in the bath and toilet for a week and see how your body responds to its healthful, invigorating action. Bear in mind as you use it that it is the *one soap* used in the foremost men's clubs, baths and other places where cleanliness is a *business*. Use it for that *deep-down* cleanliness which makes for everyday wholesomeness and well-being.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

It Is Winning New Thousands to American White Cleanliness

THE HUNTINGDON VALLEY
COUNTRY CLUB
ABINGTON, PA.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Fairy Soap is the crowning touch to a game of golf or tennis. It cleanses thoroughly and aids the pores to function normally. As you say, it does help the body breathe. Because of this, Fairy Soap is used throughout this Club.

Yours very truly,
Thomas H. Hewitt
Manager.

TK/DL



FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

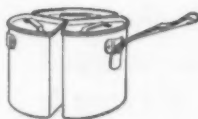


All these and 552 more are Mirro

These Mirro Aluminum utensils form a mere fraction of the 566 articles in the complete Mirro line. Such comprehensiveness multiplies your enjoyment of Mirro durability, economy and beauty, by placing in your hands the exactly right, *specialized* utensil for every task Think how many fascinating discoveries must be in store for you wherever Mirro is sold.

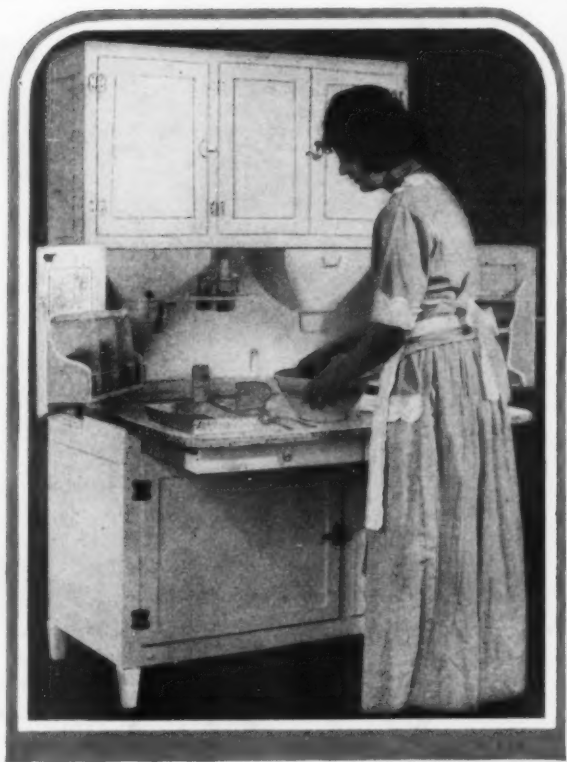
Our miniature catalog No. 14 describes some of the more important Mirro Aluminum items. Please write for it.

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum



MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum



Two Women's Ways

Which One Managed Her Home the Better?

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

I WENT back to my home town to visit. You may have done the same thing. You have met with surprises that brought you joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain. You rejoiced over the blooming womanhood that greeted you; you lamented some of the sad changes and wondered if they might not have been avoided.

There was Corinne. Blithe, golden-haired, well-to-do, Corinne had fulfilled expectations by marrying the banker's son. But, as the years passed, reverses came. Dainty negligees were discarded. The nurse was dismissed. The servant was dispensed with. Knowing nothing about housework, Corinne scrambled hopelessly among the antiquated pots and pans that an ignorant maid had selected.

Corinne's cheeks faded; gray hairs began to show among the gold; her spirit was broken. She became a ghost of her former self—a slave to sordid labor. Plunged into an unknown realm, with the mistaken idea that to grind was to help, she and her husband had slumped into a humdrum existence.

Why should Corinne lose her delightful freshness at the age of thirty-five? Why become a drudge? Why get nothing out of life but work? Her income was small—but I could not help thinking how different it would all be if her home were equipped with mechanical servants that would take the work out of housework and put diversion and happiness into her life.

Corinne's mind had simply not worked along the line of electrical appliances and other labor-savers. The money, she explained, was always needed for kiddies' shoes, a doctor's bill, a new shirt or hat for her husband whose personal appearance was an imperative business asset.

A food-chopper (instead of her laborious chopping-bowl) would not cost much, I suggested. Think of the energy saved! Bread, meat, left-overs, placed in it and reduced to the desired fineness by a few turns of the crank!

A stainless steel paring knife would eliminate the drudgery of scouring, at a cost of but a few cents.

A silver cleaning-pan would transform Corinne's leaden silverware into sunshiny brightness, without rubbing her strength away or griming her finger nails.

An egg boiler and server would mean the saving of a few steps; no slipping and cracking of eggs, no extra handling, no other serving-dish to wash.

Why should she not begin by acquiring a few of these simple devices?

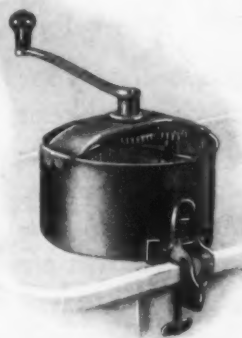
The next day I rang the doorbell of Helen Burk's cottage on the edge of the village. Helen, in dainty lawn frock, her brown eyes shining, opened the door. I held her off at arm's length and looked at her, as you have done with your best girl friend. Not a gray hair, not a wrinkle, not a droop!

She insisted that I stay for luncheon. Then she excused herself and went to the kitchen, leaving me with a magazine.

After ten minutes, my curiosity got the better of me. I went out to the kitchen. There sat Helen on a white stool at her white kitchen cabinet, putting the finishing touches to a pan of biscuits. I remonstrated against this labor but she insisted that all the ingredients and tools were there at hand in her cabinet. She pointed out the ease of getting the flour and the baking-powder; the pan from the lower compartment where the utensils are kept, the rolling-pin from its rack, the bowl from its shelf. Then she showed me the spices in their glass containers, revolving at a touch, the kitchen towels in the linen drawer, the bread and cake receptacles, the menu cards, and the racks for books.

Helen had brought clear thinking to bear upon the management of her home. She and her husband had decided that the saving of nerves and bodily strength should take precedence over the saving of dollars. They had gradually equipped themselves with electrical appliances, bread-maker, mayonnaise-mixer and other devices to save labor.

Write me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I will tell you of another wonderful labor-saver.



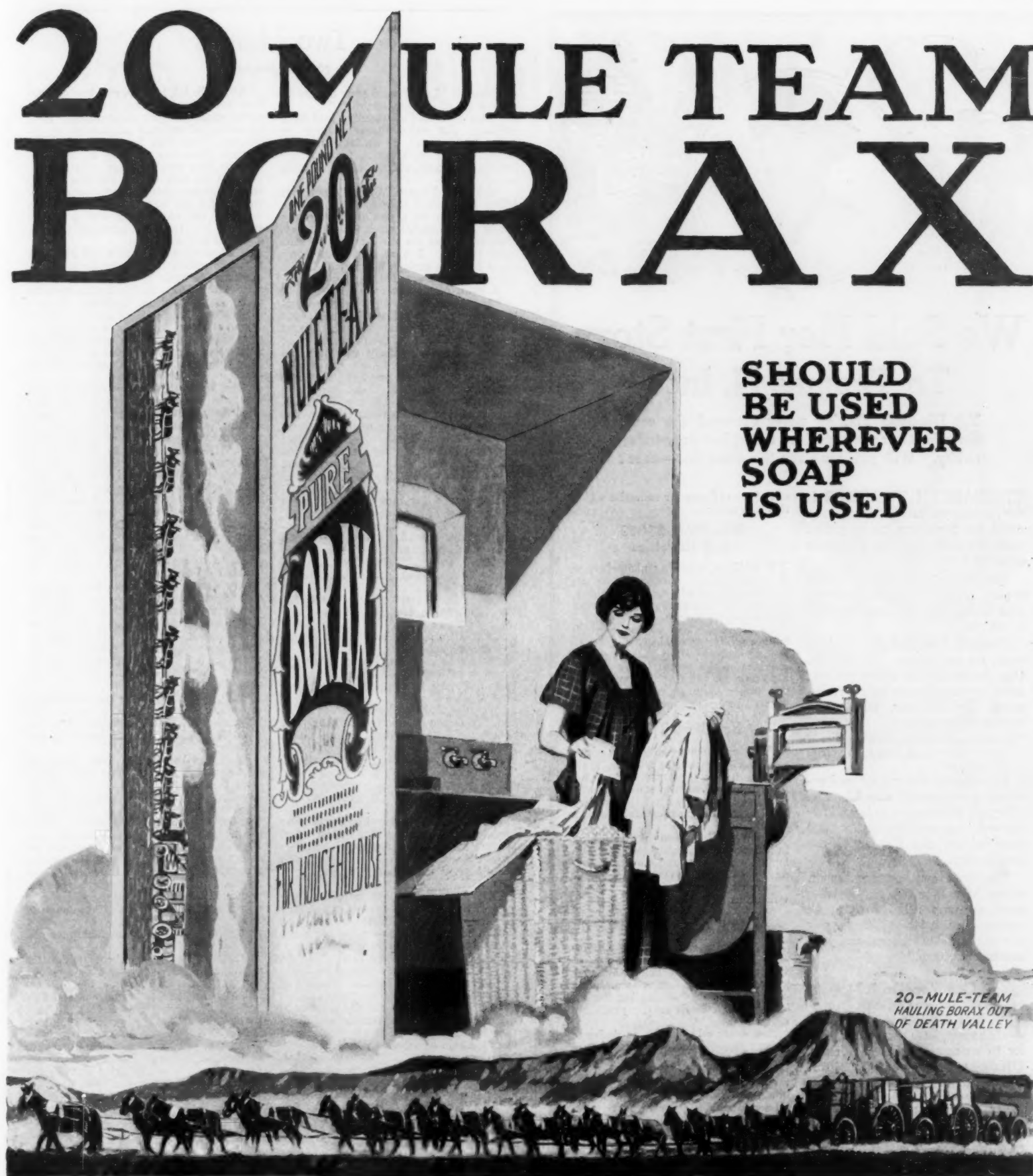
Why beat cake dough when a cake mixer will do it?



With this mixer, mayonnaise is made in a jiffy

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

**SHOULD
BE USED
WHEREVER
SOAP
IS USED**



No matter what form of soap you use or for what purpose, 20 Mule Team Borax should be added. It is nature's greatest cleanser and it will soften the hardest water. 20 Mule Team Borax protects all fabrics. It will not fade the softest colors or injure the most delicate material. It makes white goods whiter and will not shrink woolens. 20 Mule Team Borax is always convenient and economical

to use and its action is mild and sure. Borax is an antiseptic as well as a cleanser and makes all fabrics antiseptically clean. Make this week's wash *clean*. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms, is it in yours? At all grocers, department stores and druggists. Send for Magic Crystal Booklet giving a hundred household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

Pacific Coast Borax Company

100 William Street, New York City

NATURES GREATEST CLEANSER



We Sold Her First Story To Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thacher never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story-telling ability. Will you send for the same test—Free?

ELIZABETH THACHER is a housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy the first she ever tried to write.

Never before had she tried to write for publication. In fact, she thought she had no desire to write until one day she saw an advertisement like this one, which said among other things:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write photoplays."

She clipped the coupon and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test she indicated her natural story-telling ability and qualified for the Palmer Course and Service.

Shortly after her enrollment, when Mr. Ince bought her first story, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can You Do It?

PERHAPS you, like Mrs. Thacher, have the natural ability to write successful photoplays. Offhand you may doubt it. But it is only fair to yourself to test your ability in your own home with this novel questionnaire, sent free.

It is the same test that discovered in Mrs. Thacher her undreamed-of ability. And it is also making successful our nation-wide search for hidden photoplay writing talent.

For the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest single agency for the sale of screen stories to the great producers. We train photoplay writers in order that we may have more photoplays to sell.

And the demands for photoplays are far from being filled. Producers are vainly searching for enough good stories to place upon the screen. They

offer \$500 to \$2000 for scenarios which they can accept.

We Offer \$1000 and Royalties

IN addition to selling photoplays to producers and training new writers in the technique of photoplay writing, we are now also producing the better stories for the screen.

To obtain the kind of stories which we are willing to produce, we offer to Palmer trained writers \$1000 cash and royalties on the profits of the picture.

So now for the first time new writers, properly trained, can share in the profits of stories of their own creation.

For Story-Tellers

THIS great opportunity exists not so much for famous authors, playwrights and short story writers as for those men and women, now unknown, who have natural story-telling ability and the willingness to learn screen technique.

Many well known writers have failed to write the most successful photoplays while men and women, whose names the world has not known, have won great success in this field. Screen writing is different.

Know About Yourself

MANY men and women, like Elizabeth Thacher, have the ability to win success in this field. We are preparing qualified men and women not alone for scenario writing but for positions of all kinds in the producing companies.

And many others, with no desire to become professional screen writers, are developing under our training their power of Creative Imagination, for they realize how much more success, in any field of endeavor, comes to those who possess this power, properly developed.

You may know whether or not you are endowed with Creative Imagination, if you will send for the Palmer Questionnaire. No cost—no obligation. If your answers indicate that you have this power, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service.

If you haven't it, we will tell you so frankly and courteously.

Perhaps your life holds stories which the world is seeking and for which the world will pay you well.

Mail the coupon. Test yourself. Know if you are wasting these hidden talents. Also receive our interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

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Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge. Also send your interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

All correspondence strictly confidential

Two Masters

[Continued from page 11]

to forget it. I don't need your mother to remind me of it every few days."

"You never had any family," said Sally suddenly, her voice quivering ever so little. "And we're a specially clannish family. We've got a terrible lot of family feeling. You don't understand how families are—"

"I know. I know. Uncle Pelham was telling me tonight how sorry he was he couldn't search for a coat of arms in my family so we could put it on the silver. Well, we've got the silver anyway—that's some comfort. I used to be real sorry about being an orphan, but now all I wish is that you were one, too."

A ghost of a giggle from Sally.

"Here's the thing, Sally," said her husband swiftly: "I don't mind all that. It's a trifle. It's you I worry about. I want you to myself some. You've given your mother a car, and Wally uses mine so much I usually have to get one at the studio anyway. Now, you buy your Uncle Pelham and your Aunt Violet one if you think it's necessary. I'll pay for them. Only for the love of heaven, let's have one Sunday when we can go off by ourselves. It isn't so much I ask. A lot of wives would think it was pretty grand. Besides, the truth is, Sally, I think they spoil you an awful lot. Yes, they do. You're as spoiled as a kitten."

Sally raised her face to his. It wore an expression of startling sweetness, a soft, submissive look that came to him at moments as his reward for the times when she tormented him like some small demon. "Am I so bad?" she asked, her blue eyes misted. "Don't you love me at all any more?"

As her hands crept about his neck, her face tilted up to him, he felt this gusty thing of flame and dew that she could create in him, felt the sweep of a sudden love and longing.

"Don't be cross any more," she said, snuggling against him, "I'll try to be good. Only don't try to separate me from my family. Don't."

"Oh, Sally," he said roughly. "I adore you. I'd do anything in the world for you. Sometimes I think I love you too much. I know I do. I'm only an old fool."

"Ah, but you're not," she murmured. "You're not." Her soft little fingers crept up to stroke the crisp, gray curls that covered his head. "You're wonderful. I'll—I'll try to do better."

The sweetness of her kiss swept over him, leaving him silent and shaken. But beneath it, his lips smiled wryly. For he knew this evening had been wasted, as so many other evenings had been wasted.

THE boat—they call them yachts along the southern California coast, but they are really super-motorlaunches, with two cabins and a salon—cut through the heavy swells with an amazing power.

The late afternoon sun had fallen into the sea, leaving only a molten sheen along the blue surface of the Pacific. A school of flying-fish, like giant darning-needles, played about the boat, darting out of the water in a flash of gauzy blue and silver, and dropping back with a splash of white spray. Once the hum of a giant hydroplane throbbed out under the still expanse of blue, the frame of it outlined clearly against the sky. A star or two came out brilliantly, and a pale, ethereal glow promised a moon.

Alan Gordon sat on the deck, his legs stretched out before him, his head against the canvas back of his deck chair, in complete physical well-being. It was so intensely good to be away from the noise and heat and strain of the studio, away in the endless beauty of this blue and silver world about him!

A slow smile, the kind of smile that bound the members of his staff to him in complete loyalty and devotion, amazingly warmed the stern cut of his features. Well, this was their wedding anniversary—his and Sally's. Six years. Good Lord, six years!

He'd had absolutely no business to leave the studio. He was ten days behind shooting-schedule now, and the picture was going as badly as could be expected.

But he'd been very lonely for Sally. And then, too, he reflected, Sally set great store by anniversaries and truck like that.

She had been at Catalina almost a month now, resting. He had taken a house for her there, one of those delightful, expensive nooks that perch upon the very crest of the island hills, as though the lightest push would send them tumbling into the bay. He knew that the sea and the quiet and the beauty of it all would rest her. He was willing to be lonely, if she would relax that terrific pressure under which she moved, if the quiet and the air put the warmth into her cheeks and drove the shadows from beneath her eyes. She overdid all the time.

Also, he was particularly anxious to get her away from Hollywood and her family and her friends, for a while.

The smile left his face, and two or three new lines that the last six months had carved about his lips showed plainly. Lines of worry, of enforced self-control, of indecision. Not that he considered for a moment there was anything to the affair between Sally and Rathenau. No one understood as well as he did that Sally's friendships were purely mental—due to her craving for the unusual. Her desire for flattery. Her old training that a woman without her train of admirers was an object of pity and scorn.

Hollywood was certainly full of young men from whom it was easy for a woman like Sally to make her court. Poets, who forsook their muse in the daytime to write titles, artists, writers, designers, dancers, musicians, a multitude of actors. All the types, of every kind and nation, that a great industrial art like motion-pictures must necessarily draw about it. Some of them plain nuts, some of them worth-while—a few of them wicked.

The thing that really distressed him now was her determination to defy convention, to flaunt indiscretion, to laugh impishly at restraint. To do, in fact, as she darned pleased about everything. After all, he had his position in the industry. He was extremely respectable, loathed scandal. Just now, with things as they were, he was particularly set on holding his reputation for decency and sane living. If only her mother—but her mother enjoyed it. Championed her. Chaperoned her silliest escapades. Her mother was just an old fool. Lately he noticed Sally had taken to calling her Alicia. Alicia! He clenched his teeth.

She and Sally were both hero-worshippers and had a stupid mania for celebrities. As though people were either more or less interesting because their names were in the newspapers all the time. If it came to that, he was as much a celebrity as any of them. But Sally took them up with intensity, and sometimes dropped them as violently.

Well, those things were just Sally. What could any man do with a woman like Sally, especially when her whole fool family stood back and smiled at her folly, applauding it.

Rathenau came, of course, under the hero-worship class. But Alan resented him more than any of the others, because he thought him particularly unwholesome. His ultra-modern ideas about art. His sardonic, sneering references to America's artistic efforts, American culture, American men. His passion for what Alan considered indecent pictures and indelicate sculpturing, neurosthetic poems and novels which should have landed their authors in the psychopathic ward. Strictly speaking, he was Mrs. Bonner's friend. It was difficult to interfere, because the two of them threw up that defense at once. Injured innocence. Amused dignity.

Oh well, Wally had been quite right when he said Sally wouldn't do anything wrong. She'd only make a fool of herself and incidentally of him. This fellow Rathenau. Perhaps his music was great. Perhaps he was really a great composer. He didn't know. He had heard some of his stuff played by the symphony orchestra at the new Hollywood Bowl, a very fine orchestra which he supported liberally because he thought it a fine civic thing for Hollywood, and an uplifting artistic interest for the picture colony. He'd thought Rathenau's music weird. Without special meaning. No harmony.

At any rate, Rathenau had disturbed and annoyed him. There had been a couple of times when he had pulled up on the verge of kicking him downstairs. Instead, he had packed Sally off—expensively enough—to Catalina.

"But I can't go alone," she had protested. "I must take Alicia and Aunt Violet—and Cousin Emily is here from Atlanta, and she's never been to Catalina."

"That's too bad," said Alan. "If you've got to take any of your family, you take Pearl and Wally. Now I mean that. You haven't been very nice to Pearl, and though of course she wasn't good enough to marry into the Bonner family, she is Wally's wife."

While she had been away, the tidal wave of slow anger that he had felt rising beyond his control, had subsided.

From the pocket of his sports coat, he took a small velvet box, peeped at the velvet bed within. It was a perfect stone and well over five carats. Perhaps she'd think he had forgotten this anniversary. Perhaps she was lonely, actually weeping, because she hadn't heard from him on this day of days.

They docked about eight, and Alan Gordon started up the steep hillside trail. The house stood, brilliant with lights, about a hundred feet above the lovely crescent of Avalon Bay. He slipped up quietly, was on the steps, on the porch, before anyone heard him. Then, in the light from the

[Turn to page 34]

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to give it a thorough cleansing every night

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt settle on the face and bore deep into the pores of your skin.

Ordinary washing will not reach this dirt.

And yet unless your skin is kept thoroughly free of this deeper dirt, it loses that lovely clear transparent look. It becomes dull looking.

Today there are few women who do not give their skin every night the kind of cleansing that reaches this deepest dirt, that is actually stimulating and that keeps their skin soft and supple.

For this you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with an oil base—just enough oil to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt—and yet that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's Cold Cream.

Use it every night before retiring. Smooth it in with your finger tips. Don't rub hard—this cream is so soft and light that rubbing isn't necessary.

After you have let it stay a minute, wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing this cream gives even after you have washed with soap and water. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.



For a thorough cleansing, a cream made with just enough oil to work into the pores and loosen the dirt, without overloading the pores



To hold the powder, a cream that is softening and soothing, yet will be absorbed instantly

A totally different cream to hold the powder

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different kind of cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream that is known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always smooth it on *before* you powder. It instantly freshens your face. Actually makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother. And it holds the powder.

Powder put directly on the skin usually does not go on evenly and it cannot stay on long. Bits of it catch on little rough places and soon fleck off. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface Pond's Vanishing Cream gives you, goes on evenly and clings for hours.

* * *

Use both these creams every day, each for its own purposes and you will keep your skin fresh and lovely. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream *to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
270 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Think, Mothers, Why Nature made oats so enticing

Nature gave her best to oats—made them the food of foods. Then, to make this premier food enticing, she gave it matchless flavor and aroma.

In Quaker Oats we use the grains on which Nature was most lavish. We flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. Thus we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Our purpose is the same as Nature's—to foster the love of oats. To make delightful a food that children need.

As a result, mothers the world over send for Quaker Oats. In nearly every nation this is the favorite brand.

Don't you feel that on a food like this it pays to be particular?

Quaker Oats

The queen grains only

The Need for Oats

The oat is the greatest food that grows—a practically complete food. It supplies 16 body-building elements, including all needed minerals.

It guards against malnutrition.

In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound.

That is why it is so important to serve oats that children love.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

Two Masters

[Continued from page 32]

windows, he saw Pearl, on the floor, with Wally on a couch beside her.

"S-sh," said Pearl. "He's asleep. He was up all last night at one of those gambling clubs. For heaven's sake, let him sleep a little."

Alan bit back an oath. For from the pretty living-room, with its gay summer decorations, he heard the light, affected voice of his mother-in-law.

"My dear Violet," it said, "you can't scare me. I'll say three, no trump."

A pause.

Aunt Violet's voice, superior and calm. "I pass."

Then a heavy, male voice, which he recognized as that of Mrs. Bonner's latest admirer, Major Weyman. "Then you play the hand, Alicia."

Wally half awoke, muttered disgustedly: "Silly old ass."

"Where is my wife?" demanded Alan Gordon, in a brutal undertone.

Wally's bride threw him a contemptuous glance. "She's out on that rock looking at the scenery with that drooling musician of hers," said she; "and I hope they both fall in."

THE blood was racing so madly in Alan's head after that, pounding so terrifically in his veins, that he could never recall very clearly what happened. It was like the swift slide of pictures run too fast across the screen.

Sally, her draperies blowing about her in the moonlight. Rathenau, by her side, not touching her. Words like the scraping of a knife against his heart. Oh, not love words. Worse. Disparaging, disrespectful, unkind words—about him: "A money-grubbing business man without a soul." Ah! Sally's face, as he spoke to them. Eyes horribly frightened in one shrinking glance down the sheer precipice. Her chin thrown up in wild defiance. Her shoulders quivering, but high. Her mouth insolent.

What had he said?

"I won't hurt you,"—something like that—"you aren't worth it. Let this driveling fool see how far art for art's sake will go toward supporting you and your family. I'm through. I've been a sucker long enough. I'm through, do you hear? You and your dear family can go to hell. And here's your anniversary present."

He held the box open for an instant, so that the great diamond took magic fire from the moon. Then with a savage arm he flung it far over the cliff and into the dark, crawling sea.

Oddly enough, when Alan said he was through, he meant it.

That is, of course, the worst of people like Alan, who allow things to pile up until there is no remedy except a drastic one.

His anger against Sally was unbreakably bound up with wounded self-respect and humiliation. It grew as the days passed. Once he had acted, it never occurred to him that he could change his mind. In a measure, he enjoyed taking what revenge he could upon those who had brought about his unhappiness. He might wish things were different, but he'd never give them the satisfaction of dreaming it. Everything was finished, done, over. That was that!

He sat alone in the smoking-room of the club, contemplatively smoking a cigarette. That Sally and her family! It was quarter to eight—half an hour before the gang was due for a little round of poker.

He really liked the club. Liked the man companionship. Liked the quiet and comfort and smoothness of it. No cackling of women. No superiority. No relations-in-law. If he missed Sally, it was the Sally he had fallen in love with. He was doggone good and sick of Alicia's daughter.

The Bible was quite right. Certainly was. No man could serve two masters. Said so plainly. And no woman could serve two families.

Yes, it was a nice club. Nice quiet club. No relations-in-law.

A shadow fell on the thick carpet, and he looked up at the smooth immaculateness of Wally Bonner, casual, indifferent, but friendly.

"Hello," he said coolly. "How you?"

"I'm fine," said Alan emphatically.

"What brings you here?"

"Just down seeing Rawson about a job,"

said Wally. "Had dinner with him. Pearl

says she won't work any more, so I've got to. Thought I'd drop in and say hello.

No hard feelings between us, are there, Alan? I'm married, too."

"I don't tell my troubles to everybody,"

said Alan, "but if I did, you'd know there were two sides to this thing. I suppose

you think Sally is a masterpiece and I'm a

yellow dog. I don't care. Go on and think, all of you."

"I get you," said Wally without malice.

"I got a wife, too. Pearl's all right, but

she's pretty mean. Only you know how

Ma and the family are about Sally."

He lit a fresh cigarette. "Well, I got to go. Going out to your house. Long ride out to Beverly Hills from town. But I got to go."

"Oh, so you're going out to my house now, are you?" asked his brother-in-law. "You all living out there now?"

"No," said Wally. "Truth is, I haven't seen much of them for quite a spell. They and Pearl don't seem to hit it off so good. And Pearl is my wife. No, they're just having a little family conference out there tonight—just a little family conference."

"What they having a family conference about?" asked Alan, suspiciously.

"You."

"Me? What'd you mean, me? What are they having a family conference about me for?"

"Figure it out for yourself. They're bound to be pretty red hot about you leaving Sally the way you did. They don't think Sally ever had an idea you couldn't put in 'The Book of Good Thoughts.' They're going to talk it over and decide what to do. See you do the right thing by her. You know Ma. I hear she even telegraphed to Atlanta for Cousin Arnold. He's a lawyer, and she dug poor old Grandma Bonner most out of her grave for tonight. Well, I got to run."

Alan Gordon was on his feet now. He choked, sputtered, turned to Wally a white face and blazing eyes. It was plain that fury lashed him with scarlet wings.

"Is that so?" he yelled. "Is that so?"

They're going to have a conference on me in my own house, are they? Going to get together and tell each other what a— here he descended to unprintable but exceedingly impressive language, to emerge with, "and what a little white angel Sally is. The whited sepulchres! The vampires! Going to make me do the right thing! The blackmailers! Suppose they're aiming to get everything I've got, the tricky parasites! Maybe they will! But before they do, I'll tell them and their precious pure white dove what I think of them!"

"All right," said Wally, "but you'll get licked. You know Ma. They won't let you have her back now, if—"

"Have her back?" roared Alan, so madly that the chandeliers tinkled. "Take her back? I wouldn't take her back if she had all the stars of heaven in her crown. I don't want her back. They couldn't make me take her back. They like her so well, they can keep her. Family conference! Well, there's going to be one member there they didn't expect."

"You going out there?" asked Wally, slowly getting to his feet.

"You bet I am."

"It'll make an awful row," said Wally, apparently losing interest.

"I'll say it will!" said his brother-in-law. "Come on."

The drawing-room with its cathedral ceiling and spacious luxury was brightly lighted.

Alan strode through the velvet portières and stood there, staring at them. His hair stood on end. His eyes were bloodshot. Small wonder that the startled breath was almost a shriek as they recognized him. The smile that lifted his lips was not pleasant to see. No longer a quantity to be reckoned easily.

"Ah, dear, good family!" he said. "Why didn't you invite me to your little party?"

The silence quivered like a Cooper-Hewitt, shattered by Evelyn's giggle, the scrunch-scrunch of nervous feet and Aunt Violet's heavy breathing.

Alan took them all in. Uncle Pelham, standing before the mantel, regarding him palely through gold-rimmed, ascetic glasses. Grandma Bonner, tremulous and old. Alicia, carved of ice. Last of all, Sally. His heart gave a queer, sick beat. Sally had unmistakably been crying. He had never seen her broken like that before. And so white. But the solution of it left him more brutally cold than ever.

"So you're playing the martyr are you?" he sneered at her. "Outraged wife stuff. Fifth reel. All the mourners at hand. And I'm the guilty party. Well, if you safe-crackers think you can shake me down, you're crazy. I don't want her. I'm through with her. You all think she's so grand, you keep her."

Then his mother-in-law rose, quite close to him, poised as usual, but with a disfiguring white line about her lips.

"You're quite mistaken, Alan," she said, furiously, "as you've usually been mistaken in me. I hope I'm not the sort of woman to uphold her children when they do wrong. Sally's been an extremely foolish, common, disgustingly common, little idiot. I certainly never thought a daughter of mine would lose her head over men."

"What!" cried Alan, and he jerked his head as a man does who has been hit on the point of the chin. Something was wrong here. Something was decidedly wrong. He must try to get this straight!

[Turn to page 94]



BABES IN THE WOOLS

Their warm little winter wools
mother washes with Fab flakes
made from soft cocoanut-oil.
She knows this keeps them
clean, safe and comfortable.

COLGATE & CO.

FAB



"Bringing Home a Basketful of Happiness."

MOTHERS have learned that the perfectly healthy child is the child who eats with a relish, that it is inexpedient to provide children with food which is repugnant to them, and that a simple, palatable dessert is both refreshing and wholesome for the child with a small appetite. They have learned, too, that rather than discourage a liking for sweets in their children, it is far better to provide the right sort of sweet dishes, and to encourage the child to eat and enjoy them.

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

* The American Offices and Factory of the Genesee Pure Food Company are at Le Roy, N. Y., in the famous Genesee Valley Country. The Offices and Factory of the Genesee Pure Food Company of Canada, Ltd., are at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on the Niagara River.

The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 9]

a lay-figure and a neutral-hued one from head to foot. Her faded face with its whilom look, her scant, pale hair, made harmony with clothes that bespoke self-effacement. Of all colors I detest taupe. It should be the symbol of mourning instead of lively and lovely black, for to me it voices all that's deadening and dismal in life. And from head to foot—squashed hat of blurred chenille, hard, sensible tweeds—she was a putty-hued bundle.

I felt that it was a weary time since this woman had had any independence; she was like a thing that, from having been stamped on, had lost all clear outlines; something so long used by some relentless authority that the resistance which is another name for straight pride had fallen from her as pollen from a fading flower. I had a feeling that if I knew her secrets I might in a way pity her, while surely loathing her. If only this first impression—and how valuable are first impressions; danger signals set up by instinct—had held! If only—! Ah, well, I was so young, so needy, what wonder that suggestions mixed as do the colors in a kaleidoscope.

With Miss Cruith's entrance, obscure and mysterious speculations took flight. "Hello, Miss Page," she called, smiling her welcome as I sprang up and came to her. "I live in the suburbs, and the storm held up the train. Now come right in here for a little confab."

As she held open the door behind the counter for me to pass to the room beyond it, she looked over at the woman on the settee. "Are you satisfied, Miss Loder?" she asked, and though her face was sideways to me I could see that her expression across to the other was both challenging and triumphant.

"It seems to be all w-r-right," the woman responded tonelessly, the r's of Russia, or Holland or Germany ripping the air with the sound of a saw charging through wood.

"I should say so!" Miss Cruith called out, closed the door and briskly drew a chair for me beside the desk at which she seated herself. A troubling instinct had come to me again, blurring this happy moment. In these two sentences I felt it was of me that they had spoken. My excited and anxious heart was in the gaze I fastened on Miss Cruith while waiting for her to speak.

"You were surprised at my hurried note, Miss Page?" Miss Cruith asked this almost purring as she crossed her knees and folded her arms.

"I was—and very glad. It was a tonic. I only hope I'll suit you."

She studied me gravely. "We'll see. This is what you told me about yourself when you were here before." After searching among some papers on the desk she handed me an oblong slip on which there was this column of fine writing:

Janet Page.
Twenty-three years of age.
Kentuckian.
Lives in New York boarding-house.
No relative here, not even one close friend.
No private means.
Needs work badly.

"That is quite correct?" she asked when, after reading, I placed the paper on the blotter.

"Oh, quite," I said, trying to resist a creeping chill at the thought of my locust-eaten and lonely state catalogued with such business brevity.

"I did not mention there the most important item of all—your health. Are you as splendidly strong as you look? Perfect health is absolutely essential."

"I've never had an hour's illness in my life. But why must I be so strong? I'm not wanted as a piano mover, am I?"

She did not smile in answer; instead, she regarded me more seriously, and began to outline the duties of the proffered situation. I was wanted as companion to a woman more than ninety, a wealthy, aristocratic, spoiled tyrant. I was the only applicant of the many to the Bureau who met her iron-clad requirements: youth, vigor, bloom, an unvarying cheerfulness—these because the aged recluse, dreading death, wished to have its visible antithesis in the aspect of her hireling. The friendless condition was also part of the bargain, so that no time would be spent in letter-writing nor in discontent, nor homesickness. In fact, it was made plain that if I agreed to these conditions I would take on slavery in the service of a life-weary yet life-craving autocrat, who might at times be so fantastic in her demands as to seem unbalanced.

"There are two big attractions side by side with these hard terms," said Miss Cruith. "You would be as safe as if in your home, and you'd have three thousand dollars as salary for a period of two months." Here I faltered to my feet and confusedly drew back from her with open suspicion.

"Besides, if the engagement, through no fault of yours," she continued imperturb-

ably, "should end in two weeks, or even two days, the three thousand dollars, according to a cast-iron contract, would still be paid. Moreover, the money is at this moment in our safe. Moreover also, for your immediate needs, one hundred dollars would be advanced to you this morning."

"And what could I possibly do that was—right—to earn such a salary?" I asked this faintly, my one desire now to be out in the storm again and free.

"This Agency," Miss Cruith concluded, her sternness an answer to my tone, "is the best in New York. We serve only the best people, of guaranteed respectability. We work in the open. I've told you the exact truth of this position. I wrote you that it would require courage. Frankly, the large salary is offered as a bait. Well? What is your decision, Miss Page?" A silence hung between us. I was looking at the exactly true picture of myself, with even more shadows about me than I had admitted to her: alone; no prospects; every smallest possession of any value pawned and less than twenty dollars between me and open destitution.

"How long can I have for making up my mind?" I asked.

"Why, about ten minutes. Then if you say you'll take the position you'll be told your employer's name and you can have another hour in which to look up the credentials. Probably you'll feel comforted if I tell you that I'll go out to the house with you—it's in the country—and see you installed."

"That woman outside," I ventured. "What has she to do with this?"

"For twenty-six years she has been the personal maid of the woman who would engage you. She's a Hollander—Joanna Loder."

I felt my mouth twist in the wry smile that had a way of coming through my every trial. "Well, I don't imagine I could become quite the doorman that she is—not in two months!" I exclaimed, and after one more look ahead at the stretch of my unsatisfactory future, I spoke on an excited swallow. "All right. I'll take the position, Miss Cruith."

"You will?" She looked honestly surprised. "You mean it? I didn't expect it. But you have the spirit of adventure."

"I have the need of money!" I corrected hotly.

When I learned the further details of the matter, any lurking fear of danger or fraud fled. I was to be companion to Sarah Cassington, the second wife and the widow of old Roger Cassington, from whom she had inherited fabulously valuable portions of New York City and miles of land around Gray Walls, the famed Cassington estate in Connecticut on the Sound. All my life I had heard of the Cassingtons, as who had not? So well-known were they that even such dingy nondescripts as filled Mrs. Merck's boarding house knew all about their foreign marriages, charities, scandals and spoke of them by their first names as do Europeans of their royal families. And for years back I had seen in the high-class, velvet-leaved illustrated magazines, pictures, outside and in, of this very Gray Walls for which, with Miss Cruith I was soon to depart.

A little after four that afternoon the train left Miss Loder, Miss Cruith and me, at the nearest station to Gray Walls. The rain had changed to a drizzle. As we stood on the station platform in the March dusk, I had the impression of a cheaply built structure in need of repair, of a glistening track along which the train that had brought us snorted on into the further muck, and of a black-lacquered and silvered limousine fit for the entourage of a prince, that waited among several taxi-cabs, its splendor seeming an arrogant illumination of their dingy lop-sidedness. The chauffeur fitted in with this fancy; for he was a stately, pallid fellow with a masklike, intellectual face of a distinctly Italian type. When I heard Miss Loder call him Gregorio, I felt a small bit of pride in having recognized his nationality.

All the way down, Miss Cruith had read a novel and Miss Loder had sat silent in the dullness that seemed a cavern into which she retreated. For rest? Yes, probably. That the woman was as jaded as she was silent I was convinced; convinced, too, that I was to assume a part of her burden; perhaps the most of it.

Nothing of significance happened until we had left behind us the crude and sparsely built village, a small waterside resort that only blossomed in the summer. Clear of it, and on a stretch of the loneliest road I had ever seen, we pulled up at a dreary-looking, frame house set in a few acres of messy ground and with drab, slant-sided outhouses around it.

"What's the matter, Miss Loder? What are we doing here?" Miss Cruith asked.

"Gregor-r-io stops here ef-fery day at about this time, for eggs. These people

[Turn to page 30]



Do you realize that health depends largely upon the condition of your nerves?

PERHAPS you know from bitter experience that when you drink a cup or two of coffee at evening you do not get very much sleep that night. Or else, the fitful sleep you get does not seem to refresh and rest you as it should.

Remember that the caffeine in coffee always works on the nerves, no matter when you drink this irritating beverage. Only you don't notice the effects during the day as much as you do when you are kept awake at night.

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PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY



It Fits the Site

This Sturdy English House with Its Air of Stability

By Lewis E. Welsh

NO home builder should be content to build his house without serious thought, not only as to general requirements but even down to the smaller details. For instance, local materials, which can be obtained at less cost than those transported long distances, are not only cheaper, but will give the effect

of greater permanence and an air of "belonging" to the vicinity. As the greatest problem in designing the small house is to make it appear as part of the landscape, and an unobtrusive part, it is necessary to conform the building to its site, either through the use of variations of grade, building around existing trees, or by connecting the house with other buildings by walls or planting.

In the house shown, the garage, which has grown to be essential to all suburban houses, has been placed in conjunction with the house and then its yard enclosed by a wall of the same material as the house. Placing the garage practically under the same roof as the house, has many advantages, such as heating, saving in construction costs, convenience in stormy weather, and so forth. No more frontage is required than the ordinary roadway would take up.

This building is a frame house with a brick-veneer first story and stucco above. A rather interesting detail is at the top of the brickwork where there is a set-back to the stucco of about three inches. This ledge is covered with slates set on a slope to shed the water.

Two different surfaces are thus obtained without changing the lines of the frame. By the use of several different materials we are able to get a varied effect which adds interest not only because of surface changes but also because of the color. Common brick is generally effective unless it is too red; a white or gray mortar joint should be used, and should not be more than three-eighths of an inch wide and be struck smooth, not raked out.

The stucco may be left its natural color, while the woodwork should be stained brown, and the shutters be an apple-green.

The roof, if of wood shingles, ought to be stained dark brown, and if slate were used, variegated green and purple in graduated sizes and thicknesses would be best.

One often hears the remark that a

certain house is expensive because it has not a square or rectangular plan. That is partially true, but very often it is possible to make a break in the wall and save enough in lengths of floor joists, flooring, rafters and roofing, to offset extra cost.

Let us consider a square plan; first of all the rafters must start about the second

story ceiling and be continued at a proper pitch until the area of the plan is covered. We have thus formed an attic for which we may have no use, and in so doing have used considerable roofing and some long rafters. In an angle plan, with the same area as the square plan, we can use shorter rafters, do away with the attic, and have a lower, and more attractive house, at approximately the same cost.

The house shown has a small, square hall, with stairs, a direct access to the living-room, and an entrance to the cellar stairs and to the kitchen. The living-room is large, with light and air on three sides, and at the front an interesting alcove is provided with a group of casement windows and two very useful closets. The fireplace

is so placed that the same chimney contains the range flue, while the wall spaces are sufficient for all large pieces of furniture, such as piano and sofa.

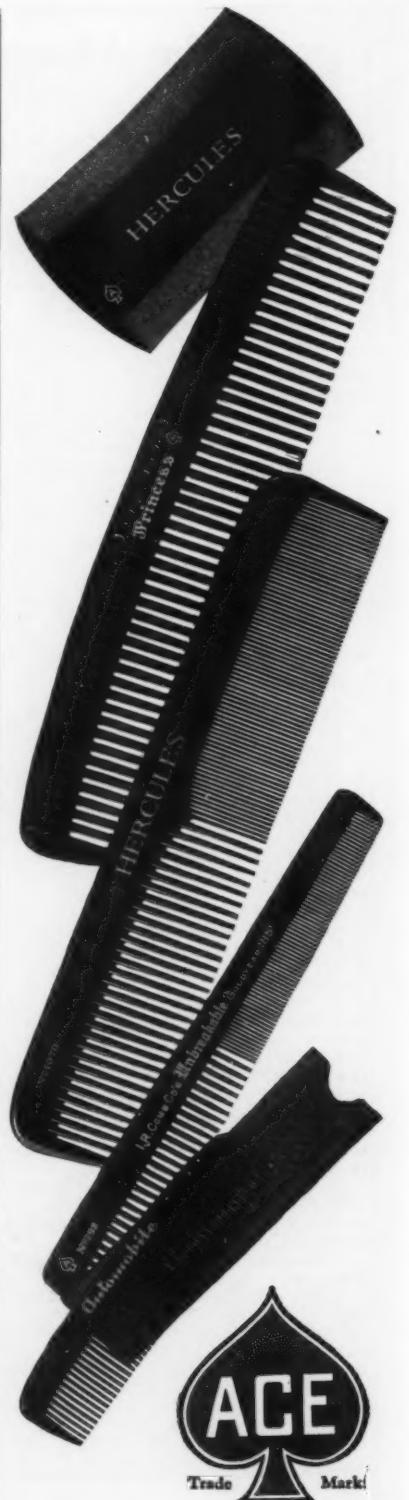
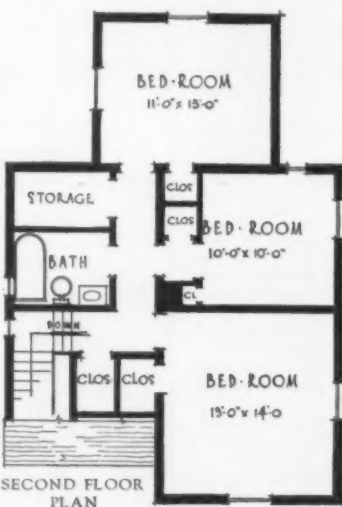
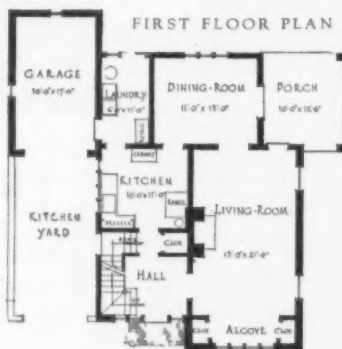
In the rear is the dining-room and porch, which can be entered from either room. The kitchen has space for the usual furnishings—sink, range, cabinet, and so forth, with the refrigerator placed in a corner of the laundry. The group of casement windows set with tops at the ceiling will give plenty of light and good ventilation. Many housewives object to a laundry in the cellar, so this plan provided for a most

convenient one near the kitchen and drying yard.

In this plan all service to the house would be through the kitchen yard, leaving the rear of the house and garden entirely private.

On the second floor are three bedrooms, bath, and several closets.

Probably anyone trying to define the style of this house would say that it was English, but the entrance with its three high side windows, heavy wood door, and the long sloping roof, is derived from an old house in Bruges, Belgium, and is used in practically the same way here as in the original.



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Fabrics-Embroidery-Sewing Silks



The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 37]

are a ridiculously independent lot and will not hur-r-ry. We may have to wait for fifteen minutes."

Hearing this, and as soon as the chauffeur had disappeared around the back of the house, I made bold to say that I felt stifling for some air. And it was true. A tied-up feeling with an hysterical prod had been strengthening in me all the way down. As I noted Miss Loder struggling from her sluggishness to object to my leaving, I gave her an explanation accompanied by a defiant grin:

"You see," I challenged, "I'm a fresh-air person, which partly accounts for the rosy cheeks that have got me this job!"

"But your clothes—the r-r-rain," she began.

"Nothing to spoil!" I cried. Having jerked open the door, I darted into the drizzle, and ran on for perhaps thirty yards.

I had noticed the lurking figure of a man on a path facing the farm, but had thought nothing of his presence. When I came to a curve of road and turned it, the significant thing occurred. From a grove of trees on my right, that in the blossoming time must have made a mass of lovely shade, but were now a collection of cinder-hued skeletons, a strange figure came running and paused on their edge. I had a feeling it was the man I had earlier seen—a lad of about nineteen in an old rubber coat, the pockets of which bulged with paint brushes; he also carried a tiny camp stool—the externals of an artist. In other ways he was as startling as an apparition. I had never seen anyone thinner, nor eyes so fanatical. A venomous look of distress was in his face that twitched violently, and in harmony with his swift, furtive movements.

"You're the new companion for Gray Walls," he said, coming close to me, his voice breathless.

I could not move from him, I was so startled.

"I was hidden at the station, waiting for you—meant to slip you a note there; but I couldn't catch your eye, and came along slowly after you in a taxi. Your getting out this way is good luck sent by God—no less!"

As I turned to run from him, he seized my arm in a rage, his hand trembling. "There's no time to explain things," he said, "and you wouldn't believe me anyway. But, for your own sake, listen—" From around the corner the whirr of the waking engine smote the air, and the following words came in a rush from him: "At Gray Walls you'll hear the name of Luther. Remember it—Luther. You'll find him a friend, and you'll need a friend there. I can see you're thinking I'm crazy. All right, think it; but when you get back into the car don't say that I spoke to you. Don't mention me at all to any one. The name is—Luther!" And with this, at the approaching buzz of the motor, he disappeared, and I saw him sink to his knees where the clustered brown tree-trunks were thickest.

When Gregorio stopped for me, I had a fancy that he gave me a curiously direct and suspicious look. And as I sank down in the car's soft and scented interior, Miss Loder's gaze was of the same sort—studying, and with troubled speculation in it. Miss Cruith had been only half aware of my excursion into the open. Confident of a large commission for the "job" she had landed, she was nestling sideways into a corner and on the edge of sleep.

Although I did not take the encounter with the wild-eyed lad seriously, something warned me to obey him and be silent about it. More than that, I determined to dismiss further thought of him. I had made up my mind not to analyze or anticipate; to accept whatever was hard in this engagement, live through it, and earn the big sum of money that would set me on my feet.

My introduction into the house was confusedly different from what I had in a hazy way expected. From long acquaintance with English novels of the romantic school, I had had a picture of myself following a gray-coiffed, severely-collared housekeeper to a pleasant room where tea would be served to me privately, the while, as a stranger, I would have opportunity to grow familiar with my surroundings. Nothing of this sort occurred. Some unaccountable, controlled excitement made itself felt within those gray-stoned walls, notable from the nervous apprehension plainly visible on the faces of the several servants I saw.

Miss Cruith was allowed to linger with me only long enough to get warm, busy meanwhile in talking aside with a man who seemed a sort of major domo of the establishment—a stout man, and, like the chauffeur, an Italian, called Pietro by Miss Loder. He had injured one foot in some way, and with this swathed in bandages to a boxlike thickness, he moved about with difficulty, while leaning heavily on a cane.

"Good-by, my child," Miss Cruith whispered to me. "It seems you've got to get on the job immediately, got to go right to Mrs. Cassington's rooms. So I'm to be rushed back in the motor, just in time for a good train to the city." She smiled into my dazed face. "You know you must be prepared to do things at all hours and whether they appeal to you or not."

"Can I telephone you now and then?" "No, dearie." The smiling decision was a flat reproach. "That was part of the bargain, you remember. You're not to have an idea or a wish outside of Gray Walls. The place isn't going to be a cinch, but"—and she gave me a sudden kiss—"your sentence will be short—two months at most—and all that money in your little fist at the end of it. Keep thinking of the money, you dear thing."

She was gone. During about ten minutes, while I was left sitting alone in a reception-room, I resolutely obeyed her. I thought of the three thousand dollars until it was like a torch lighting up the Georgian formality about me; sending its blaze, too, ahead over my unsatisfactory future, as featureless now as the drab length of a mean street. Oh, yes, I was not to be critical of my hampering duties. Were they not to buy freedom?

"Come this way," I heard from a doorway behind me, and rose to see Pietro beckoning to me as a head waiter would to one of the staff under him. "Mrs. Cassington wishes you."

"I would like to go to my room first and take off my coat and rubbers—" I began.

"You will come just as you are," said the man, a pointed frown darting down his rather dish-shaped nose and making it still uglier.

He strode off, I following. In spite of his bandaged foot and evident pain from it, he went rapidly up shallow-stepped stairs over whose lustrous and winding banisters the loveliest rugs rippled, their iridescence reminding me of the skin of lizards that in childhood I had watched on the yellowing walls of the villa in Florence where, for a few years, I had lived with my father; past several men servants in the cherry-colored livery of the house; and past one whose loose-hanging leather coat showed muddied top boots and rough Norfolk jacket, and who, from a big wicker basket beside him, was placing masses of roses in great, built-in vases along the hall.

As we went by this last worker—this straight, tall, serious-faced young gardener—the second of the significant occurrences of the day sent its tinkle of alarm along my nerves, both impressions separating from those that related to my scheduled duties under that roof and opposing them.

"Have you brought plenty of madame's special roses today, Luther?" the Italian asked, pausing.

"Luther!" Pietro's back was toward me or he must have marveled at the look of questioning amazement that I could feel stretch my face. The young man did not show the faintest interest in me. He gazed straight at my companion.

"They are already in madame's room," he answered. His voice, as serious as his steadfast eyes, was roughened by an Irish burr.

"In the dark? You should have given them to me! How could you arrange them as madame wants them without light?"

"Silvano brought out the vases to me, into the hall," he replied respectfully, "and took them back filled." After this stolidly given statement he picked up the basket and stepped quickly down the gallery with the air of one intent on his duties.

I continued after Pietro, who now went faster, as if he grudged having delayed even slightly. But the name of Luther so knocked on my memory that, secure from observation behind my guide, I glanced over my shoulder at the gardener. Instead of retreating he had paused at a stairhead and was looking back at me. Not only was he regarding me with a fixedness as informing as speech; he kept moving his head in an evident attempt to listen and watch on every side the while his eyes commanded mine. It was the sort of signal a man might have given to a comrade if both stood in a jungle full of ambushed terrors. Then swiftly he nodded to me as he laid his finger sternly against his lips. This last was a message of understanding; a compact; and, as clearly, it was a warning to be careful and to be silent.

The next moment we had turned from this hall into another, and Pietro had paused outside a closed door. Here he faced me, looking as if he were a man of stone.

"You were told that your duties might often seem strange, and that you were to obey without hesitating and without question?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I know."

[Turn to page 94]



When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural, beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

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Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin; and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt; excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

What to do

Once every day, preferably at bed-time, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

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The world-wide popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories busy day and night enables us to maintain the 10-cent price. Thousands can afford the benefit and luxury of this finest and mildest soap.

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10c

Volume and efficiency enable us to produce 25c quality for only 10c



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holds the garment in shape. Unlike linen, it will not crush, and it resists dampness.

Fast-color Indian Head in its 18 shades is woven 36 inches wide and sells for 60 cents a yard.

White Indian Head is made 18, 27, 33, 36, 44, 54, 63 inches wide and sells from 25 to 75 cents a yard.

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Eris

[Continued from page 28]

flutter of muslin curtains. Under the window a lilac bush was vibrant with bumblebees; robins ran through the grass; bluebirds drifted along the fence from post to post in soft, mothlike flight.

It was quite a while after the kitchen clock struck, that light, hurried steps sounded on the stairs. Eris stepped out on the porch, radiant and in her best.

At twenty she had the slender immaturity of a girl of sixteen. Her slim figure made her seem taller than she was. Her hat was one of those sagging straw affairs. It tied under the chin with lilac ribbon. Her thin white gown had lilac ribbons on it, too. So did her sun-shade.

She was very late. She walked to the gate, keeping to the brick path on account of her white shoes and stockings.

Here she consulted her wrist-watch. There was no use hurrying now. She glanced up and down the road—possibility of a belated neighbor giving her a lift to the village. No, it was too late to hurry. Almost too late to go at all.

FOR a while she lingered under the gate lilacs, surrounded by their heavy fragrance, on the chance of a passing vehicle. Finally she returned to her room, took a book from her pillow sauntered off through the hillside orchard, now a wilderness of pink and white bloom.

Everywhere the azure wings of bluebirds; the peach-red of a robin's breast; the broad golden glint of a flicker flashing through high white bloom.

The breeze which had fluttered her muslin curtains was busy up here, too, blowing white butterflies out of their courses and spreading silvery streaks across tall grasses.

On the hill-top she paused, looking out over the world of May.

Below her lay Whitewater Farms, neat as a group of newly painted toys, house, barns with their hip-gables, silos, poultry-runs, sheds, out-buildings, whitewashed fences.

A mile south, buried among elms and maples, lay White Hills village, the spires of its three churches piercing the foliage.

All around, east, west, south, rose low hills, patched with woods, a barn or two in silhouette on some grassy ridge. Plowed fields, pastures, squares of vivid winter wheat checked the panorama, the tender green of hardwood groves alternating with the dark beauty of hemlock and white pine.

Overhead a blue sky, quite cloudless; over all, May sunshine; the young world melodious with the songs of birds. And Eris, twenty, with the heart and experience of sixteen.

Eris looked down at the woods. To venture down there was not very good for her low-heeled, white sport shoes. Of course she could clean them after noon dinner and they'd be dry in time for anything. But for what? She paused at the wood's edge, her mind on her shoes.

"In time for what?" she repeated aloud. She stood, abstracted, gray eyes brooding the question.

What was there to dress for—to clean her white shoes for? Evening service. A slow stroll with some neighbor's daughter along the village street. Gossip with other young people encountered in the lamp-lit dark. Banter with boys, passing the usual group clustered on fence or wall, jests born of rural wit, empty laughter, emptier retort—the slow stroll homeward. This was what she dressed for. Or for a party, where the deadly familiarity of every face and voice had long since dulled her interest. . . . Where there was never any mental outlook; no aspiration, no stimulation, no response to her restless curiosity; where nobody could tell her "why?"

STANDING there on the wood's edge, she wondered why she was at pains to dress becomingly for the sake of such things as these.

As yet the sweet-fern was only in tassel; Eris could pick her way, without danger to her stockings, though the strip of rough clearing. She entered the woods, pensively, amid the dappled shadows of new leaves. Everywhere her eyes discovered young ferns and wild blossoms. Trillium and bunch-berry were still in bloom; viburnum, too; violets, blue, yellow and white; and a few pink moccasin flowers and late anemones.

Birds, too, sang everywhere; crows were noisy in the taller pines; glimpses of wood-thrush and veery in moist thickets; clear little ecstasies of bird-song from high branches, the strident chirring of red squirrels, the mysterious, muffled drumming of a cock-grouse far in woodland depths. Where a mossy limestone ledge hung low over Whitewater Brook, Eris spread her handkerchief and sat down on it.

She opened her book. It was entitled "How to Break Into the Movies." She read for a few moments, gave it up.

MAY in the world; and, in the heart of Eris, April. And a strange, ardent, restlessness in the heart of all youth the whole world over—the renaissance, perhaps, of a primitive, lawless irresponsibility curbed into discipline aeons ago. And, after ages, let loose again since the Twilight of the World fell over Armageddon.

Sooner or later she felt she must free mind, heart, body of whatever hampered, and go—go on about her business in life—whatever it might be, seek it throughout the world, ask the way, ask all things unknown to her—learn all things, understand, choose, achieve.

Twenty, in the April just ended! Her time was short. The time to be about her business in life was very near.

Lifting her gray eyes, she saw a man across the brook. He saw her at the same moment.

He was fat. He wore short rubber boots and no coat. Creel, bait-box and fishing rod explained his presence on Whitewater. But as to his having any business there, he himself seemed in doubt.

"Hello, sister!" he said jauntily.

"Hello," said Eris, politely.

"Is it all right for me to fish here?" he inquired. "I'm not trespassing, am I?"

"People fish through our woods," replied Eris.

"Oh, are they your woods?" He looked around him at the trees as though to see what kind of sylvan property this girl possessed.

"A pretty spot," he said with condescension, preparing to bait his hook. "I like pretty spots. It's my business to hunt for them, too. Yes, and sometimes I hunt for dreary spots. Not that I like them, but it's in my line—" He shoved a squirming worm on the hook and wiped his hands on his trousers. "Yes, that's my line. I'm in all kinds of lines—even fish-lines—" he dropped his hook into the pool and stood intent, evidently indifferent to any potential applause as tribute to his wit. He was sunburnt, fat, smooth-shaven. Thin hair partly covered his head in damp ringlets. Presently he glanced across at Eris out of little bluish, puffy eyes which sagged at the corners. He winked at her, not offensively.

"Yes, that's my best line, sister. . . . Spots! All kinds. Pretty, gloomy, lovely, dreary—oasis or desert, it doesn't matter; I'm always in the market for spots."

"Are you looking for a farm?" inquired Eris.

"Farm? Well, that's in my line, too—farms, mills, nice old stone bridges. All that stuff is in my line. In fact, everything is in my line—and nothing on my line—" He lifted a dripping bait, lowered it again, winked at Eris.

"I suppose," he said, "there isn't a single thing in all the world that isn't in my line. Why, even you are!" he added, laughing fatly. "What do you think of that, now?"

"What is your line?" she inquired, inclined to smile.

"Can't you guess, girlie?"

"No, I can't."

"Well, I come out this way on location. The bunch is over at Summit. I'm just scouting out the lay over here. Today's Sunday, so I'm fishing. I can't hunt spots every minute."

"I don't know what you mean," said Eris.

"Why, we're shooting the sanitarium over at Summit," he explained, gently testing his line. As there was nothing on it he looked over at Eris.

"You don't get me, sister," he said.

"It's pictures. See?"

"Moving-pictures?"

"Yeh, the Crystal Film outfit. We're shooting 'The Wild Girl.' It's all outside stuff now. We're going to shoot 'The Piker' next. Nature stuff. That's why."

Once more he drew out and examined his bait. "Say," he demanded, "are there any fish in this stream?"

"Trout."

"Well, they seem to be darned scarce—"

"I want to ask you something," interrupted the girl, breathlessly.

"Shoot, sister."

"I want to know how people—how a girl—"

"Sure. I get you. I'm glad you asked me. They all ask that. You want to know how to get into pictures."

"Yes."

"Of course. So does every living female in the United States. That's what sixty million women, young and old, want to know—"

He looked up, prepared to wink, but something in her flushed expression modified his jocose intention.

"Say, sister," he drawled, "you don't want to go into pictures."

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Why are you in pictures?" she asked.

[Turn to page 46]



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A Winsome Mouth

Is a Priceless Possession, Possible to Every Woman

By Mary Marvin

A CLEAN sweet mouth, well-cared-for teeth, a fresh breath—there is perhaps nothing which creates more quickly an impression of healthy charm.

On the contrary there are few things so displeasing as the reverse condition. Neglected teeth, unhealthy breath—the very thought repels!

Ugly features may be overlooked, lusterless hair forgiven, but a bad breath never! No matter how alluring a woman's other charms, they can never offset so great a drawback to loveliness.

It is almost impossible to think of a woman so handicapped becoming widely popular, or even being sought out by a few intimate friends—not to mention her immense disadvantage in an affair of the heart!

Perhaps we are particularly harsh in condemning shortcomings of this sort because they are so unnecessary. Their presence implies neglect on the part of their unhappy possessor—or a pitiable unconsciousness of their existence.

Once it was not considered proper to discuss so delicate a matter openly. Now it is treated as frankly as all other ailments which can be remedied. For that it can be cured is certain. The only difficulty lies in recognizing its presence and then in correcting it.

The pity of the matter is that so many who are offenders do not realize it. It is not an easy thing to discover for oneself—it is still less easy for friends to draw attention to so personal a problem.

Perhaps we ourselves are, unknowingly, annoying those about us. It is best to run no chances but to take all precautions against this possibility.

Unpleasant breath usually comes from one of two sources—the digestive tract or the teeth.

If you suffer from a digestive disturbance of any sort you are likely to find the trouble reflected in your breath. The first rule therefore is to keep your digestion in good order. If you are a chronic sufferer from indigestion and if the ordinary common-sense rules—plain eating, plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, a quart of water a day, proper

A GOOD digestion, scrupulous cleanliness and care of the mouth and teeth—these are not health rules alone, but essentials, too, of womanly charm.

exercise—do not help you, you should consult a doctor and act on his advice.

And now we shall speak in detail of the teeth. Their care is all-important, not only for their own sake but because neglected teeth surely lead to the annoyance described above and to serious illness as well. The secret of well-kept teeth and a sweet mouth is cleanliness—unqualified cleanliness—to be obtained only through regular, thorough care.

Many persons who brush their teeth regularly do not have really clean teeth. It is not brushing, it is the way of brushing that counts.

First the brush itself: It is well to select one that has fairly stiff bristles, so arranged that every corner of the mouth can be reached. As to the dentifrice, there are any number of good ones to be had. Be sure that the one you use is not gritty enough to scratch the enamel—teeth should be thoroughly brushed but not scoured.

Given the brush and the paste—or powder, as the case may be—we are ready to discuss the brushing.

This should be done at least twice a day. It is not enough to brush around the teeth; brush up and down briskly as well. Be sure, too, to brush back in the corners around the wisdom teeth where particles of food are apt to lodge. Do not be afraid of brushing the gums—gently at first, then with greater vigor as they grow used to it. This will stimulate the circulation and leave them glowing and toned up. If they bleed slightly at first there is no cause for alarm, but if they continue to bleed or seem oversensitive and refuse to become accustomed to the brushing, consult your dentist.

Use dental floss at least once a day. It is particularly important to cleanse the teeth with the floss before going to bed, so that no food particles be left in the mouth during the night. The dental floss keeps the spaces between the teeth clear.

Visit your dentist at regular intervals—at least twice a year. For special instructions about mouth washes write to The Service Editor of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MRS. HARRY DERBY, 1100 VINE ST., QUINCY, ILL.

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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	151	156	163

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WING & SON Dept. 12, 9th Ave. & 13th St., N. Y. C.

Eris

[Continued from page 43]

"I like the job, I guess."
"So do I."
"Oh, very well," he said, laughing. "Go to it, girlie."
"How?"
"Why, I can't tell you—"
"You can!" He lifted his bait and flopped it into another place.
"Now, listen," he said; "some men would take notice of your pretty face and kid you along. That ain't me. If you break loose and go into pictures it's a one to a million shot you make carfare."
"I want to try."
"I can't give you a job, sister—"
"Would the Crystal Film management let me try?"
"Nobody would let you try unless they needed an extra."
"What is an extra?"
"A day's jobber. Maybe several days. Then it's hoofing it after the next job."
"Couldn't they let me try a small part?"
"We're cast. You got to begin as an extra, anyhow. There's nothing else to it, girlie—"
Something jerked his line; gingerly he lifted the rod, not "striking"; a plump trout fell from the hook into the water.
"Lost him, by jinx!" he exclaimed.
"What did I do that I hadn't ought to, I dunno?"
"You should jerk when a trout bites. You just lifted him out. You can't hook a trout that way. . . . I hope you will be kind enough to give me your name and address, and help me to get into pictures."
For a while he stood silent, re-baiting his hook. When he was ready, he cast the line into the water, laid the rod on the bank, drew out and lighted a large, pallid cigar.
"Of course," he remarked, "your parents are against your going into pictures."
"My mother is dead. My stepmother only laughs at me."
"How about papa?"
"He wouldn't like it."
"Same old scenario," he said. "And I'll give you the same old advice: if you got a good home, stay put. Have you?"
"Yes."
"But you don't want to stay put?"
"No."
"You want to run away and be a great actress?"
"I'm going to try."
"Try to do what?"
"Find out what I can do and do it!" she replied hotly, almost on the verge of tears. He looked up at the delicate, flushed beauty of her face. It wasn't a question of talent. Most women have the actress in them. With or lacking intelligence it can be developed enough for Broadway use.
"You young girls," he said, "expect to travel everywhere on your looks. And some of you do. And they last as long as their looks last. But men get nowhere without brains."
"I have brains," she retorted unsteadily.
"Let it go at that. But where's your experience?"
"How can I have it unless I—I try?"
"You think acting is your vocation, sister?"
"I intend to find out."
"You better listen to me and stick to a good home while the sticking's good!"
"I'm going into pictures," she said slowly. "And that's that!"
Wearing of bad luck, the fat man started to move downstream toward another pool. The girl rose straight up on her mossy rock, joining both hands in classic appeal, quite unconscious of her dramatic attitude.
"Please—please tell me who you are and where you live!" she besought him.
He was inclined to laugh; then her naïveté touched him.
"Well, sister," he said, "if you put it that way—my name is Quiss—Harry B. Quiss. I live in New York—Hotel Huron. You can find me there when I'm not on location or at the studio—the Crystal Films Corporation. We're in the telephone book."

Mr. Quiss might have added that the Crystal Films Corporation was also on its beam-ends. But he couldn't quite do that. All he could say was: "Better stick to papa while the sticking's good, girlie. There's no money in pictures. They all bust sooner or later. Take it from one who's been blown sky-high more'n twice, and expects to go up more'n twice more."
He went slowly toward the pool below, gesticulating with his rod for emphasis: "There's no money in pictures—not even for stars. I don't know where it all goes to. Don't ask me who gets it. I don't, anyway."
ON Monday evening at five o'clock the Whitewater herd was ready for milking. Odell, Ed Lister, and the foreman, Gene Lyford, scrubbed their hands and faces and put on clean white canvas clothes. Clyde

[Turn to page 47]

LITTLE MISS GAGE



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Eris

[Continued from page 46]

Storm, helper, went along the lime-freshened concrete alleys, shaking out bran and tossing in clover hay.

There was little conversation at milking hour, scarcely a word spoken except in admonition or reassurance to some restless cow; no sounds in the barn save the herd-bull's deep rumble of well being, a gusty twitter of swallows from the eaves, the mellow noises of feeding cattle, clank and creak of stanchion, gush and splash of water as some thirsty cow buried her pink nose in the patent fonts.

As Odell stood weighing his pail of milk, Buddy came into the barn, eating a stick of shop candy.

"Say, pa," he called out, "mommy wants you up to the house!"

Odell turned uncertainly toward Lister and found his brother-in-law looking at him. "Kinda queer," he muttered, "Mazie sending for me when she knows I'm milking."

Lister made no comment. Odell went out heavily, crossed the farm-yard in the pleasant sunset glow, walked on toward the house with lagging stride. As he set foot on the porch he became conscious of his irritation, felt the heat of it in his cheeks—the same old familiar resentment which had smoldered through the dingy, discordant years of his first marriage.

Here it was again, creeping through him after all these placid years with Mazie—the same sullen apprehension, dull unease verging on anger, invading his peace of mind, stirred this time by Fanny's child—Eris, daughter of Discord.

"Dang Fanny's breed," he muttered, entering the house; "we allus was enemies, deep down in the flesh."

All at once he understood his real mind. Eris had always been Fanny's child. Never his. He remembered what Fanny had said to him at the approach of death, how, in that last desperate moment the battered mask of years had slipped from her bony visage and he had gazed into the stark face of immemorial antipathy—the measureless resentment of a sex.

He went to the foot of the stairs and called to his wife. Her voice answered from the floor above. He plodded up.

Mazie was in Eris' room, a pile of clothing on the bed, a suit-case and a small, flat trunk open on the floor. She

turned to Odell, her handsome features flushed, and the sparkle of tears in her slanting, black eyes.

"She's gone, Elmer. She called me up on the telephone from Albany to tell me. The Crystal Fillum Company offers her a contract. She wants her clothes and her money."

A heavy color surged through the man's face. "That's the danged secret blood in her," he said. "I knowed it. There's allus sunthin' hatchin' deep down in women of her blood. She's allus had it in her mind to quit us. She never was one of us. All right, let her go. I'm done with her."

Odell's heavy eyes, brooding anger, followed Mazie's movements as she smoothed out the clothing and laid each garment in the trunk.

"You don't have to do that," he growled. "Let her come and get 'em if she wants 'em."

"She only took her little leather bag, Elmer—"

He turned away, exasperated, but Mazie took him by the sleeve.

"She's got to have money, Elmer—"

"No, she hain't! She'll sicken the quicker—"

"It's her heifer money—"

"She shan't have it! Not till she's twenty-one. 'N' that's that!"

Mazie looked at her husband in a distressed way, her black eyes full of tears:

"Elmer, you can't use a girl like a boy. A girl's a tender thing. And I was afraid of this—something like this, because Eris is a mite different. And you know how she always did love to dress up for church plays—and how nicely she sang and danced and acted in school—"

"Dang it all!" shouted Odell, beating one tanned fist within the other palm. "let her come home and cut her capers! She can do them things when there's a entertainment down to the church, can't she? That's enough for any girl, ain't it? And she can dance to socials and showers like sensible girls and she can sing her head off Sundays in church when she's a mind to! All she's gotta do is come home and git the best of everything. But as long as she acts crazy and stays away, I'm done with her. 'N' that's that!"

[Continued in the March McCall's]

A New Day in Pictures

[Continued from page 2]

I think every man and woman in the business in their secret hearts are delighted to work for big ideals, to make uplifting, heartening, helpful pictures, to do in a picture what I always have tried to do in a book; be sane, be clean, be true to nature and the best in human nature. This state of affairs delights me. I have waited for it for fifteen years, repeatedly refusing my books to almost every producer in the business, turning down fortunes in money offers, because I would not allow the books I had taught people to believe in and to love and to live by, to be made into such pictures as I saw being made from the books of other writers—books so distorted, so vulgarized in the process of being made into pictures, that their authors wept bitter tears of disillusionment and disgust. Ask Gertrude Atherton, Kathleen Norris or Mary Roberts Rinehart. To save myself similar heartache and humiliation, since one disappointing first experience, I have steadily refused to allow any book of mine to appear on the screen. It has been hard work, because I love beautiful pictures; all my life I have been with nature making pictures, it was heartbreaking to stay out; now, my time has come. Now, my day is here. Now, I may make the kind of picture I always have wanted to make, and, oh, how I wish I could use all the beautiful men and women and children eager and anxious to help. For so soon as I announced that I would organize a company and produce Michael O'Halloran as a first picture, the rush began. The Lord had a director all ready for me; a real live he-man who was just itching for a chance to make a clean human picture and gloried in the job. And there was a legal man ready to cast in his fortunes, and a discerning assistant director, and a big, enthusiastic camera man, and another not so big but equally enthusiastic and when it came to actors, such fine ones, such capable ones—at this minute I see a vision of a big man sitting in my library with real, salty tears in his eyes, saying: "How wonderful it will be to portray the best in life!"

And I do not have to make my picture in the street. There is a big, snow-white colonial studio, with a corps of the most able and enthusiastic men you ever heard of, all pleasant and eager and anxious to have a finger in the pie; so here we are going to work, all crazy about our jobs, all eager to make a picture of which we may be proud, and to which the public may come, and go away happy.

Producers, directors and actors unite in railing at the public for the almost universal demand for plays having a happy ending; but I am not so sure that the public is not well within its rights. There is scarcely an adult human being who faces the silver screen who has not his problems, often exceeding bitter ones; now if the price he pays for diversion makes him see light, breeds hope for his own future, he feels that he 'has a fair return for his money, and high interest in hope. If his hour of entertainment ends in the feeling that there is sure to befall him the same sorrow he has seen the picture he has witnessed mete out to others, his problem only becomes more difficult, he thinks his money and time wasted, because the uplift and hope for which he longed has failed him. In another way, which I hope to see mended speedily, the screen has failed a large part of its audience. When the man who has worked all day in office, shop or factory and his wife who has been a busy housewife, go for recreation to see whatever picture is being shown, too often they see living upon the screen men and women whose work and social position very closely parallel their own. But on the screen working people are portrayed living in beautiful houses, finely furnished, they are fashionably dressed and riding in automobiles, enjoying a degree of luxury far above the day laborer of the audience, and he justly feels that somewhere, somehow, he has lost out in Life's deal and is not getting his deserts, and rebellious thoughts begin to fill his mind.

There is no one to whisper to him that what he is seeing is not a fair presentation of the life of his fellow workers, but the best-dressed sets the property man can provide to make the picture good-looking. There is no one to whisper to the man in the audience that the house he is coveting is a patched-up shell having no front, the costumes worn so effectively are rented from a costuming company, or that he would recoil in horror from doing himself or seeing his wife or daughter perform many of the tasks imposed upon the actors. Elaborate settings, costumes and unfair portrayal of the daily life of working people have done much in this country toward breeding unrest and Bolshevism. This is one of the mistakes that long has been made in pictures, that I shall do all in my power to correct, and the class of pictures that are going big today, "Grandma's Boy," for example, shows that

[Turn to page 89]



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The Family Living-Room

Be Sure It Reflects the Personality of Its Owners

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE longer I work at being a decorator, the more sure I am that although the

decorator is supposed to think of a living-room in terms of color schemes and furniture curves, she must actually plan it from the habits of the people who will use it, before she undertakes its embellishment.

She meets the various members of the family who will use the room, listens to them talk, and studies them before she commits herself to any plan. She finds out whether they are country-club people depending on outside sports and gatherings for entertainment, or whether they spend their evenings at home. She knows whether their evenings are given over to books or to music. She knows whether they live among themselves or whether they bring in many outside friends, whether they play cards and games together, or whether they separate to their various rooms.

Furnishing a living-room for young people calls for the planning of hundreds of acquisitions—new furniture, new curtains, new pictures, and so forth—but furnishing a living-room for an established family usually calls more for the elimination of old things than for the selection of new ones. The average American living-room can be improved enormously by rearranging it. By throwing out some things and bringing in others, and by improving the things that are worth keeping, a room may be made very charming and very comfortable.

The main questions to ask yourself in furnishing your living-room are:

What color shall be selected for the walls, the woodwork, and the ceiling? Shall we leave the walls plain or shall we cover them with pictures?

What kind of curtains shall we have, thin glass curtains, as well as long curtains to be drawn? Are window shades necessary? Shall the curtains hang straight or shall they be looped back?

Shall we cover the floor with a carpet, or shall we polish it and use rugs?

Are there spaces where bookshelves may be built in or shall we buy bookcases?

How many comfortable sofas and chairs must we have?

Shall we group the most comfortable sofas and chairs around the fireplace, or near the largest group of windows?

Can we make one big table serve for books, magazines, and writing space as well, or shall we have a desk in addition to this table?

Shall we have a card-table and four chairs in the room, or shall we keep the card-table folded in a closet and shall we bring in dining-room chairs when we need them?

Shall we have a piano, or would it be more sensible to have a good talking machine?

Shall we hang a mirror over the

NOT too new to stand association with beloved shabby things, not too beautiful to wear everyday clothes in—the living-room is the heart of the home.

mantel or build it in between the windows? Shall we light the room with ceiling and wall fixtures, or

shall we use a number of movable lamps?

The solving of these questions depends on the habits and personalities of the members of the family. From a decorative standpoint there are many solutions.

If there is a large family, there should be a large—a very large—living-room. Even if it means tearing out partitions and sacrificing a room, there should be one spacious place in the house. Many people nowadays are giving up the little used dining-room, in small houses and small apartments, and using the living-room for dining as well.

Of course no one would give up a dining-room who had a house of average size, or a family of more than three or four. Then a dining-room becomes an essential. But if the dining-room opens into a living-room, it is excellent to furnish it as if it were an extension of the living-room, and make it usable between meals.

THERE is not space to answer all the above questions in detail. I can only

ask you to answer them for yourselves, and then study the best way to get the room you will love to live in. Briefly, the walls of the living-room are best when they are not too dark, not too light, not too severe, not too pretty. Plain walls of a medium tone of gray, tan, green, buff, or blue are always agreeable. If your room is very sunny, a cool color—gray, beige, green, or blue—will be best. If it has not enough sunshine, buff, a warm tan, a deep cream, or even plain white will give you the effect of light. Painted woodwork, a shade lighter than the walls, is always good, but dark woodwork has to be very good architecturally, or it is overpowering.

I like living-room windows to be as free of covering as possible. There should be long, full curtains to draw at night, of whatever material you wish, but thin white glass curtains are necessary only for privacy. In a country house it is much nicer to look out upon a landscape through shining glass than through net or muslin, but where there are passersby, there must be glass curtains. Choose some net or muslin or scrim that will stand frequent washing.

I think if I could buy only one good thing for my living-room I should choose a comfortable couch, and if necessary use a dry-goods box for a table beside it. A couch that is wide enough and long enough to sleep on will be a perfect place to read. It should have a covering of some material substantial enough to stand usage. If you have children and dogs, a heavy, plainish material—corduroy, or mohair velvet, or

[Turn to page 57]



A wall covering you can keep clean

Materials that show finger marks, or water and dirt stains are unsanitary and make unsightly walls. No wall covering is permanently beautiful unless it can be cleaned easily.

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In hundreds of American homes millions of hours of spare time are going to waste. These are golden hours which many women might well turn into money.

We want to buy the spare time of industrious women—or men, too, for that matter—and we are ready to introduce you to the means already arranged by which you can take advantage of the opportunity to earn the extra money you would perhaps welcome enthusiastically. Here's what we have to offer.

Allwear Hosiery is made exclusively in their homes by Gearhart Home Earners who use nothing else but the famous Gearhart Knitting Machine which is the **original** home knitter relied upon and thought highly of by thousands of women.

This fine knitter we arrange to place in your hands, supply you with yarn and pay you liberally under a long-term contract for all the Standard Allwear Hosiery you care to knit and send to us. The current price now paid Gearhart Home Knitters for the knitting alone, per dozen pair, is a very handsome one indeed.

Gearhart Checks are joyfully welcomed in many thousands of homes. Will yours be one?

There is no limit placed on the amount of money you may earn; you may make more or less, according to the spare time you have after the dishes have been washed, the house cleaning done or the children sent on the way to school. You'll find more spare time when you have such a fascinating way to turn time into money.

Fine Opportunity

If you want to knit socks for friends, neighbors and local stores, you may do so. In fact, many women prefer to do this and enjoy the independence and self-assurance of actually being in business for themselves. But if you prefer not to undertake the selling yourself you have always the Gearhart Contract, to take all your Standard Knitting, to rely upon.

At all times depend on it that the Gearhart Company will be ready and eager to accept and pay for all the Standard Hosiery you send in.

Any bank or credit agency will assure you of the high standing of the Gearhart Company, how they have built up a solid and big business since they first made the **original** home knitting machine way back in 1888. Surely you can see the advantage of dealing with an old, well-established concern. It gives you confidence in arranging to sell your spare time just the same as if you were spending cash and wanted to make sure of reliable goods.

It isn't considered at all difficult to do home knitting by the Gearhart Standard method. Indeed, there is little to it except to enter the yarn into the machine, turn the crank and watch the work carefully so that it comes out smoothly, evenly and nicely done.

You won't find it at all necessary to have any special stands or cumbersome fixtures for the Gearhart Knitting Machine.

It attaches quickly and neatly to any table or window sill and may be easily transported from one place to another.



For Your Spare Time at Home

The Gearhart Company wants to pay liberally for the spare time of industrious women and men home workers. You need not leave the house or do any selling or canvassing if you wish. Just rely on us.

Long Time Contract

We agree under bonafide contract to pay a liberal and definite rate for every dozen pair of standard Allwear Hosiery you turn out on the speedy Gearhart Standard Knitter which is the **Original** home knitting machine used in thousands of American homes. No man or woman who really has before him or her a perplexing problem should neglect to investigate this opportunity. Send for particulars about our astonishingly

Liberal Pay Plan

Rely on Gearhart

The Gearhart Company has learned by years of experience that contented home earners knit the best Allwear Hosiery. Years of pleasant acquaintance with thousands of fine, industrious home workers have resulted in a surpassing understanding and sympathy with women and men to whom an extra weekly or monthly income means so much.

No wonder Gearhart home earners become enthusiastic over pretty Allwear Hosiery. No wonder the name of Gearhart is foremost in the mind of almost every woman who has turned her spare time into knitting money for the last quarter of a century.

There's one more big important thing that should help you to be a Gearhart home earner during spare time and that is the reputation of Allwear Hosiery. You want to make something that you know enjoys a large and steady market, something that excels by virtue of the way it's made and what it is made of. You should see the yarn that we give you to knit into this fine brand of hosiery, soft and delicate and yet with the figurative durability of iron. Many of our friends say that one-half the pleasure of this delightful home occupation is in the use of the yarn and the other half in the manipulation of the knitter itself.

Now, you need the money or at least it may come in mighty handy. Gearhart wants the work and is ready to pay you for it. As we have said before, it is quite immaterial to us how much we pay you. You can have help if you desire. For instance, one of the children might enjoy a pleasant half hour or hour knitting or another member of the family might enjoy it greatly.

We know from dealing with thousands of women the keen satisfaction of receiving a Gearhart Allwear check in exchange for a few hours of application and attention to the wonderful Gearhart Standard Knitter.

A little money can do so much, especially when it is extra money to be used to satisfy the thousand and one longings of a woman's heart.

Pleasing Occupation

Gearhart Knitting is just suited to the woman who expects a reasonable return in money in exchange for her spare time. We believe we pay our home earners better than ninety-nine out of a hundred concerns who employ home workers and the satisfaction of those who now operate Gearhart Knitters in the quiet and privacy of their homes would seem to bear out our beliefs in every particular.

Do you realize what an amazing stride the wool hosiery manufacturing business has made recently? In some parts of the country men are wearing golf trousers and golf hose almost exclusively and women, too, have taken to wool hosiery as never before. We want more Allwear Hosiery and we want to put a Gearhart Standard Knitter in your hands so you can make it for us.

Learn How You Can Earn

Let wishing for things you can't afford be a thing of the past. Just feel that at least you are entitled to the simple necessities and even the little luxuries which have seemed to pass by you like will-o'-the-wisps. Certainly you have spare time, certainly you can devote a few hours a week in your own home. The Gearhart Company, dean and daddy of home work buyers, gives you the opportunity which means so much to so many industrious, ambitious women.

Do not be backward in writing for details and before you make a move to accept home work from other sources hear what Gearhart has to offer.

Don't think home industry is something you need hesitate about. Thousands of women are doing the same thing, even women high in society have not hesitated to take up Gearhart Knitting and many women are exceedingly proud of being identified with the Gearhart Company and the knitting of Allwear Hosiery.

Clip the coupon below and mail to the Gearhart Company and look for good news by return mail. It should prove to be a ready answer to your simple financial problems. Don't wait until tomorrow. Act now, while that good impulse towards better things urges you.

This Coupon Will Start You Right

The Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Date.....
Dept. MCF, Clearfield, Pa.

You may send me particulars about your home-earning plan, including your home occupation guide book and samples of knitting done on the machine you want me to use at home during my spare time.

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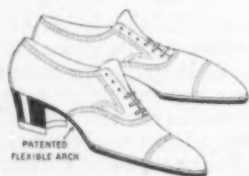
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Use Electricity, 1/4 to 1/2 Cooking Time

You prepare the entire family meals with less effort and less cost than ever before. High priced cuts of meat can be discarded for lower priced cuts and inexpensive food made equally appetizing, more nutritious and healthful. No "pot-watching." No worrying about burning.

No Special Wiring Not a penny additional expense for wiring and fixtures. Attaches to any electric socket, the same as electric iron or toaster. You prepare the food for cooking, the same as you have always prepared it. Put it in the cooker, turn on the switch, and leave it. No clocks to set. No dials to regulate. No thermometers to watch. No radiators or discs to heat. You use electricity only to bring the food to the cooking point. It, then, automatically shuts itself off. The heat you pay for is used for only one-fourth to one-third of the cooking time. Guaranteed Wear-Ever aluminum utensils furnished with it. It is aluminum lined throughout—won't rust or corrode.

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Does all baking—A pan of biscuits, a cake, beans, use electricity 12 to 15 minutes.

A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes.

Fries—Toasts—Stews Makes Coffee, Boils Tea Kettle. No other stove needed.

All complete ready to use when you receive it.

Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 22]

"She sleeps—quietly and peacefully," he informed the doctor, in a whisper. "Then the danger is past," said Dr. Beamish. "She will recover now, thanks be to God."

HOLLES, awakening from eleven hours of uninterrupted sleep but still heavy with lassitude, stood dully at hand whilst the examiner whom Dr. Beamish had brought held his formal inquisition into the condition of the patient, of Mrs. Dalloes and of Holles himself.

When at last the examiner and the doctor passed from the room, Holles dragged himself after them. For twenty-eight days the house would remain locked and he was doomed to imprisonment for that time. He went below-stairs to the dining-room. He flung the windows wide and lay on the day-bed smoking and thinking, and very listless. And it was thus, in the days that followed, that most of his hours were spent. Vaguely he hoped—he would have prayed but that he had long since lost the habit of prayer—that the infection which he supposed present in this house might claim him for its victim.

For the first three days his existence was one of complete idleness. He was content to lie smoking and moping. Each morning Mrs. Dalloes reported to him the condition of the patient, which was one of steady improvement. Then one day Holles was sought by Mrs. Dalloes with a message that Miss Sylvester was risen, and desired to speak with him.

He found her seated by the open window. Her pallor but added to the charm of her great beauty. She wore that gown of ivory white in which she had been carried to this evil house, and her chestnut hair had been dressed with care and was intertwined with a thread of pearls.

He closed the door, advanced a pace or two, and halted.

"You sent for me," he said. "Else I should not have ventured to intrude." He did not know that it was his own cruel pride that held him there, stiff and unbending.

One of her slender tapering hands plucked nervously at the rug about her knees. "I sent for you, sir, that I might acknowledge the great debt in which you have placed me; for your disregard of your own peril in tending me; in short, sir, for my life, which had been lost without you."

"You owe me no thanks—no thanks at all," he said, and his voice was gruff with suppressed emotion. "I but sought to undo the evil I had done."

"You did not owe it to yourself to risk your life for me."

"My life, madam, is no great matter. A life misused, mispent has no great value. It was the least that I could offer."

"Perhaps," she answered gently. "But also it was the most, and, as I have said, far more than you owed."

He did not help her. Persuaded of the scorn that must underlie her utterance however smooth, he accepted her words as expressions of a pitying gratitude. His desire, above all, was to withdraw from an interview that could be nothing but a source of pain. But she detained him, persisting in what he accounted her cruel charity. He looked at her at last, and in his eyes she saw some reflection of the pain he was suffering.

"You wish to thank me. You thank me; but you despise me. Your gratitude cannot temper your contempt. It is not possible."

"Don't!" she said. "Ah, don't!" But in the sorrow in her face he read no more than the confirmation of the very thing she was feebly attempting to deny.

"For years I sought you, Nan," he burst out passionately, "a man without a stain upon his name, to find you at last in an hour in which I was so besmirched I could not bear your eyes upon me. Now out of your pity, you fling me thanks that are not due, since what I have done was done in mitigation of my offense. What more is there to say? If this house were not locked, and I a prisoner here, I should have gone by now, taking care that our paths should never cross again, that I might never again offend you with the necessity to render thanks." He bowed formally, and turned away.

"Randal, won't you tell me how . . . how you came into . . . into the position in which I found you here? Won't you let me know all—so that I may judge for myself?"

A moment he stood there, white to the lips and trembling, fighting his pride—that pride which was masquerading in the garment of humility.

"Judge me, madam, upon the evidence you possess. It is sufficient to enable you to do me justice. Nothing that went before can extenuate the thing you know of me. I am a scoundrel, an offense, and you know me to be this—you in whose eyes I would ever have appeared as a man of shining honor. O, God pity me! Don't you see?"

[Turn to page 52]

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The Correct type of Tooth Brush

As evolved by modern experts and adopted by modern authorities

A world-wide crusade is being conducted for better tooth protection. This new-type brush is a vital factor in it. It is made to the specifications agreed on by leading dental authorities. Dentists in general, the world over, now advocate this type.

It does more than remove food debris. It attacks the coats, the cause of most tooth troubles. It is adapted to the rolling method, now generally advised. One should always brush from the gums toward the tooth points.

Its correct separations let the bristles penetrate between the teeth. Its correct shape adapts the brush to all tooth surfaces, to combat film, tartar and other deposits. Its use massages the gums—a great factor in dental hygiene.

Careful people everywhere, under dental advice, are adopting this type of brush. It is known as the Decoater.

Pocket Style

The Decoater also comes in this pocket style. Thus travelers, motorists and others may always have a well-kept tooth brush with them. But the time is coming when all careful people will carry a pocket brush.



Folds into a case like this

Wherever you are, teeth should be brushed immediately after meals. With people who eat away from home, this is the only way.

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Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, \$1; Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.

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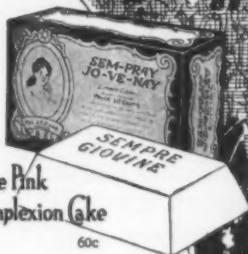
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Oh, Youth! Tender as the blush of early dawn and fresh as the sparkling dew! What can I do to preserve thee! This longing finds echo in every human heart.

Youth is not merely a matter of years—for the old may look young and the young may look old. A fine, clear complexion gives youth to the appearance. Keep your complexion "always young" with Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay.

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Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay
Company
Dept. 2022
Grand Rapids,
Mich.



The Pink
Complexion Cake
60c



Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 50]

Her eyes were suddenly aswim in tears. "I see that perhaps you judge yourself too hardly. Let me judge for myself, Randal. Don't you see that I am aching to forgive? Is my forgiveness nothing to you?"

"It would be all," he answered her. "But behind that forgiveness there must ever remain the contempt, the loathing of this deformity of mine. It must be so. Because of that . . ." He broke off.

She could not speak. She was too weak to combat his desperate convictions.

Softly he went out, and closed the door.

The weeks crept on, and August was approaching. Soon now the period of quarantine would be at an end, and the house in Knight Ryder Street reopened to liberate its inmates. Yet the passing of time wrought no change in the mood of Holles. Not once again did he seek to approach Nancy, and not again did she bid him to her presence.

They were within three days of the reopening of the house when at last one evening Mrs. Dallows came to him trembling with excitement, and a little out of breath.

"Miss Sylvester, sir, bids me say that she will be obliged if you will step upstairs to see her."

He took refuge in postponement that would give him time to think. "Say . . . say that if Miss Sylvester will excuse me . . . not this evening. I am tired . . . The heat . . ." he vaguely explained.

"If not this evening, when? Tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, yes," he answered eagerly, thinking only of averting the immediate menace.

He sat, and smoked and thought, resolved that at all costs that interview must not take place. One way there was to avoid it and definitely to set a term to the menace of it. That was to break out of the sealed house at once without awaiting the expiration of the legal term.

As he sat, having resolved on escape, a sudden thought seized him, and growing to purpose, exalted him. He sought pen, ink and paper, drew a chair to the table, and sat down to act upon his inspiration.

"You have asked," he wrote, opening abruptly thus, "to know by what steps I descended to the hell of infamy in which you discovered me. And I refrained from answering you lest I should arouse in you a further measure of your blessed, self-deceiving compassion. But now that I am on the point of passing out of your life, I am moved to tell you all, that thus I may bear away with me the fortifying hope that hereafter you will hold my memory in a pity that shall be free of execration. . . ."

Once only he paused, to procure and light fresh candles, and then wrote on. Not until the approach of dawn, did he cease, his task accomplished.

Then from an inner pocket of his doublet, he drew a tasseled yellow glove that was slim and long and sorely rubbed and stained with age.

Snatching up the quill again he scrawled at fierce speed on the foot of the last of the written sheets:

"Here is a glove that you bestowed on me in the long ago. I wore it, as your knight wearing his lady's favor in the lists of life, proudly by the right of your gift and my unsullied honor. For years it was an amulet to maintain that honor still unsullied against all trials and temptations. Now that it has failed of this purpose through my own cowardice and unworthiness, you may not wish me to retain it longer."

That manuscript—for it is hardly to be termed a letter—still survives. Its faded characters cover some thirty pages of paper that the centuries have tinted yellow. It has been—as you will surmise—in my possession. It has supplied me with more than the mere elements of this history.

He did not read it through when it was done. There was no time for that. As he had poured it from his heart, so he left it. He folded the sheets together, enclosing the glove within them, wrapped a thread of silk about the package, and on the knot of this he made a disk of wax which he sealed with his thumb. He superscribed the package quite simply: "To Miss Nancy Sylvester."

Next he drew forth his still well-filled purse, and emptied its contents onto the table. One-half he replaced; of the other he made two packets, addressing one to Dr. Beamish and the other to Mrs. Dallows.

Softly then he pushed back his chair, and rose. He tiptoed to the window, and peered down into the shadows where the watchman kept his post, propped in the corner of the padlocked doorway. A sound of snoring came to inform Holles that, as he had reckoned, the fellow slept. Holles went back. He took up his hat and cloak. Then acting upon a sudden thought he sought his baldrick, and to the empty scabbard that was attached to it he fitted the slender dress rapier left by Buckingham.

Having passed the baldrick over his

[Turn to page 58]



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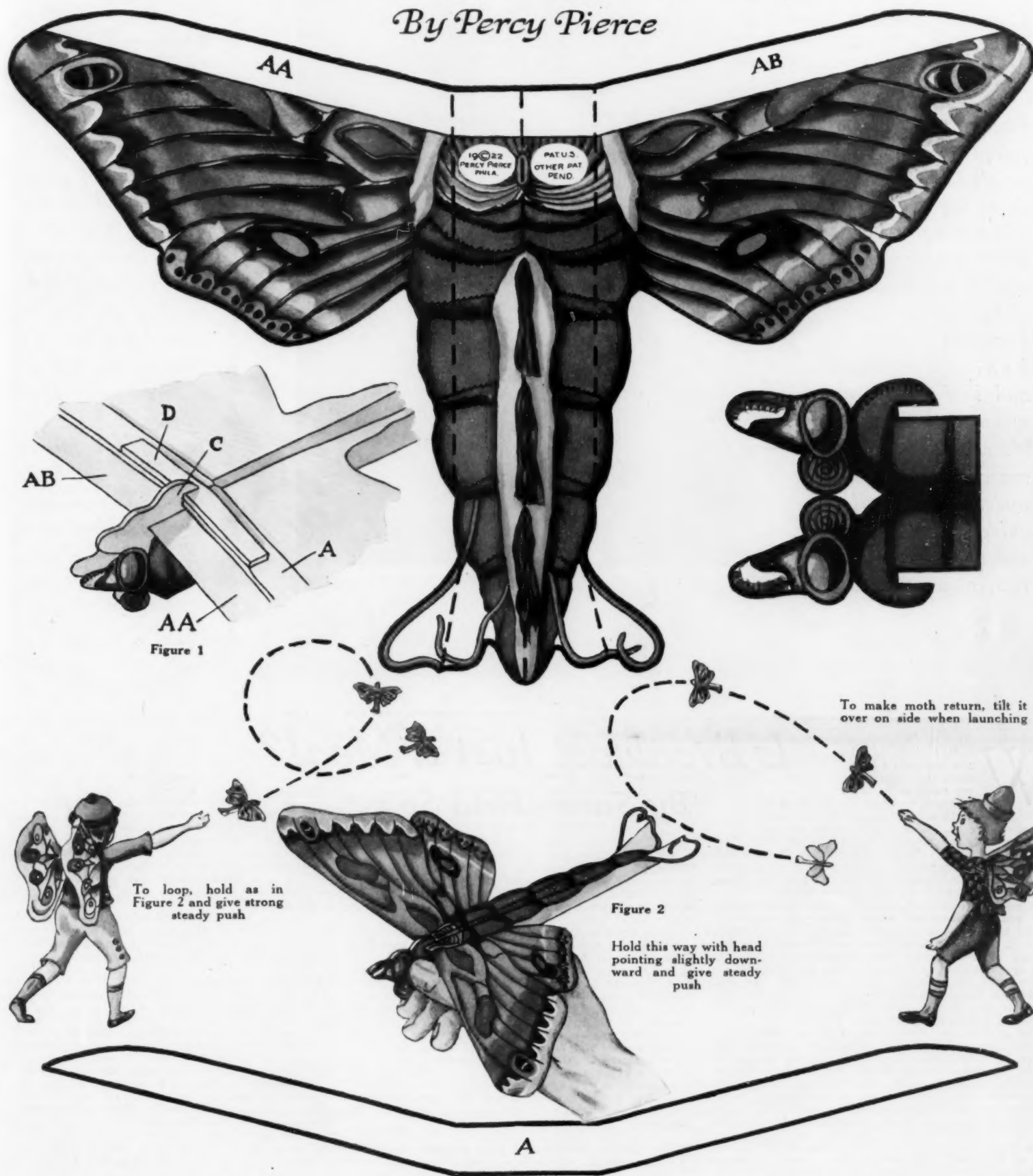
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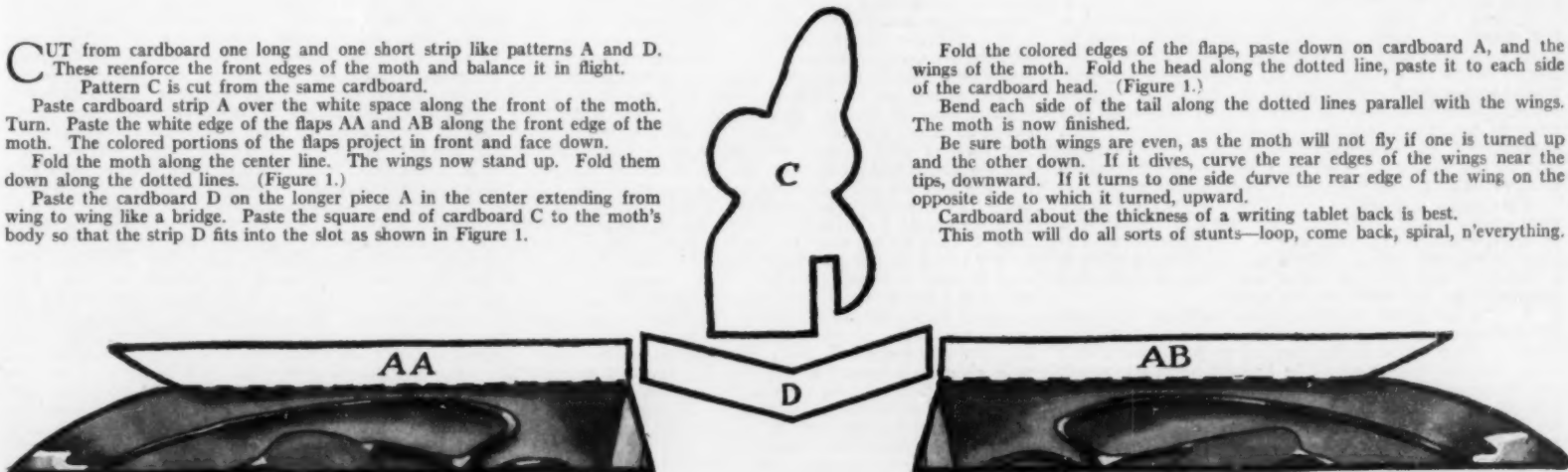
When Fairies Fly in Airplanes

By Percy Pierce



CUT from cardboard one long and one short strip like patterns A and D. These reinforce the front edges of the moth and balance it in flight. Pattern C is cut from the same cardboard. Paste cardboard strip A over the white space along the front of the moth. Turn. Paste the white edge of the flaps AA and AB along the front edge of the moth. The colored portions of the flaps project in front and face down. Fold the moth along the center line. The wings now stand up. Fold them down along the dotted lines. (Figure 1.) Paste the cardboard D on the longer piece A in the center extending from wing to wing like a bridge. Paste the square end of cardboard C to the moth's body so that the strip D fits into the slot as shown in Figure 1.

Fold the colored edges of the flaps, paste down on cardboard A, and the wings of the moth. Fold the head along the dotted line, paste it to each side of the cardboard head. (Figure 1.) Bend each side of the tail along the dotted lines parallel with the wings. The moth is now finished. Be sure both wings are even, as the moth will not fly if one is turned up and the other down. If it dives, curve the rear edges of the wings near the tips, downward. If it turns to one side curve the rear edge of the wing on the opposite side to which it turned, upward. Cardboard about the thickness of a writing tablet back is best. This moth will do all sorts of stunts—loop, come back, spiral, n'everything.



As Chief of the Division of Home Conservation of the U. S. Food Administration, Sarah Field Splint inspired and directed us all in our work of saving food to win the war. Miss Splint achieved this great result because of her intuitive knowledge of the hearts and minds and lives of the women who are America's home-makers. That same understanding will guide her in the help and counsel she offers, now, to you.



In a special series of articles, Miss Splint will discuss the psychological importance of food—its effects on the temperament and spirits of your family and your guests. On this page, Breakfast, the most important meal of the day, is considered as the meal which marks the pinnacle of a homemaker's success if her family go out to the day's work, from that meal, inspired with the will to learn, to develop, to achieve.

WHEN I think of all the breakfasts I have eaten that have sent me out irritable, discouraged, scowling, into an unsympathetic world, I am sure that they, and they alone, are the reason why I am not now the American Lady Astor or, at the very least, the holder of the female swimming championship of the world. I have no talents that qualify me for either of these honors but I feel that I might have had if only I had always been treated with kindness at the first meal of the day.

A few lucky individuals, of course, waken in the morning with hearty appetites and placid spirits. All they ask is enough to eat and a reasonable amount of peace while eating it. They can never know how fortunate they are, but the wife and mother who numbers them among her flock appraises their value beyond rubies and diamonds.

For most folk, alas, life is not so simple! To vast numbers of sensible, unselfish people, morning is the time of low vitality, of edgy nerves, of lagging appetite, and no amount of wishing can make them otherwise.

For such natures breakfast is indeed a fateful meal. Fortified by good food and cheered by a sympathetic understanding they start out on the day's work with all the chances for success in their favor. But let them listen to complaints or nagging, or be served with an unappetizing, commonplace meal and the sense of apprehension, which has been hovering like a vague cloud on the horizon, settles down mercilessly on their spirits, sentencing them to nervousness and diminished usefulness until they can forget.

So breakfast becomes a problem of temperament no less than of nutriment. The woman with a talent for home-making knows that the wind must be tempered for her shorn lambs, and that they must not be too conscious of what is being done for them.

It would be funny, wouldn't it, if it were not just a little touching? Adults, at least, it would seem, should be above such childishness. But like the school children of the family, or the boys and girls just starting out on their career, we seasoned grown-ups do our day's work a little better, a little more easily if some one for whom we care starts us out in the morning in a state of well-being born of good food, harmonious surroundings and the consciousness that we can accomplish wonders if only we put our minds to it. It is an armor which many blows cannot pierce.

How simple it would be if everybody in the same family were exactly alike! But one is sensitive and another is a braggart, one is overly conscientious, the other is maddeningly casual, one dashes headlong at everything, another is a tortoise. The methods which work miracles with one personality get you nowhere with another.

As you cast your discerning glance at those dear faces gathered round your breakfast table you have quick decisions to make. This is the moment to praise backsliding Small Son for the fine report he brought home last month and to assure him that further repetitions of it will make you the proudest mother in town. You sense that now, as Daughter for the first time glances self-consciously at her out-grown dress, is the moment to promise that new sweater and sport skirt for which you have been saving. You find it the opportune moment for prodding father

Is Breakfast Just a Meal?

By Sarah Field Splint

to get off the tardy letter of protest to the gas company. "We may just as well have that over-charge to put towards the new car," you suggest guilefully. You resolutely hide your justifiable annoyance when Big Son wanders in half an hour late, languid, glum, a victim of one of those strange depressions of youth.

Of all thankless tasks none is worse than attempting to reform someone at the breakfast table. Hardened characters oftentimes can be disciplined with profit after 9 A. M. But beyond enforcing the rule that each member of the family show reasonable consideration for the feelings of the others—and for yours—let them be themselves. You will wear yourself out trying to make the taciturn ones sunny and agreeable, or the restless ones models of deportment, or the shy ones warriors for their rights. By accepting them as they are you will be able to soothe a little the nerves that are jangled, to galvanize the procrastinator into action, to subdue young Know-It-Alls into a becoming humility, to fill the timid with even a tiny conceit, and so despatch them all to work and school sure of your love and of the tremendous importance of making good for your sake and their own.

THE belief is taking hold in more and more households that breakfast should be adapted to the people who eat it. Time was when people thought only of adapting themselves to it. But why shouldn't a woman question whether the customs sanctioned by long usage as practical are really the most practical for her? I remember when the light first broke on me about this. Three women friends of mine set up housekeeping in a rambling, old-fashioned apartment. One of them, the teacher, was obliged to be in her class-room by half-past eight each morning; the reporter went on duty about noon and worked until ten or eleven at night; the editor reached her office by nine. At first they all tried having breakfast together because that was the way it had always been done in their own families. But this plan worked a hardship on the reporter. She was not getting as much sleep as she needed, and it was arranged that she should be served whenever she was dressed and ready. After a time their one maid rebelled because right in the midst of her morning's work she was obliged to stop to cook a second breakfast. Then someone had the happy idea that one early meal should be prepared and that it should be served to each of my three friends on a tray in her room. The scheme worked perfectly and Norah took back the notice she had given. At night she set the trays with china and linen. In the morning she had only to arrange the hot food on them and take them to the bedrooms. The dining-room was thus left free for her to mop and dust and by the time it was finished breakfast was eaten and the dishes ready for washing. My reporter friend slept until Norah appeared with her breakfast; while the teacher and editor got in some moments of work or reading

as they ate. By departing from long-established habit, this little family hit upon a system that made everybody happier.

The wife of a busy country doctor whom I sometimes visit, always sends her husband's breakfast to his study by one of the older children. It is the only hour in the twenty-four when he can count on being undisturbed and he seizes this golden opportunity for reading up on medicine and kindred subjects. Despite the hard life he leads he is better physically and more widely informed about the latest developments in his profession than many a city physician.

Not every home would find it practical or even desirable to follow either of these plans, but perhaps some slight change in your present manner of serving breakfast might make a pleasant difference in your own case.

AFTER all, the essence of the thing is to start the members of your family off in the morning possessed of that glorious feeling of physical fitness and mental alertness, and this must be accomplished at the least cost to yourself. Because your efficiency, too, is of vital importance and your love and unselfishness must not mislead you as it did a friend of mine. A younger sister came to visit her last summer with a small baby and a nurse. My friend's family consists of five persons to all of whom she allows more freedom than perhaps she should. With the addition of two adults and one child to her household she told me she found herself cooking from six to seven separate breakfasts each morning and that she was on her feet before the kitchen range from six-thirty until half-past nine.

No, you are far too necessary to your family's welfare to be offered up as a living sacrifice on the breakfast table. Though you may pour out your spiritual forces on them, your physical energy must be conserved according to the dictates of common-sense. Your ingenuity will find ways of shortening the breakfast preparations so that you will not have to rise so early. The table will be set the night before and the cereal, if you use a cooked one, will be put into the fireless cooker or given a start in the double boiler.

Perhaps your kitchen is a spacious, cheerful room. Then why not serve breakfast there where the coffee and toast will be piping hot, and ever so many steps will be saved? Or in the summer, when eating becomes a melancholy duty to your family in spite of your best efforts, can't you move out to the back porch for the first meal anyway? It's an easier place to tidy up than the dining-room, and the change will give new interest to a routine affair.

Some labor-saving breakfast menus are given in a little book which McCall's asked me to compile for you. It is called "Time-Saving Cookery." The dishes were worked out in my own kitchen, so that I know they are practical, and out of your own experience you can doubtless make many interesting additions to them.

After you have decided what your family is to eat, you have still to see that they eat it. But of course you have discovered the lure cereal has for children when raisins are added to it. Then, has your family a funny little kink in its mind about service in individual dishes? One mother of my acquaintance finds her four boys will drink milk if they

[Turn to page 60]

Keep Your System Regulated Eat Dried Peaches and Figs and Fig Products

HEALTH-FRUIT FROM CALIFORNIA



What is Good for the Child is Good for the Man

HEALTH authorities agree that dried Peaches and Figs are splendid foods for children. These fruits are easily digested and they possess unusual quantities of health-producing properties such as Protein, Vitamines, and Fibre, which build bone, muscle and tissues and supply stamina and energy, making possible the watch-like functioning of the digestive organs.

The health-producing properties in these fruits give the same service to men and women as they do to children. Men and women both need to replenish and strengthen their nerves, muscles, broken-down tissues and sluggish blood action. California Dried Peaches and Figs contribute the elements needed in this work.

Not only are these California fruits wonderful as health-foods, but they are also delicious. They bring to you a flavor and goodness that is both rare and delightful. Tasty and appetizing dishes are quickly and easily prepared from these fruits. Sauce, Pie, Cake, Pudding, Dumplings and scores of other good things to eat are made doubly delightful if these California fruits are the main foundation.

Dried Peaches and Figs are sold in bulk by the pound in most grocery stores. Dried Peaches can also be obtained in sanitary cartons. Ask for the BLUE RIBBON BRAND.

California Figs In Various Products

You can buy California Figs in the way you like best. Your Grocer has California PURPLE RIBBON BRAND whole figs preserved in syrup, California PURPLE RIBBON BRAND Fig Preserve for spreads and fillings, California BLUE RIBBON BRAND Fig Meat in bricks for sandwiches, jams, etc., California BLUE RIBBON BRAND Fig Brownies in 5-cent packages for convenient eating between meals. Your Baker will supply you with Fresh Fig Pie made from canned fresh California Figs, Fig Bread, Fig Cookies and Fig Cakes. He also has Dried Peach Pies and other delicacies.

Dried Peaches and Figs in Cereal

Add chopped BLUE RIBBON California Figs or Peaches to hot breakfast cereal while it is cooking and about twenty minutes before it is to be served, allowing one-half cup of figs or peaches to two cups of cooked cereal. Oatmeal or cream of wheat is especially good with these fruits added.



Peach Pie Filling

2 cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES.
1½ cups water.

Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with BLUE RIBBON DRIED PEACHES which have been soaked in water for several hours and cooked slowly without sugar. Sprinkle each layer of peaches with a generous amount of sugar. Brush the rim of pastry with cold water and cover with pastry; prick the paste with a fork and dredge with sugar. Bake until well browned.

Fig Sauce

To each pound of dried stewing figs pour on 4 or 5 pounds (pints) of boiling water; let set in this water overnight. In the morning bring to a boil for five minutes and then add dry sugar to suit taste. (Do not put the dry sugar into the cold water as this will toughen the skins of the figs.) Continue boiling until desired thickness syrup reached. Add a little grated lemon peel, or a little ginger or mace, and you will have the most delicious dish of dried fruit that can possibly be had.

Dried Peach Sauce

Delicious for breakfast.

Wash peaches, place in sauce pan, cover with cold water, and soak overnight, or until fruit absorbs all the water it will take up. Cook slowly and continuously, until tender, in water in which it was soaked. Sweeten to taste just before removing from fire. Cooking fruit after sugar is added tends to harden it.

Blue Ribbon Peach Cobbler

3 cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES
(Softened overnight and stewed slowly)
2 cups sugar. Flavoring.
Butter. Flaky pie crust.

Put sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of water in which peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over softened peaches, allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in peaches, dot top with tiny piece of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center crosswise. Bake until pastry is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

Dried Fig Pie Filling

1 lb. fig jam.
1 teaspoon lemon juice.
¾ teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon butter.
Grated rind of lemon.
Use open or closed top pie.

Fig Sandwich Filling

¾ cup chopped BLUE RIBBON California Figs.
½ cup sugar.
½ cup hot water.
1 tablespoon lemon juice.
Cook figs, sugar and water in double boiler until thick and transparent. Add lemon juice and cool.

Address DEPT. "E"

For Free Recipes

A postal card to us will bring you free recipes showing many ways of preparing both Peaches and Figs. Add these recipes to your collection. You will be delighted with them.

Ask Your Grocer For These

CALIFORNIA BLUE RIBBON DRIED FIGS
Sold in bulk by the pound.
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Sold in bulk and in packages.
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Sold in cartons.
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Sold in glass and tin containers.
CALIFORNIA PURPLE RIBBON PRESERVED FIGS
Whole figs preserved in syrup, come in glass and tin.
CALIFORNIA BLUE RIBBON FIG BROWNIES
Sold in 5c packages.
CALIFORNIA PURPLE RIBBON CANNED FRESH FIGS



Produced and Packed by the
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Over 8,500 Grower Members
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57

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP makes everything on the table taste better. It's bound to—made of only luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, pure granulated sugar, the purest of spices—and cooked and seasoned in Heinz spotless kitchens.

HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup



FINDINGS OF THE FOOD WORKSHOP

Who Gets It—

The Dollar That You Spend for Food?

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOT so long ago we used to play,

"Button, button, who has the button?" But now the world seems to have found a far more serious game in, "Dollar, dollar, who gets the dollar?" Everybody is asking this question about the dollars we spend for food, and everybody wants to know the answer because we are all food buyers.

The button passed from hand to hand in our childish game and finally lodged in one spot. The dollar is much harder to trace because in its course it is broken into many parts, some of which stay in the hands of each person who handles our food.

Through research several universities have made impartial efforts to trace the course of the dollar, and recently a long and thorough investigation to determine the responsibility for food costs has been carried on by the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry of the House and the Senate, in Washington.

When life was less complicated and cities were smaller, the dollar traveled less. The wants of our ancestors were fewer; less was spent for food because almost everyone did some producing in his own garden. What was not raised at home could usually be purchased from the neighbors. Sugar, tea and coffee were almost the only commodities coming from a distance.

Now economic conditions have changed. Our cities contain more than half of our population and we have fewer gardens and more wants. Hence an intricate system of marketing has grown up which makes the dollar more and more elusive. We know that our money goes—but where, and to whom?

Living as we do today we must pay other people for services which our grandmothers performed for themselves. They had storage cellars for vegetables while we must have our food stored for us outside the home. They did most of their own carting while we are dependent on transportation agencies.

THEY ate largely of seasonal foods and were contented with comparatively few flavors and simple menus. Today, even in the markets of our small towns, there are available, during the entire year, such products as lettuce, oranges and other fresh fruits and vegetables. And in the big cities nothing prevents us from buying any food at any season except the limitations of our purses.

Our grandmothers took what they could get and were thankful if only they had a goodly supply, while we have our fruits and vegetables graded for us so that we can buy as perfect a quality as we can afford.

They did most of their own canning and preserving and had few manufactured foods, while we, to a large extent, have our canning done for us in factories and use a great many prepared breakfast foods, soups, meats and desserts.

Grandfather may have made only a weekly visit to market, but we want to buy in small quantities daily, and have stores nearby and frequent deliveries.

Despite all these advantages we are loath to believe that there should be

DO you know how the money you spend for food is divided? This article explains why food costs more today than it did in bygone years.

any great difference between what we have to pay for our food and what the farmer receives

for it. We hear much about the middleman who stands between the producer and the consumer, but if he did not stand there who would do our storing, carting, shipping, canning and manufacturing and collect for us a variety of foods from all quarters of the globe?

Let us analyze the way the dollar is divided to cover the cost of all of these services. Take butter, for instance, as shown in the table at the bottom of the page.

Everybody should be interested in a square deal for the farmer. If he is not paid enough for the food he produces he naturally will want to undertake another business where the returns will compensate him for his labor. This would be most unlucky for all of us since we do not wish to change places with him and raise our own food. Most of us prefer businesses where there is less risk and more certainty that after a year of hard work everything will not be lost in a hail-storm, a drought, an onrush of grasshoppers or some similar misfortune.

MOREOVER, the farmer, even though he is not a manufacturer, has many costs of operation which must be met. If he is producing milk, his dairies must conform to rigid standards of cleanliness and sanitation. For his crops he must pay for seed, labor, machinery, fertilizer, upkeep, taxes and numerous other things. His business should yield him interest on the money invested in his farm and a fair salary for its management. Other businesses demand this as their right. Too many people still think of production not as a business at all, but as the raising of something by the farmer and his family.

The manufacturer has to bear the cost of standardization of his butter so that it is uniformly good. Otherwise he would have to sustain heavy losses. He has to pay for his plant, machinery, labor and for any improvements necessary to compete successfully with other creameries.

In transportation charges, not only the actual costs of freight and carting are included, but also the expense of refrigeration and the handling of the butter at the terminals.

Some may wonder why there need be a wholesaler of butter. If a small creamery had a large shipping force and storage space, it could ship butter to large retail stores nearby. However, ordinarily, butter comes from a distance and in this case should be shipped in carload lots to obtain reduced freight rates. Then there must be somebody to receive the shipment, hold it in reserve until needed, and to distribute it in small quantities to the numerous retailers who have little refrigeration space and must do their buying on short notice.

For such commodities as butter, meat and flour—fairly stable—the farmer receives about the same percentage of the dollar. But for highly perishable foods, like fruits and vegetables he gets much less because there

[Turn to page 57]

IF YOU SPEND A DOLLAR FOR BUTTER—

The farmer producing the cream, receives.....	\$.694
The creamery manufacturing the butter, gets.....	.069
The transportation charges are.....	.042
The wholesaler who buys by the carload, stores the butter and distributes it to the retailer, gets.....	.056
The retailer who keeps the butter on ice for you and delivers it to your door, takes.....	.139
	<hr/> \$1.000

Note—Figures taken from "Marketing of Farm Products"—Weld.



Write for our new
Minute Tapioca
Cook Book
It is free

Do you, perhaps, think of tapioca for one or two dishes only?

There are any number of interesting ways to use this substantial food.

The new Minute Tapioca Cook Book gives thirty-one ways to serve Minute Tapioca—and all of them are good.

There are simple desserts that a novice can turn out with the success of an experienced cook. There are unusual dishes to break the routine of daily fare. There are puddings galore, entrées, soups and all dishes that Minute Tapioca can make taste so good. You will want to try every receipt in the book.

Minute Tapioca



It requires no soaking

Every receipt in the Minute Tapioca Cook Book is easy to prepare. For Minute Tapioca requires no soaking and in fifteen minutes it is thoroughly cooked.

Nearly every grocer carries Minute Tapioca. Identify it by the blue band around the red box with the Minute Man on it.

Send today for the new cook book. It is free.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY
102 Monroe Street, Orange, Mass.

Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca.



No home
can have
too much

PYREX

YOU just can't have too much PYREX—any more than you can have too much of the happiness and comfort which PYREX provides.

You can completely outfit your home from the 100 styles and sizes of

PYREX
Transparent Ovenware

Buy them of any dealer in housewares.

Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING, N. Y.
Originators and Pathees of
Oven Glassware



Who Gets It—

[Continued from page 56]

is a great loss on account of spoilage. There is spoilage in transit, due to delays, poor packing, insufficient refrigeration and to plant diseases which may cause the rotting of a whole carload of food which left the farm in good condition. The wholesaler has to move the perishable foods quickly, or he will have spoilage in his warehouse and sustain a loss. It is not always possible to dispose of all his holdings in a day. If the market is glutted, he has to sell at reduced prices the next day when the goods have lost their first freshness and attractiveness to the purchaser.

The retailer runs a chance of losing heavily on his fruits and vegetables. He must have a large assortment for his customers who wish a wide range of choice. No one wants to buy the bruised peach or the wilted lettuce, but the grocer cannot do business without some such deterioration in his wares. He must then charge enough for the sound fruits to cover his losses on the left-overs at the end of a hot day.

It is therefore reasonable to expect that the wholesaler and retailer will receive a larger percentage of the consumer's dollar spent for perishables than of the dollar spent for butter.

It is not fair to judge by any one commodity what percentage of the consumer's dollar the farmer or the middleman gets. Butter and perishables form a strong contrast. For butter the farmer gets a relatively high percentage, while for perishables he gets a much lower proportion—even as low as twenty cents. And there are graduations all the way between these two extremes.

It is idle to claim that our present marketing system is perfect. There are many things wrong with it. It has evils and wastes distributed all along the course the food travels—even invading our own kitchens.

The fact that our dollar has such a small purchasing power is to a large extent due to the services we, as consumers, demand. We must not blame any one marketing agency, nor even hold ourselves blameless.

The Family Living-Room

[Continued from page 48]

plain ribbed stuff—is best. And the sofa cushions are much nicer of the same material than of a mixture of fancy, unrelated materials.

The average living-room will stand a mixture of chairs, but they must all be comfortable. Not even a card chair or a desk chair should be permitted in the room if it is uncomfortable. It is impossible to have a lamp and small table beside each chair, but it is possible to group your furniture so that several persons may sit near each lamp, for talk or reading or sewing.

Books and magazines and flowers bring great charm to any room. Indeed, after sunshine and air and bodily comfort, I think flowers and books are next in importance. I would place them before pictures in importance. Most pictures have a way of disappearing, anyway, unless they have an architectural value in the room. How often do you really see your ordinary pictures? They are there, but do you ever look at them? And yet no one ever overlooks flowers.

Mirrors bring gaiety and increase space. A long mirror built between two windows, or over a low mantel, makes a small room forget its limitations, and gives delightful reflections.

The best way to go about furnishing your living-room is to put your belongings through a cross-examination and make them justify to you their right to existence in your most used room.



Fresh From Modern Bakers' Ovens Real Raisin Bread—

IF you like it and want it, this is the way to get real raisin bread—full-fruited, luscious, generously filled with big, plump, tender, juicy raisins.

Simply telephone your grocer or your bake shop and say that you want that kind.

All kinds of dealers are supplied with bread like this from modern master bakers' ovens—fresh, delicious, healthful bread with lots of raisins in it.

Try and see how good it is. No need to bake at home when you can buy such bread at stores near you.

Good raisin bread is a rare combination of the benefits of fruit and cereal—delicious, energizing, ironizing food.

Both good and good for you—your children and yourselves.

Once let the family taste it and you'll serve it at least twice a week. Get the first loaf now. Insist on getting a full-fruited loaf—first-class bakers will supply it, the kind you've always liked.

Sun-Maid Raisins



This tempting bread is made with Sun-Maid Raisins, made from finest California table grapes.

Use these raisins for all home purposes because of their fine quality and flavor. They cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Sun-Maid Raisins should cost you no more than the following prices:

Seeded (in 15 oz. blue pkg.)—20c
Seedless (in 15 oz. red pkg.)—18c
Seeded or Seedless (11 oz.)—15c
Seeded in Tins (12 oz.)—20c
Seeded in Tins (8 oz.)—15c

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Membership 13,000
Dept. A-502, Fresno, California



THERE IS something enticing, something strangely enchanting in the delicacy of these wafers. To taste one is to make the second quite irresistible.

Whatever the occasion, show the daintiness of your taste by serving Anola, Harlequin, Ramona and Nabisco Sugar Wafers at your table. There is nothing more delicious or more exquisitely dainty that you can serve your guests.



Do you know? that

ANOLA—Two crisp chocolate-flavored wafers with a creamy chocolate-flavored filling between.

RAMONA—Creamy cocoanut filling between delicious chocolate-flavored wafers.

NABISCO—A harmony of delicate taste consisting of sweet creamy filling between wafers of remarkable lightness.

HARLEQUIN—Tender golden wafers consisting of a triple layer enclosing delightful creamy flavors.

are all made by the
bakers of

Uneda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Uneda Bakers



Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 52]

head and settled it on his shoulder, he blew out the candles, and a moment later he straddled the window-sill, dropped lightly to the street below and set off in the direction of Sermon Lane.

But the evasion of Holles had not gone as entirely unperceived as he imagined. Slight as had been the noise he made, yet it had reached the window of the room immediately above, and by that window—which was the window of Nancy's room—sat Nancy.

She had heard the soft thud of feet as Holles dropped to the street and immediately thereafter the patter of his retreating footsteps. She was on the point of crying out, but suddenly checked herself, fearful of rousing the watchman. Then she steadied herself. After all, it was possible that her overwrought senses had played a trick upon her. But the doubt was unbearable. With trembling, fumbling fingers she kindled a light. Then, with a rug wrapped about her over her nightgown, she made her way below. And there she found the letter.

ON the third morning after the escape of Colonel Holles, the examiner presented Nancy and her housekeeper each with a certificate of health that permitted their free departure. Holles, she was then informed, had not been found.

And now Nancy did what many a broken-hearted woman has done, turned to the relief of others. She became a nurse. She had been cured of the plague and was immune, a "safe woman."

She could move among the plague sufferers without danger of again succumbing. The beautiful Sylvia Farquharson had been a great actress and now as Nancy Sylvester she became the best of nurses. And day by day she took on more of the beauty that suffering sometimes brings a lovely face. Little Doctor Beamish watched her with near-sighted eyes and wondered at her tragic sadness.

Had you asked Colonel Holles in after-life how he had spent the week that followed immediately upon his escape from the house in Knight Ryder Street, he could have supplied you with only the vaguest and most incomplete of accounts. His memories were a confused jumble, from which only certain facts detached with any degree of sharpness. The ugly truth, which must be told, is that in all that week he was hardly ever entirely sober. The thing began on the very night—or rather, morning—of his escape. It was unprofitable to follow him in those aimless wanderings, in which he spent that day and the days that followed.

His nights were invariably passed at the Sign of the Flagon in the dismal alley off Watling Street into which merest chance had led him. Low though he might previously have come, neither was this the resort nor were the thieves by whom it was frequented, the associates that he would ordinarily have chosen. Fortune, whose sport he had ever been, had flung him among those human derelicts; and there he continued, since the place afforded him the only thing he craved until death should—as he hoped—bring him final peace.

The end came abruptly. One night—the seventh that he spent in that lewd haunt of recklessness—he drank more deeply even than his deep habit. As a consequence, when, at the host's bidding, he lurched out into the dark alley, the last of all those roysterers to depart, his wits were drugged to the point of insensibility.

Without care of the direction in which he was moving, he came into Watling Street, crossed it, plunged into a narrow alley on the southern side, and reeled blindly onward until his feet struck an obstacle in their unconscious path. He pitched over it, and fell forward heavily upon his face. Lacking the will and the strength to rise again, he lay where he had fallen, sunk into a drunken sleep.

A half-hour passed. It was the half-hour immediately before the dawn. Came a bell tinkling in the distance.

"Bring out your dead!" The death wagon halted at the mouth of the alley in which the colonel lay. A man advanced, holding a flaming torch above his head. He beheld two bodies stretched upon the ground: the colonel's and the one over which the colonel had stumbled. He was followed a moment later by the cart, conducted by his fellow, who led the horse.

Whilst he who held the torch stood there to light the other in his work, his companion stooped and rolled over the first body, then stepped on, and did the same to Colonel Holles. The colonel's countenance was as livid as that of the corpse that had tripped him up. They bestowed no more than a glance upon him with the terrible callous indifference that constant habit will bring to almost any task and then returned to the other, and the two of them on their knees made an examination of the body, or rather of such garments as were upon it.

They rose, took down their hooks, and seizing the body they swung it up into the cart. Then they turned to Holles.

Their practised ghoully fingers went swiftly over him, and they chuckled obscenely at sight of the half-dozen gold pieces.

"There's his sword—a rich hilt; look, Larry."

They pulled his boots off and made a bundle of them together with the colonel's hat and cloak. This bundle Larry dropped into a basket that hung behind the cart, whilst Nick remained to strip Holles of his doublet. Suddenly he paused.

"He's still warm, Larry."

"What odds? He'll be cold enough or ever we come to Aldgate." And he laughed as he took the doublet Nick flung to him. The next moment their filthy hooks were in the garments they had left upon Holles, and they had added him to the terrible load that now half-filled their cart.

THEY were already approaching Aldgate and the first light of dawn, pallid, cold and colorless as a moonstone, was beginning to dispel the darkness, when he it from the jolting of the cart, or from the flow of blood where one of the foul hooks had scraped his thigh, the colonel was aroused from his drunken trance.

He awakened, thrusting fiercely for air, and seeking to dislodge the heavy mass that lay across his face. His efforts at first were but feeble as was to be expected of one in his condition; he gained no more than brief respites, in each of which, he gasped a breath of that foul contamination about him. Suddenly a sort of terror seized upon him. He braced himself and heaved, and he was clear, at least for his head. He saw the paling stars above and was able at last to breathe freely. He put forth a hand, and realizing by the sense of touch that what he grasped was a human arm, he shook it vigorously.

"Afoot there, ye drunken lob," he growled in a thick voice. "Get up, I say. Get up! O's my life! D'ye take me for a bed that you put yourself to sleep across me? Gerrup!" he roared, his anger increasing before that continued lack of response. "Gerrup, or I'll . . ."

He ceased abruptly, blinking in the glare of the light that suddenly struck across his eyes from the flaming head of the torch which had been thrust upward. The cart had come to a standstill.

"I told you the gentry-cove was warm, Larry."

"Ay! Well? And what now?" quoth the other querulously.

"Why, fling him out, o' course."

But Holles was no longer in need of their assistance. Sheer horror not only sobered him completely, it lent him superhuman strength. He heaved himself over the side of the cart, sprawling full length on the ground. By the time he had gathered himself up, the cart was already moving on again, and the peals of hoarse obscene laughter from the carters were ringing hideously through the silent street. Holles fled, back by the way he had been carried, and it was not until he had gone some distance that he began to grow conscious of his condition. He was without cloak or hat or doublet or boots. His sword was gone as well as his money. He was cold and dizzy. He shivered every now and then as with an ague, his head was a globe of pain and his senses reeled. Mechanically he trudged on and on, aimlessly now, a man walking in a nightmare. The light grew. At last he paused, without knowledge or care of where he was; utterly bereft of strength he sank presently into the shelter of the doorway of a deserted house, and there fell asleep.

When next he awakened, he found himself lying in the full glare of a sun that was already high in the heavens. He looked about him, and found himself in surroundings that were utterly unfamiliar.

In mid street, stood a man in a steeple hat dressed in black, leaning upon a red wand and regarding him attentively.

"What ails you?"

Disgruntled, Holles glared at him. "The sight of you," he snapped, and struggled stiffly up. "Naught else."

Yet even as he gained his feet a giddiness assailed him. He steadied himself a moment against the door-post. Then reeled and sank down again upon the step that had been his couch. For some few seconds, he sat there bemused, marveling at his condition. Then, acting on a sudden thought, he tore open the breast of his shirt.

"I lied," he shouted wildly. When next he looked up he was laughing, a ringing exultant laugh. "I lied. There is something else. Look!" and he pulled his shirt wider apart, so that the man might see what he had found.

On his breast the flower of the plague had blossomed while he slept.

And when next he awoke, at his bed-

[Turn to page 68]

Can you tell what it is



?

It contains no alum.
It leaves no bitter taste
in the food.
It is made from pure grape
cream of tartar.
It never fails to give perfect
results.
It safeguards the healthful-
ness of the food.
It will save eggs in baking.
It is endorsed by doctors and
food experts.

\$1000 in Prizes

For the best letters telling why this world-famous product is the best of its kind.

HERE is a favorite household article that you would recognize instantly if you could see the label. But the label has been purposely covered, to see if you can recognize it by the features given above—features

which have made it famous the world over and the choice of thoughtful housekeepers everywhere.

For the best letters telling why this product is the very best of its kind, we will give the following prizes:

**1st Prize \$200—2nd Prize \$150—3rd Prize \$100—4th Prize \$50
And 100 Prizes of \$5 each**

If you cannot recognize this product from the characteristics given above, or if you want to make sure that you have recognized it correctly, write to the address below and the name will be sent to you by return mail.

Contest is open to everyone, so do not miss the

opportunity to take part in it. As soon as the letters have been read and judged we will mail each contestant an announcement containing the list of prize winners and copies of the most interesting letters. Letters must not contain over 50 words and must be mailed by March 15, 1923, to

"Absolutely Pure," 15th floor, 135 William St., New York

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking



© THE R. L. W. CO.

Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified coconut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp

thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather. The lather rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

fled immediately by the fire-escape again, and took Marcella with me—told her to go hide herself. And then I came on here, because I'd promised, but kept careful watch all the way to make sure I wasn't followed."

For a time she sat thoughtfully, watching Rodney pace the room with nervous strides.

"Rodney: what do you think?"

"Think! Why I think you are the dearest, most wonderful woman that ever breathed," he declared ardently. "Incredible—that's the only word that fits you—incredibly brave and sweet and—daft. Twice I've let you have your own way, when I didn't know just what you were up to, though every instinct warned me I was wrong to trust you. But now I do know, it's out of reason to expect me to let you go on and blunder into more risks, greater dangers. I can't, I won't!"

"But what can you do about it? If I choose to go my own way, how can you stop me? After all, I'm still mistress of my own actions, you know—"

"Still? But you won't be, not entirely, once we're married."

She laughed a little fondly, shaking her head at him.

"You will marry me?"

"Yes, O yes!"

"Tomorrow?" He felt her lips tremble with the monosyllable of assent, but it was withheld.

"Then when?"

"Very soon. You must let me think." She stirred purposefully in his embrace.

"Please, Rodney."

He released her, watching her with eyes of adoration as she made an effort, almost pathetic, to recover something of the poise and self-command she had lost forever in his arms, some of the independence she had ceded to his lips.

"But now you really must show me a little consideration, dear. I'm so tired I can hardly stand, so sleepy I don't know how I manage to keep my eyes open." She consulted the nickel-plated watch strapped to her wrist. "Why, it's after three!"

"Good Heavens! I never thought—"

"Being a man, you wouldn't. But now you must. Please, Rodney, take thought quickly, tell me where to go for the rest of the night."

"You won't stir a step from these rooms. I can easily hop round the corner to the club and get me a room; while you'll be comfortable here and safe."

"Sit down a minute while I make my room ready and pack up a collar-button." Obediently Francesca subsided into her chair.

But when Rodney returned to the living-room, it was to find Francesca fast asleep in the armchair, so sound asleep she did not waken when with infinite care he gathered the slight young body into his arms, bore it to the adjoining room, and put it down upon the bed.

HE stole back into the sitting-room, closed the communicating door, took off coat, necktie, collar and shoes, donned a dressing-gown over shirt and trousers, thrust his feet into traveling-slippers, placed a chair so that the light of the study lamp would fall over his left shoulder, filled and lighted a pipe, and sat down with the first book that offered itself to his hand, firmly determined to stay awake the night through.

Never late was penned by mortal hand that could have caught and held his attention in that hour. Heavy eyelids dropped, then his head; his breathing gained a measured tempo; against his will, without his knowledge, Rodney slept.

A violent blow of an icy hand brought him back to life, a cruel blow above the heart that caused it to start and beat in spasms of intolerable pain.

He found himself standing, clawing empty air, fighting for breath like a man at the last moment rescued from death by drowning. Then his knees buckled and he would have fallen, but was caught and held up on his feet by friendly arms.

At length, lifting leaden eyes to the face of the man who was holding him up, without any emotion he recognized the superintendent of the building in which he had his rooms.

Then he heard the voice of Sergeant Ritchey booming like distant thunder:

"That's done it, Stiles. Feelin' better, Mr. Manship? Pretty far gone. Lucky for you we happened in when we did, or maybe you'd never 've wakened up in this world again. You've been chloroformed; and the sly bird what done it, done his best to put you to sleep for keeps."

For a moment or two Rodney stared with blank and witless eyes. Then with a strangled cry—"Francesca!"—and an abrupt jerk he broke from the arms of the man Stiles, staggered over to the bed-chamber door, and threw it open.

The bedchamber was without a tenant. Overwhelmed, he sagged limply against the jamb of the door—and Ritchey caught him as his senses failed.

When Rodney came back a second time from Limbo, he was again in the armchair, and a young physician of his acquaintance, a fellow-tenant of the apart-

ment building, was bending over him anxiously, one hand taking his pulse, the other holding an empty hypodermic syringe.

"You'd been under chloroform so long, you were a dead man when they found you, Mr. Manship—would be still, if Mr. Ritchey had delayed ripping off that towel round your head and squirting ice-cold seltzer water on the bare flesh above your heart. The shock of that started up the paralyzed heart action, but you fainted soon after coming to, so they called me in. I've just given you a subcutaneous jolt of strychnine, and it won't be long now before you're as right as rain."

Rodney rallied quickly and was soon able to give Ritchey the elements of Francesca's story—revelations that sadly impaired professional imperturbability and in the end lifted the detective out of his chair and sent him plodding up and down the room with head bowed, a frown of thoughtfulness clouding his brows.

"Well," he confessed, "I've heard a heap of fairy tales in my time, some of 'em true, too; but this puts the bee on the lot."

"It all fits in pretty, what you been tellin' me—only some of it's news. About old Aniello Aniello bein' alive, frinstance."

Rodney interrupted petulantly from his pillow: "He can wait. But Francesca—Miss Barocco—can't. If you let anything delay your finding that poor girl and setting her at liberty, Ritchey—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Manship. On the face of it, of course, you'd think whoever hopped you in your sleep kidnapped her; but I ain't by no means sure."

"It was half-past seven when I called up Headquarters to report, and they told me you was tryin' to get in touch with me last night. I got the hunch right away there was somethin' wrong, and beat it around here—couldn't 've taken me more'n twenty minutes from where I was. I seen the lights burnin' through your windows, and when you didn't answer my ring I got Stiles to let me in: say in all, ten minutes more. As you know, you'd just passed out peaceful when we found you, hadn't been under chloroform more'n an hour, if that long. So it must 've been round seven you was found asleep, bound and blindfolded and given the gas. Funny it didn't wake you up. The surest way to wake a man in good health up from a sound sleep is to try to put him under an anesthetic."

"I did wake up," Rodney said. "I distinctly remember fighting against the hands that held me, and the sickening smell of chloroform; but because I couldn't see, I laid it all to nightmare."

"That explains that, then. Now at seven o'clock it'd been daylight around three hours; and husky young ladies, like you tell me Miss Barocco is, don't get carried off bodily, against their wills, through the streets of New York by broad daylight, without causin' a crowd to collect and obstruct traffic. It just can't be done."

"But what I can't understand," Rodney complained, "is why Miss Barocco should have run away—without leaving me a word."

"Oh, you'll hear from her before the day's out. She'll call up or somethin'."

"I think," Ritchey speculated, "Miss Barocco let you con her into thinkin' maybe you was right, she'd better quit and leave things lay; and then she fell asleep, and woke up after a while in the dark and thought it over cold: If I do this and that, I'll 've pulled it off and made a clean job of it; and I can, easy, s'long's there ain't nobody taggin' after me to tell me I mustn't or maybe put in his oar and upset the applecart. So she gets up quiet and does a swift sneak."

"You may be right," Rodney agreed after thinking this over. "If you are, our obvious course is to find Angelo. The trail of the man who betrayed Baroque Brothers to you is bound to lead her to Angelo sooner or later, so the way to find Francesca is to watch Angelo."

"What makes you think that?" Ritchey demanded. "Who told you Angelo turned that dirty trick on his own father and uncle?"

"It was Angelo?"

"Yop. Guess it's safe to tell you that much. I traced the tip-off back to him; and ever since I've been keepin' an eye on the bird. . . . Did you know he's figurin' to leave the country?"

"No!"

"Yop. He's been turnin' everythin' into cash, everythin' his father left but the house they used to live in and the shop on the corner; and they're on the market. I've got him traced, all right. And don't you worry no more about Francesca."

"As soon as I've tied old man Aniello's hands and put Angelo where he belongs, where he'll get his three squares reg'lar and plenty light exercise to help him digest 'em— Well, who's goin' to guess whatever become of Mister Luigi Barocco, that promisin' young immigrant from Naples? I and you won't spill the beans, and you

Double Doom

[Continued from page 18]

can count on Angelo's keepin' his trap tight for fear they might get his little sister and make it 'Good night, nurse' for him, too."

Ritchey consulted his watch and gripped a fresh cigar, which he did not light, between his teeth.

"I'll be on my way, now, if it's all the same to you—I mean, if you promise to lie quiet there and not do nothin' foolish till you hear from me."

RODNEY would probably not have remained quietly in bed had it not been for the fact that, worn out by the events of the forty-eight hours just past, he fell asleep, in spite of himself, immediately after Ritchey's departure.

It was toward eight o'clock and almost dark when he sought his club for dinner. Beneath a sky piled high with grim, forbidding thunderheads, like some dark genius of wrath and destruction shouldering up into the heavens from behind the Jersey hills and shadowing a doomed world with the silent menace of its scowl, an atmosphere heavy with heat and humidity, motionless yet electrical with suspense, bore down without ruth upon the sweltering city.

The club dining-room was already beginning to empty; much to the relief of Rodney, who had armed himself with an evening paper against possible overtures of a social nature.

The word Naples caught his eye in the cable news; and he read, with such wonder as one might know on seeing the name of a king of Faerie figuring in current history, a dispatch which related of the death of one Aniello Aniello, "last great chieftain of the Camorra."

The Italian police, it appeared, stimulated to extraordinary efforts by the murder of four Carabinieri at the hands of a notorious Camorrista assassin, Tobia Basile, who himself had perished resisting arrest, had discovered the secret headquarters of the Camorra in an ancient and supposedly deserted palazzo, had thrown a cordon of troops about it and arrested everybody within its walls—all that is, but one who was found dead in an invalid chair, killed by poison self-administered, Aniello Aniello, the Supreme Master of the Society in the heyday of its power who had mysteriously disappeared and for nearly thirty years been considered dead.

"It is believed," the dispatch wound up, "that this marks the end of the Camorra as a social and political power in Naples, over which city it exercised almost despotic rule for upwards of a hundred years."

Rodney put the paper aside with a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

THE storm held off, but the city knew no relief from the burden of its promise.

Rodney revisited his rooms, found there a note from Ritchey:

DEAR MR. MANSHIP:

Just to say everything looks rosy, I look to have good news for you some time tonight, but I do not much expect to pull anything off much before twelve o'clock, so there is no sense you staying in, go to a show or something and do not worry, only be in around twelve M. in case I call up.

Yrs. truly,

WM. K. RITCHEY.

Unable to face hours of waiting Rodney snatched up hat and stick and took to the streets once more, hoping to find distraction at least in exercise.

For an hour or more he plunged blindly, nor was it until he found himself at a standstill, with straw hat in one hand, the other dabbing a handkerchief over a dripping forehead, on a corner of Madison Avenue over across from the building which for so many years had been dedicated to the antique business of Baroque Brothers, that he appreciated whither his subliminal drift had been leading him.

For some minutes Rodney lingered, bareheaded, staring, of two minds whether to go on uptown or let himself be influenced by an impulse such as the lovelorn know too well and turn aside for a closer look at the front of the house adjoining the shop on the cross-town street.

Possibly because it was on the market, its ground floor doors and windows had not been boarded, like those of its neighbors whose occupants had forsaken town for the summer. Behind their grilles they were as blank holes of blackness. But shades were drawn at all windows on the upper stories, and the absence of any hint of artificial light warranted the belief that the premises lacked even a caretaker.

Or—could he be mistaken?—was that the flare of a match in the back of the entrance-hall, beyond the iron-barred glass of the front door?

Calling himself a fanciful idiot, he picked up his heels and made for Fifth Avenue, but was met half-way by a down-pour of such severity that he was fain to swerve aside and take cover in the recessed doorway to a mercantile establishment.

As he stood here a flash of lightning showed him the dial of his watch. It marked half after ten. There was some comfort, at all events, in the knowledge that he was not due in his rooms, to answer the telephone or receive Ritchey's report in person, for another ninety minutes.

Again his thoughts reverted to the deserted house and he peered across the street. Was it only over-eager fancy that made him think he saw a figure in the doorway, entering or departing, he could not say which, so brief had been the glimpse?

Without premeditation Rodney found himself out in the rain, pelting toward Madison Avenue and at the same time striking diagonally across the street.

Once round the corner, he darted into the vestibule of the building whose ground floor was given over to the now vacant shop, and studied the names on its row of brass-bound letter boxes. Then he pressed the button beneath the box numbered 2. A few seconds later the electric latch clicked and, pushing open the door, Rodney passed into the hallway and ran panting up the stairs.

A door stood open on the first landing, framing a young man.

"Mr. Miller?" Rodney inquired.

"Upstairs—two more flights."

Rodney went on up, briskly on the second flight, cautiously on the third, stealthily along the fourth floor hallway and past the door to Mr. Miller's quarters, still more stealthily up to the fifth floor.

Here it was quite dark, but he struck matches and located an iron ladder leading up to the roof. The hatch that closed the trap was in place, but not hooked down and, pushing it back, he clambered out upon the roof and replaced it.

It was unquestionably blowing harder up there than it had been in the street, and the rainfall was, if anything, disproportionately more savage. Also, it was pitch black, save when lightning rent the skies.

By that fitful if vivid illumination Rodney picked his way across to the roof of the Barocco house and located its hatchway covering.

His hope had not misled him: when he knelt and dug fingers under the edge of the hatch, it yielded readily.

Carefully sliding the cover back, he bent over the opening of the trap. A draught of stale, close air fanned up into his face, sickeningly hot. He could detect no hint of human occupation in the blackness that yawned below.

Letting his feet down through the opening, he fished around with them till they found iron rungs. These he descended till his head was below the coaming, and pausing to drag the hatch back into place, climbed on down to the floor.

He found his way to the head of the staircase and, gripping the handrail, leaned out and peered down. Nothing but darkness, silence but for the drumfire of rain on the roof.

Then again that ghastly illumination of the glass dome overhead; and Rodney started back with a hammering heart.

Was it fact or fancy, that he had seen, by that instantaneous flare, the pale oval of a face upturned and watchful at the bottom of the well, far below?

If so, his head and shoulders, jutting out over the balustrade, must have been clearly silhouetted against the skylight, to the watcher. Was it Francesca?

With infinite stealth, keeping close to the wall and back from the handrail, he forced himself down the stairs step by step, flight after flight, with many and long pauses to reconnoiter. And nothing happened, he heard and saw nothing to give him pause.

But the farther he descended, the more near he drew to danger—if there were any. Suddenly he got the notion that he was being stalked from above rather than, as he had flattered himself, stalking whatever it was, if anything, that skulked below. Something, he could not say what, seemed to warn him of a presence, an intelligence hostile and malignant.

He stopped dead, and half-turned, in a shudder of apprehension, a shiver rippling down his spine.

But the darkness was absolute, a cloak impenetrable.

Nevertheless, he knew that there was something there, on the stairs behind him, something that hadn't been there when a moment since he had passed the spot where it now hung poised.

In sudden panic, throwing caution to the winds, he started to run down to the landing. Three steps—and a cord stretched across the stairs caught his feet, tripped and threw him headlong.

He fell with a force that jarred every inch of him and drove the breath out of his lungs in a groaning blast. Momentarily half-stunned and helpless, he lay with limbs spasmodically a-twitch; and felt a heavy body drop upon his back, pinning him to the floor.

A voice cried out exultantly in Italian, his arms were jerked behind him with brutal

[Turn to page 67]

A Message From a Woman Who Loves to Cook

NOW, I am not a professional cook, nor even a domestic science expert! I am just a woman who loves to cook good things that my folks appreciate.

Naturally, cooking as much as I do, I have found a great difference between true flavoring extracts and the imitations labeled "Vanilla Flavor," "Vanillin Coumarin Compound," etc. These imitation flavors you see are not vanilla at all, they are just synthetic flavors, often made from coal-tar compounds, artificially colored.

The main reason I like Dr. Price's Vanilla better than any other is because I know it is a pure extract from the finest vanilla beans, without a bit of synthetic coloring or flavoring. And then it has such a wonderful flavor, so full and rich and mellow. This flavor comes from long ageing in wood.

Another thing about Dr. Price's Vanilla that appeals to me particularly is that it is above government standard, it is always uniform, of balanced, "just-right" strength, neither weak nor too strong.

Cooking authorities everywhere accept it as a standard. When your recipe says "one teaspoonful vanilla," you can use exactly one teaspoonful of Dr. Price's Vanilla, and the result will be perfect flavoring. Price's Vanilla is never diluted so that it can be sold at a cheaper price and never put in a deceptive bottle.

Of course, having used Dr. Price's Vanilla for years and years, I think it is the very best ever! I should like to have you try it! I know you'll notice a big difference in your cooking.

For 15c mailed to the Price Flavoring Extract Co., Dept. 9-A, Chicago, Ill., a generous trial bottle of Dr. Price's Vanilla and an attractive recipe book will be sent to you, anywhere in the United States.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harrington

Dr. Price's True Lemon, Almond, Orange and other extracts are as true and delicious as Dr. Price's Vanilla.

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DR. PRICE'S TRUE VANILLA EXTRACT

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

The Versatile Sandwich

When to Serve It and Its Cousin the Canapé

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

WHEN may the sandwich be served? At any time and for any occasion from the picnic supper to the formal afternoon or evening reception.

With a filling of meat, egg or cheese, the sandwich becomes the mainstay of the school luncheon. Meat for sandwich filling should be chopped and seasoned, the eggs minced and combined with butter or a salad dressing, and the cheese sliced very thin or grated. Cream and cottage cheese spread better when mixed with cream or milk. Season well.

The salad sandwich is served often as the main dish of a luncheon or supper. Chicken and lobster salad sandwiches are especially good. So too is the club sandwich which may be served hot or cold and contains chicken, bacon, lettuce and mayonnaise. Tomato, cucumber or celery is added sometimes. For these sandwiches the bread should not be cut too thin, and toasted bread is better than plain.

To make sandwiches for afternoon tea or as an accompaniment for a salad course use bread that is one day old. With a sharp knife cut the bread very thin, holding the loaf on its side with the bottom toward you. Before buttering the slices they may be cut in fancy shapes with a cookie cutter, then filled. Cream the butter before spreading it.

If sandwiches are put into a deep dish, covered with a damp cloth and set in a cool place they will keep fresh for hours.

The canapé is the sandwich's first cousin. It is served for the first course of a dinner or luncheon as an appetizer. The foundation of the canapé is a small piece of bread about one-fourth inch thick, either toasted, fried in deep fat, or buttered and browned in the oven. This is spread with some kind of highly seasoned food put on in a fancy design. For example, the bread may be spread with cream cheese, a tiny border of chopped olive put around the edge with a slice of olive in the center. Canapés may be made of hard-boiled egg, chopped pimiento, green pepper, olives, mushrooms, truffles, pâté de foies gras, ham, smoked salmon, sardines, anchovy paste, lobster or crab meat mixed with dressing, and cheese of all kinds.

Checker-board sandwiches

From white, and some kind of dark bread, such as whole wheat or Graham, cut slices one-half inch thick. Butter the white slice and place a dark one on it; spread the dark slice and put a white one on that. Make two of these. Then make one pile having the white bread in the center. Trim off the crusts making each pile the same size. Put into the ice-box until the butter is hard. Then cut these piles in half-inch slices, and spread lengthwise with creamed butter, putting the slice from the dark pile between those from the two light, so that the dark bread will come just under the light. Put under a weight, chill in the ice-box; when cold cut in one-fourth inch slices or thinner if desired.

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Cut the crusts from two loaves of bread one white and one dark. Cut

in one-half-inch slices lengthwise of the bread. Butter and put a dark slice between two light ones making as many layers as desired. Chill the bread until the butter is cold, then cut in thin slices. To make the ribbon sandwiches more effective the butter may be colored.

TO COLOR BUTTER

Cream the butter and drop in a tiny bit of vegetable coloring paste or liquid which may be purchased at very little cost.

To make green butter, rub the butter in a bowl with watercress or spinach. When the butter takes the green color, press through a fine sieve to remove the leaves.

LEMON AND ORANGE BUTTER

Cream one-quarter cup butter, add slowly one-half teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, one tablespoon lemon juice and one-quarter teaspoon lemon rind.

For orange butter follow the directions for lemon butter using one tablespoon orange juice, one teaspoon lemon juice and one-half teaspoon orange rind.

PIMIENTO OR RED BUTTER

Drain one pimiento very dry, add one-third cup of butter and rub together, put through a fine sieve. Season with salt and a little cayenne.

NOVELTY SANDWICH

Cut white bread very thin and shape with a fancy cutter. Spread the under slice with creamed butter or a filling. With a tiny cutter or sharp knife cut a small piece from the center or near the end of the upper slice. Have ready some tiny sprays of watercress, nasturtium leaves or very small sweet geranium leaves. Put the upper slice on the under and stick the stem of the leaf through the opening, letting the leaf lie on the top of the upper slice.

HARLEQUIN SANDWICHES

Cut bread very thin and shape the under slice with a round cookie cutter. Use a doughnut cutter the same size to cut the top slice. Spread three under slices—one with lemon butter, one with green butter and the third with red butter or jelly. Press the upper slice lightly on top. Arrange these on a plate so the colored centers will show.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Moisten cream cheese with a little orange juice, season and add two teaspoons grated orange rind.

Cooked fig paste and marshmallows. Melt the marshmallows in a double boiler and combine with the paste.

Chopped raisins and nuts, or dates and nuts.

Chopped ripe olives with mayonnaise; one-quarter cup olives to one cup mayonnaise. Drain the olives before combining.

Honey and chopped pecans or other nuts. Honey and cream cheese.

Watercress and butter. Cream the butter. Cut the cress very fine with a sharp knife and stir into it.

Chopped pickle, chopped ham and mayonnaise.

Cole-slaw drained, and mixed with chopped nuts, pimiento, and mayonnaise or cooked dressing.



Toast Sandwiches

Toast the bread for the sandwich and put between the slices of toast, slices of hot roast beef, lamb or other meat. Cover the meat with brown gravy, and season well.

Toasted bread with fried egg and thinly-sliced onion for the filling.

Toasted bread with bacon.

Toasted bread with hot apple sauce.

Toasted bread with creamed fish, meat or vegetables.

Toasted bread spread with grated cheese, put in the oven until melted; cover with a top slice of toast.

Toasted bread with a thick slice of tomato and hot sardines.

Toasted bread spread with grated cheese and chipped dried beef.



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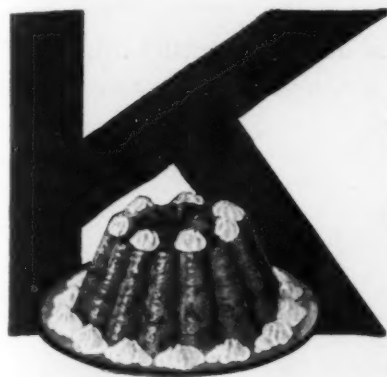
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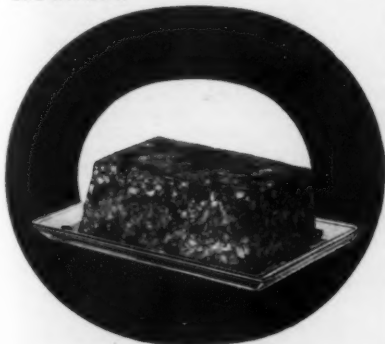


BELOW is a new and truly delectable way of serving rice—a delicious dessert that you will surely want to add to your menu—



BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak one envelope Knox Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



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One More Short-Cut

How Evaporated Milk Aids the Housewife

By Gertrude Lynn

THERE was a time when the housewife thought of milk in cans as suitable only for Robinson Crusoes, shipwrecked on desert islands, or for Arctic explorers or ships' crews or lonely bachelors. That was when everyone called it "tinned milk." Today it is to be found on the pantry shelf of thousands of progressive, successful housewives.

Canned milk is of two kinds: condensed milk which is very thick and sweetened, and evaporated milk which is just whole milk from which most of the moisture has been evaporated, but to which nothing has been added. Evaporated milk can be used for cooking exactly as you use fresh milk and the difference cannot be detected.

If you live where you cannot obtain fresh milk, or if you have no facilities for keeping it, or if you do use it for drinking but find it too expensive to do much cooking with, you will do well to make the acquaintance of evaporated milk, supposing you do not already know it. It keeps indefinitely when handled rightly and is cheaper than fresh milk in most localities. A can should be opened by puncturing two holes in the top, on opposite sides, and the milk poured into a glass jar. Set in the ice-box. Do not leave it in the can after it has been opened.

So much has been written about the high nutritive value of milk that I need say nothing further here. I shall merely pass on to you recipes for some wholesome dishes that are popular with my family and for which I always use evaporated milk.

CHEESE EN CASSEROLE

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound cheese
6 slices bread (thin)
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups evaporated milk

Cut cheese in thin slices and remove crusts from bread. Place the bread and cheese in a buttered casserole in alternate layers until dish is filled, finishing with a layer of cheese. Break the egg into a bowl and add milk to it, beating thoroughly. Pour over the cheese and bread. Bake in hot oven until the cheese is melted and browned, about twenty-five minutes.

SANDWICH SUPREME

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound chopped cooked ham
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped stuffed olives
1 chopped hard-boiled egg
1 tablespoon mayonnaise dressing
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup water

Mix ham, green pepper, olives and cooked egg together and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread this filling between slices of bread about one-fourth inch thick. Beat egg and add milk and water. Mix thoroughly. Dip the sandwiches into this mixture, moistening both sides. Fry in small amount of butter until a delicate brown. Serve immediately.

This recipe makes three sandwiches.

CABBAGE A LA CREME

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
2 cups chopped cooked cabbage
1 cup soft buttered bread crumbs

Melt butter and remove from fire. Add flour, salt, pepper, and celery salt and mix well. Add water and milk and cook over a slow fire until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add cabbage, put into a baking dish and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, (about 350 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit) until crumbs are brown.

LEMON SPONGE PIE

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

Cream butter and add sugar gradually, creaming them together. Add flour and salt. Add beaten egg yolks and lemon

juice and rind, then milk and water. Mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into pastry lined pie pan. Bake in hot oven, (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit), ten minutes, reduce heat (to about 400 degrees Fahrenheit), and bake about fifteen minutes longer, until a delicate brown. Serve cold.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKE

6 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Beat egg whites until stiff and add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored and fold into egg whites and sugar. Fold in sifted flour and add lemon juice. Bake in a sponge cake tube pan about forty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven, (about 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit). Take from oven and remove from pan after it is cool. Cut in five layers and put together with the following:

FILLING

5 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped walnut meats

Put flour and sugar into a saucepan and mix. Add water, milk and melted chocolate. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Boil about ten minutes and remove from fire. Add butter, allow to cool and add vanilla and nuts. Put between layers and cover the whole cake with the following:

FROSTING

3 tablespoons butter
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 square unsweetened chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
Evaporated milk

Cream butter and sugar together. Add melted chocolate, vanilla and milk to make the right consistency for spreading over cake.

COCONUT CHARMS

2 cups coconut
4 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix coconut, sugar and salt together. Add melted chocolate, milk and vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased pan and bake in a hot oven, (about 400 to 425 degrees Fahrenheit), fifteen minutes. Watch baking carefully as these burn quickly.

CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

$1\frac{1}{3}$ cup evaporated milk
 $2\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons malted milk
1 egg
1 teaspoon chocolate
1 teaspoon sirup

Mix ingredients together in a cocktail shaker. Shake well. Serve in a tall glass with cracked ice.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING

1 cup evaporated milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt
1 square unsweetened chocolate
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

Put milk, water, salt and rice in saucepan and cook slowly until rice is tender. Melt chocolate, sugar and butter over hot water and add to rice. Add raisins and vanilla, mix well and pour into pudding dish. Put on top of pudding a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites and the sifted sugar. Brown in a slow oven.

FRENCH ICE-CREAM

2 eggs
2 cups evaporated milk
1 cup water
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup cream (thin)
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons vanilla

Beat eggs and add evaporated milk and water. Mix flour, sugar and salt and add the egg mixture. Cook over hot water until it forms a soft custard. Cool and add cream and vanilla. Strain and freeze.



ELSEWHERE in this issue, is Miss Splint's helpful article on breakfasts. On this page are practical recipes, developed in her kitchen and under her direction, by a cookery expert.

Many more short-cuts in cookery are given in our booklet, *Time-Saving Cookery*, which was prepared under Miss Splint's direction. In that booklet recipes are given for wholesome dishes which can be prepared with a minimum of labor.

To obtain the booklet, send ten cents in stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Compare him with any baby you know

This baby is James Lawrence Paxton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Paxton, 2617 Elizabeth Street, Zion, Ill. His mother says, "From birth until he was three weeks old he cried almost continually. At that time we tried Eagle Brand and he thrived at once and started to gain rapidly. At eight months he is a healthy, robust baby weighing 22 pounds, and has never been ill."



A million such babies

THE amazing reputation of Eagle Brand for infant feeding is built on evidence that cannot be ignored. A million such babies in three generations! No other baby food can begin to approach this remarkable record. Not all other infant foods combined can equal it.

If you cannot nurse your baby feed him with Eagle Brand, the safe baby food. Eagle Brand is pure milk combined with cane sugar—the natural food when mother's milk fails. It is absolutely uniform. It is absolutely pure. It is exceptionally digestible. In fact doctors recommend it in difficult feeding cases.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
172 Borden Building New York

Authoritative new book free. "Baby's Welfare" contains information every mother should know. Write for it.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

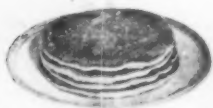


Remember, in using these recipes, all measurements should be level. Use standard measuring cup and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.



AUNT JEMIMA says:

Lawsy me, now de Eskimo chillern want my pancakes so bad dey's got to have a aeroplane bring 'em



LAST March there was a shortage of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour up at Moose Factory, a Hudson's Bay post that's shut off from the rest of the world through the long winter months of snow and ice.

And the Eskimos and Indians who traded there, like millions of other people, would have nothing but Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. This is how they got it—from far-off Toronto.



It was shipped by train as far as the railroad went. Then, for the 250-mile trip north over the trackless snow, it was loaded on an aeroplane shod with skis to land on the ice of the bay.



And great was the joy of the Eskimo children when they learned what the strange big bird from the South was bringing them!

Probably you know why—that with this famous flour and only water (for sweet milk is already in it) you can make pancakes that are always light and tender, always rich with the old-time Southern flavor. If you don't, it's time you sent an S.O.S. to your grocer. He has Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour always.

For buckwheat cakes of Aunt Jemima quality, get Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Pancake Flour. It's ready-mixed—of exceptional quality and flavor. In the yellow Aunt Jemima package at your grocer's.

How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package.



© 1923, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

"Malnutrition is the primary cause from which . . . physical defects generally arise."
—Dr. E. V. McCollum, in "The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition."



Begin in Time for Your Child's Happiness

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

IN Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," we read of the millions of unborn children seeking happiness, the chance to be well-born. It is an appeal that touches our hearts, we admit our responsibility, and then—

We read the reports of the American Child Hygiene Association, stating that of twenty million school children examined, one per cent. were mentally defective; five per cent. were or had been tuberculous; five per cent. had defective hearing; twenty-five per cent. had diseased tonsils or adenoids; ten to twenty-five per cent. had deformed feet; fifty to seventy-five per cent. had defective teeth, and fifteen to twenty-five per cent. were suffering from malnutrition.

Happiness! Is happiness anything but a remote possibility for children who cannot compete successfully with their playmates in games and sports, who get the habit of failure instead of the habit of success in their everyday school work? Some of them rise above physical disabilities, to be sure, but the tendency is against rather than for this. Physical inferiority is apt to make a child morbid and introspective.

Of course, when we get figures like those above, we say, "Well we have done some good work in trying to remedy these

HELP your children acquire these good food habits:

1. No coffee or tea.
2. At least a quart of milk every day.
3. A liking for all fruits and vegetables.
4. Sweets only in small amounts after more necessary foods have been eaten.
5. Sparing amounts of sugar.

troubles. We have established school clinics and welfare stations."

Yes. But that work, important though it is, is like trying to put a permanent building upon an insecure foundation. It is an attempt to patch up damage which should never have been done. In most of these cases, we fell down on the job somehow either before or after the child was born. The time to begin creating good health for the child is, of course, before birth. In this connection we cannot stress too strongly that proper nutrition for the expectant and nursing mother is particularly important.

The unborn child is nourished from the substances which circulate in the mother's blood. It is most important that she should eat plenty of green leafy vegetables such as spinach, lettuce, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, chard, collards and turnip greens and that she should take plenty of milk, at least a quart, every day. In fact a milk, vegetable and fruit diet with meat taken only in small quantities is best.

If summer fruits are out of season, she should have plenty of such fresh fruits as oranges, grapefruit and apples.

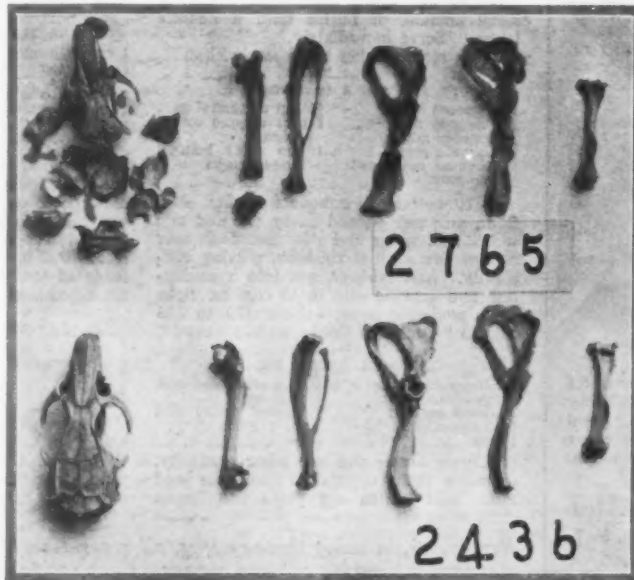
Milk, fresh fruits and leafy vegetables are foods which correct the meat-bread-potato-and-sugar diet. Anyone who lives too exclusively on the latter foods will not be getting enough vitamins, minerals, and possibly, when the meat consumption is small, not enough protein of the right kind. For either the expectant or nursing mother to fail to get enough of these elements is doubly serious.

Bones and teeth will not develop as they should unless the mother's diet is a highly satisfactory one. This applies both to the expectant mother and the nursing mother. Sometimes the teeth of a pregnant woman decay because lime is being drawn from them to supply the needs of the growing foetus. This would not be likely to happen if she were taking liberal quantities of milk as food, for milk is rich in lime.

We sometimes fail to realize that teeth are formed during the last months before birth and in the first months following birth, and that their quality is determined before they are cut. In infancy the permanent teeth develop under the milk teeth.

[Turn to page 72]

In the great laboratory at Johns Hopkins University some of the world's most marvelous discoveries are made by Dr. McCollum and Miss Simmonds regarding the foods that nourish the human body. Experiments are carried on over a long period of time, with colonies of white rats, because the bodies of these little animals react to various foods as the human body does. The picture shows the effect, on a nursing mother, of right and wrong diet.



In Figure 2765, are shown some of the bones from the skeleton of a nursing mother-rat which had been fed on a diet deficient in lime, so essential in the formation of bone. Notice how the skull has fallen to pieces and how the pelvic arches are broken! The bones were all very fragile. Figure 2436 shows some of the bones of a rat fed on a similar diet but having plenty of lime. Note the difference in the bones. They were white and hard and did not break easily.

Pickles in Patterns

*Just one example
of uniformity
in food preparation*

EXAMINE closely a jar of Heinz pickles. They look good to eat, yes—but note the arrangement of the contents. Everything placed *just so*.

Now look at another jar. It shows the same uniform pattern. You can't tell them apart. And any number of jars, each packed by a different girl, show the same orderly, tasteful arrangement.

The neat, prim, white-capped "Heinz girls" do this very skillfully and rapidly. Visitors to the Heinz spotless kitchens marvel at their deftness.

This uniformity in packing is proof of a still greater thing—the uniformity of the products which are packed. It speaks volumes for the care in sorting and selecting.

And the Heinz principle of uniformity goes still further. It is uniformity of grade and quality as well as of size—uniformity in every phase of preparation. Any one jar of pickles or any one can of beans is exactly as good as any other jar or can. The uniform quality and taste of each of the 57 Varieties is something which can always be depended upon.

The reason is not only high standards of food preparation—but cheerful loyalty to these standards by the men and women who do the preparing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57
Varieties

© 1923 H. J. H. CO



Can You Read?—Then You Can Make This Jacquette



It's Easy With the Only Printed Pattern

The only pattern that explains itself!

The only pattern that can be used without complicated charts or abstruse signs and symbols—the only one!

It's the New McCall Printed Pattern. Every piece has its name *printed* on

it in plain type. Directions are *printed* on the pattern itself.

Only the price of the fabric and the price of a McCall Printed Pattern—and it's possible to have two charming garments for the usual cost of one. Economy is made attractive with

The New McCALL PATTERN—"it's printed"

Clean silky hair

THERE'S a thrill in keeping the hair clean and silky. This luxuriant shampoo does just that and at the same time keeps the scalp white and healthy.

And its delicate fragrance—

Its abundance of creamy lather—

Such virtues could come only from the blending of the purest ingredients that money can buy.

Sold everywhere.

in a
bottle
much
larger
than
this



Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 58]

side stood a woman, with the white bands that marked the garb of Puritans. Her face was small and pale and oval, her eyes were long, of a color between blue and green, very wistful now in their expression, and from under the wings of her coil escaped one or two heavy chestnut curls, to lie upon her white neck.

And now he saw that those long wistful eyes were aswim in tears.

"Where am I, then?" he asked in his first real bewilderment since awakening.

"In the pest-house in Bunhill Fields," she told him, which only served to increase the confusion in his mind.

"That is . . . I can understand that. I have the plague, I know. But you, Nancy? How come you here, in a pest-house?"

"That is simple. I have become a nurse."

"And you tended me? You?" Incredible amazement lent strength to his enfeebled voice.

Within less than a week he was afoot, regaining strength, and pronounced clear of the infection. Yet before they would suffer him to depart into the world again, he must undergo the period of sequestration that the law prescribed. For this he was to be removed from the pest-house to a neighboring abode of rest and convalescence.

When the hour of departure came, he went to take his leave of Nancy.

She awaited him on the lawn under the tall old cedars of Lebanon that graced the garden of this farm which had been converted to the purposes of a hospital. Slimly graceful she stood before him, whilst in a voice, which he labored to keep steady, he uttered words of an irrevocable farewell.

It was very far from what she had been expecting, as he might have read in the pale dismay that overspread her countenance.

"What are you going to do? Where shall you go when . . . when the month is past?"

"It may be that I shall go to France. There is usually work for a soldier there."

"Randal!" she cried sharply, desperately driven to woo this man who would not woo her. "Can you then, really think of leaving me again?"

His face assumed the pallor of death, and his limbs trembled under him. "What else is possible?" he asked her miserably.

He disengaged his hand from her clasp. "O why do you try me, Nan?" he cried out like a man in pain.

"If I have been Chance's victim all my life, that is no reason why I should help you to be no better. For you there is the great world, there is your art, there is life and joy when this pestilence shall have spent itself. I have nothing to offer you in exchange for all that. Nothing, Nan. If it were otherwise . . . O, but why waste words and torturing thoughts on what might be. We have to face what is. Good-by!"

Abruptly he swung on his heel, and left her, so abruptly indeed that his departure took her by surprise, found her without a word in which to stay him. As in a dream she watched the tall figure swinging away through the trees toward the avenue.

"Randal! Randal!" But already he was too far to hear her even if, had he heard, he would have heeded.

Jesting Fortune had not yet done with Colonel Holles.

A month later, toward the middle of September, without having seen Nancy again—he found himself at liberty to return to the ordinary haunts of man, supplied with a certificate of health.

"As God's my life, a customer!" It was Banks, the vintner of the *Sign of the Harp*.

"Colonel Holles!" he cried. "Or is it your ghost, sir? There's more ghosts than living men in this stricken city."

"We are both ghosts, I think, Banks," the colonel answered him.

"Maybe, but our gullets ain't ghostly, praise the Lord! And there's still some sack left at the *Harp*!"

Banks fetched wine, and poured it.

"A plague on the plague, is the toast," said he, and they drank it. "S'life, colonel, but I am glad to see you alive. I feared the worst for you. Yet you've contrived to keep yourself safe, avoiding not only the plague, but them pestilential fellows that was after you."

"But I've had the plague!" "The devil you have. And ye've won through!"

Banks regarded him with a new respect. "Well, ye were born lucky, sir. There isn't many escapes," the vintner assured him ruefully. "And you having had the pestilence makes you a safe man. Ye can come and go as ye please without uneasiness."

"But still am I an uneasy man, for I am penniless."

And Holles told Banks of his notion of sailing as a hand aboard a vessel bound

for France. The vintner pursed his lips and sadly shook his head, regarding his guest the while from under bent brows.

"Why, sir," he said, "there's no French shipping and no ships bound for France at Wapping, and mighty few ships of any kind. The plague has put an end to all that. There's not a foreign ship'll put into the port of London, nor an English one go out of it, for she wouldn't be given harbor anywhere for fear of the infection." The colonel's face lengthened in dismay. This, he thought, was the last blow of his malignant fortune.

The vintner was frowning thoughtfully. "Why, ye say ye're a safe man. Ye'll not have seen His Grace of Albemarle's proclamation asking for safe men?"

"Asking for safe men? To what end?"

"Nay, the proclamation don't say. Ye'll find that out in Whitehall, maybe. Things being like this with you, now, ye might think it worth while to ask. It might be something for ye, for the present at least."

Holles rose. "Whatever it may be, when a man is faced with starvation he had best realize that pride won't fill an empty belly."

"No more it will!" Banks agreed, eyeing the colonel's uncouth garments. "But if ye're thinking of paying a visit to Whitehall ye'd be wise to put on that other suit that's above-stairs. Ye'll never get past the lackeys in that livery." The careful Banks had saved the gear which Holles had left behind.

So you see issuing presently from the *Sign of the Harp* a Colonel Holles very different from the Colonel Holles who had entered it an hour earlier. In a dark blue suit of camelot enlivened by a little gold lace, black Spanish boots and a black beaver set off by a heavy plume of royal blue, without a sword, it is true, but swinging a long cane, he presented a figure rarely seen just then in London streets. Perhaps because of that his appearance at the Cockpit made the few remaining and more or less idle ushers bestir themselves to announce him.

The duke heaved himself up as the colonel entered.

"So you're come at last, Randal!" was his astounding greeting. "On my life, you've taken your own time in answering my letter. I concluded long since that the plague had carried you off."

"Your letter?" said Holles. And he stared blankly at the duke, as he clasped the proffered hand.

"You seem incredulous, Randal? Did you doubt my zeal for you? When the chance for the Bombay command—"

"The Bombay command?" Holles began to wonder did he dream. "But I thought that it had been required by Buckingham for a friend of his own!"

"Sir Henry Stanhope, yes. So it had, and Stanhope sailed for the Indies with the commission. But it seems that when he did so he already carried the seeds of the plague with him. For he died of it on the voyage. It was a providence that he did, poor devil; for he was no more fitted for the command than to be Archbishop of Canterbury."

Holles was gasping for breath. "You . . . you mean that . . . that I am to have the command, after all!" It was incredible. He dared not believe it.

"That is what I have said. How soon can you sail?"

"In a month," said Holles promptly.

"A month!" Albemarle was taken aback. He frowned. "Why, man, you should be ready in a week."

"Myself, I could be ready in a day. But I mean to take this new-found tide of fortune at the flood, and there is some one."

And he told the Duke of Nancy.

AWAY from Whitehall, where the ground was green with thriving grass, went Colonel Holles at full speed. He set his face toward Islington once more, and swung along with great strides, carrying in his breast a heart more blithe than he had known for many a year.

Thus until a sudden awful dread assailed him. Fortune had fooled and cheated him so often that it was impossible he should long continue in this new-born trust in her favor. It was, after all, four weeks since he had seen Nancy. In a month much may betide. In dread anxiety he came, breathless, hot and weary from the speed he had made, to the open fields and at last to the stout gates of the hospital.

As the heavy gates clashed behind him he turned almost at a run, down the long avenue in the dappled shade of the beech-trees and elms that bordered it, making straight for the cluster of cedars, amid whose gnarled old trunks he could discern the flutter of a gray gown.

It was the spot where they had spoken their farewells. Ah, surely Fortune would not trick him this time! Not again, surely, would she dash away the cup from his very lips, as so often she had done!

[Turn to page 91]



He asked to meet her

AT EVERY gathering, you will find some girl that every man wants to meet.

And always her attractiveness comes from something more than merely a beautiful face.

And though few people realize it, the secret probably lies in her hair—soft, wavy and daintily arranged. For with the right treatment, a woman's hair can add wonderfully to her charm—can give her loveliness she never dreamed of.

Even though one's hair may be dull, lifeless or even full of dandruff, Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep it soft, silky and lovely.

After your Wildroot Shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold everywhere

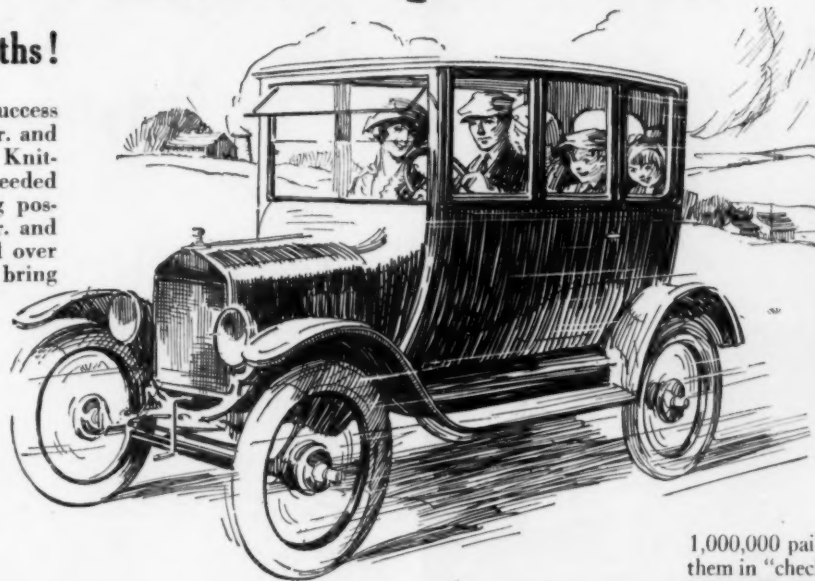


—“so now we have our car, bought with the extra money we earned at home, in spare time!”

\$536 Cleared in 5 Months!

THIS is the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Begalke. Not many Auto Knitter owners have the time and energy needed to bring out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Begalke have, but in homes all over the country the Auto Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars every week the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have some extra money in exchange for some of YOUR spare hours? Read the Begalkes' inspiring story and send for free information about our "Guaranteed Wage Plan." That was how they got their start.

By G. G. Begalke



G. G. Begalke

EVER since my wife and I have been married, it has been our desire to have some kind of an automobile, but as time went on it never seemed possible for us to realize this wish.

When our children came, expenses of course increased. We now have three, the oldest eight, the youngest two, and the care of this growing family has always made it out of the question for us to save enough money from our regular income to buy an automobile.

Finally we concluded that we must find some way to earn extra money in our spare time, so we started looking for a home occupation that would enable us to add to our bank account.

We found nothing very promising until last October, when I noticed a full page advertisement in the Sunday paper, telling how people in our circumstances made money at home in spare time by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. I called my wife's attention to the advertisement, and she said it was almost too good to be true, but we were both so interested that we decided to find out more about the work, and mailed the coupon from the ad.

We received by return mail some literature explaining the proposition thoroughly, and we became convinced by reading it that the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company was offering us a genuine money-making opportunity. I said to my wife, "If others can do it, why not we?" So with her consent I sent a money order and we awaited the arrival of the Auto Knitter machine.

Just before Thanksgiving the expressman delivered it to our house, and that evening we opened it and found the machine to be just as represented. The instruction book was also too clear and plain to be misunderstood, so I became convinced that we had indeed found the way to make the extra money for our long-desired automobile.

To make a long story short, we soon learned to make standard, salable wool socks, and we are now glad to say that in the four and a half months we have used the machine we have turned out 1080 pairs of men's socks; part of these we sold to the company under the wage contract, and part we sold to private customers at \$1.00 to \$1.50 a pair. My wife just went from house to house a couple of times, displaying sample socks, and after that people began coming to our house to order socks. Sometimes we had to hustle to fill our orders.

And finally, after the knitter and a stock of wool was paid for, we had a net balance of \$536.56 clear profit for our work. On Washington's Birthday I celebrated by buying a brand new Ford Sedan, and our long-time wish came to be a fact, thanks

to the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company. So now we have our car, bought with the extra money we made at home, in spare time.

My wife and I often speak of that full-page advertisement we answered, and all that it has meant to us since. If we had not invested in the Auto Knitter we should never have been able to buy a car, but by turning our spare time into real cash right at home, it was so easy that now we are going on earning until we have a piano too.

G. G. Begalke, Wisconsin

Why Not Satisfy YOUR Wants Through Auto Knitting?

Even though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it? To sit down for a couple of hours in the evening at a light occupation that is really more fascinating than embroidery or crocheting, and to know that every bit of standard work you turn out has a steady, always-ready market waiting for it—that is real satisfaction!

That is the advantage which thousands of women, yes and men too, now enjoy because they have learned to make a standard pattern of all-wool socks—on a handy little home-operated machine called "The Auto Knitter."

If you too had an Auto Knitter you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth-while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves, often unexpectedly, when your family income is already strained by regular expenses.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "check from Buffalo."

"The check from Buffalo" is a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes—and it pays for all sorts of extra comforts, pleasures and little luxuries. This money is used to help pay for new homes—to buy new furniture—to start bank accounts—to help educate children—to pay vacation expenses—to buy vacuum cleaners, kitchen cabinets, washing machines, phonographs and farm machinery—to start mushroom and chicken raising businesses.

More Than \$100,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over

1,000,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "checks from Buffalo" will exceed \$100,000. This will give you some idea of the extent of this spare time industry that the remarkable Auto Knitter machine has made possible to American homes everywhere.

This immense number of pairs is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishes and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected by a Contract

You are given a signed Five-Year Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 52, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 52, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City State

McCall's 2-23



Not a Miracle Worker—But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The money-making possibilities of the Auto Knitter are great, but their full realization depends, of course, upon the energy and industry of the individual owner. To make over a thousand dollars a year at Auto Knitting is an uncommonly good record and requires "overtime," rather than "spare time" work. But, even in two or three hours a day, worth-while dollars can be made, and our Work Contract guarantees you a market for every standard sock you knit. The Auto Knitter will work just as fast and long as you do yourself, and your pay will always be in proportion to your industry and skill.

For BEDROOM WALLS

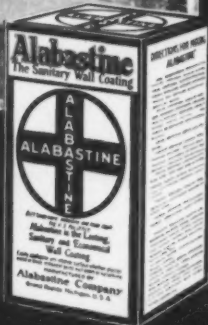


For Every Room in the House

DAINTY Alabastine tints—blue, rose, buff and gray, make sleeping rooms comfortable and more important than all else—sanitary. No germ-carrying vegetable pastes required in using Alabastine.

Just Alabastine in the package with the cross and circle printed in red, mixed with cold water and applied to plaster, wall-board, or any interior surface with a suitable brush. Or, with a little more trouble the beautiful tiffanized effects of the ALABASTINE-OPALINE PROCESS. Ask any store selling paints to show you sample cards or write to us.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
627 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.



EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS
THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED

Alabastine
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper



The Snap of Health!

Kellogg's whole-wheat KRUMBLES should be served at least once each day on every home table! Because, KRUMBLES build health, making red blood, bone and tissue in a wonderful nature-way. And, because KRUMBLES, with their content of mineral salts and other life-sustaining elements, offset the denatured, bleached foods.

KRUMBLES are delicious—with the full-flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history! They delight every one—you never tasted more appetizing cereal! And KRUMBLES are ready to serve—they do not have to be prepared.

Children thrive on Kellogg's KRUMBLES, growing strong and robust. Every mouthful spells health and mental and physical exuberance! KRUMBLES are ideal, strength-making food for the workers. KRUMBLES are wonderful for the aged. All grocers.

Kellogg's

Whole wheat ready to eat

KRUMBLES

The only whole-wheat food with a delicious flavor!



That's an Idea!

HAVEN forbid," Tiny Tim, the candy-maker, says, "that I should put into my soul-candies protein, carbohydrates, or a vitamin!"

Isn't that an idea? A little imagination devoted to this food business, a little more artistic enthusiasm, a spirit of levity—that's it!

Of course we don't want to be fantastic. But has it ever occurred to you, blasé pie-maker that you are, that there might be something new in pie-crusts?

I claim the credit for having found it. Let her who will sue me for infringement of patent rights!

Yes, it's a bit fancy. In the first place it has ground almonds added to it, which is a bit startling. In the second place, there's an egg used, which is still more bewildering.

Anyhow, this is what happens. To one and one-half cups of flour, the three tablespoons of ground almonds and three tablespoons of sugar, also one teaspoon of salt, are added.

Then one-half cup of fat—any kind, it makes no great difference—is rubbed or cut into the flour mixture. Lastly one adds the beaten egg, and as much water as is necessary to hold things together, though this should be very little because of the egg.

As far as the rest of the process goes, it's much as usual—rolled and baked—you know.

No, I don't advocate this pie-crust for everyday use. But try it some time for tarts or for chocolate pie which, as we all know, "everybody adores."

HERE'S a discovery—discreet uses for smoked fish! In the Italian table d'hôte I first came to recognize the real use of smoked fish. They take it—maybe you've noticed—in small portions with the other hors d'oeuvres.

Play with that idea and something sort of interesting is bound to pop into your head. This is it! Smoked fish ought to be used as a flavor, much as bacon is employed.

Small bits of it added to soup or to scrambled eggs would be very good. It could also be used in preparing stuffed eggs. It could be combined with cottage cheese for a sandwich filling.

When it comes to culinary imagination foreigners have much more of a gift than we have.

Take the use of cheese. We're living in a country which produces quantities of cheese.

Yet we never seem to think of using these riches in the delightful ways in which our French and Italian friends do.

They serve cheese grated with soups, so that you may add it by the spoonful at will. They serve fruits with cheese. Pears are never eaten without it.

They use it with cornmeal mush to make "gnocci." They use it in rich sauces which are so often a part of their interesting egg dishes, and with vegetables. They use it with rice and, of course, with macaroni. That last is the only custom we've adopted to any extent.

Well, how do you like the new idea column? I think this column is going to be easy because I'm counting on "contribs," just like all the other columnists.

Send some, won't you? We will pay \$2.00 for every idea that is accepted and used. No manuscripts can be returned.

Put on your thinking caps, homemakers, and send your "contrib" to me, "F. G. O.," in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Not a recipe—just an idea for doing something different and interesting with food.

F. G. O.

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are flat in shape. This prevents sagging and causes the curtains to hang smoothly and neatly.

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[Continued from page 64]

The way to give the child every chance for good teeth which will not easily decay is to make sure that the expectant and nursing mother eats plenty of fresh fruits, green vegetables and milk, and that the nutrition of the child, after it has been weaned is continued with a view to supplying plenty of the "protective foods."

There are several minerals which have to be supplied to the body through food. Lime has been mentioned already. Sodium, chlorine, phosphorus and iron are others. Lime is the only one, however, of which there is likely to be any serious shortage.

But sodium and chlorine are supplied by common salt, and phosphorus is generally sufficiently abundant in food stuffs. We get it, for example, in the meat that we eat. Iron is in such foods as spinach, lettuce, meats and egg yolks.

In medical circles it is believed that a lack of iodine is associated with goiter. This is true in some instances, but the taking of iodine should be supervised by a physician.

For about twelve months after birth the infant should be fed with mother's milk of good quality. Some years ago it was thought that if the mother gave a good supply of milk, the quality would take care of itself. Today we know that good, nutritious milk will hardly be produced unless the mother has plenty of the protective foods—milk and leafy vegetables.

A diet restricted to tea and toast, or to bread, meat and potatoes with tea or coffee will not enable the nursing mother to produce milk which will take care of the baby's needs. In fact, with the nursing mother on such a diet, it would not be surprising if the baby developed rickets or some other serious condition. She needs, just as the expectant mother, plenty of the "protective foods"—milk and green, leafy vegetables, and plenty of fresh fruits. In fact, the same rules of diet hold for the nursing mother as for the expectant mother. The nursing mother, however, will need more food, for she is feeding two persons—herself and a growing baby.

Sometimes the mother tires of drinking plain milk. There are many other ways of using it in the diet. She can take it in the form of ice-cream, custards, flavored milk drinks—milk shakes, malted milks or egg-nogs—or in milk soups, chocolate or cocoa. She can eat creamed vegetables and milk toast. The milk drinks are very easy to make. Egg-nog consists simply of a glass of milk with an egg beaten up in it and sugar and vanilla added to flavor.

After weaning, which should occur when the baby is about a year old, cow's milk should form the basis of the child's diet for years to come. A good rule to remember and follow is this: If a child can take a quart of milk a day, and the rest of the diet is built around that, he will not be undernourished unless there is some cause other than quality of food.

Every young child should be given some orange juice every day. The physician will advise when to start giving it, how much, and how long this practice should be carefully continued. He may recommend some other fruit juice as the child grows older.

From time to time, of course, other foods may be added to the child's diet list. A physician should be consulted about the times when these can be safely added, as every child is a special problem.

In general, however, cereal foods may be given him, but should always be taken with plenty of milk. He may have sweets, if they are taken in small quantities at the end of the meal, so that they do not destroy his appetite for other foods. So often the mistakes made in the child's diet are just the mistakes made by the adult, that is, the diet is apt to be derived too largely from meat, bread, potatoes, breakfast cereals and sugar.

What can one do if the child takes a dislike to milk? First of all examine the milk to see whether it has a bad flavor. If the difficulty seems to be just a whim of the child, then it may be necessary to use a little tact. Few children will refuse custards, hot milk soups, milk toast, or creamed vegetables. Cereals such as rice, cornmeal and wheat farina may be cooked in milk, and usually the child will be easily persuaded to eat them with cream or rich milk, especially if a few dates or raisins are cooked up with them. Many children like cottage cheese, which may be moistened with cream; or they often eat cream cheese readily. Milk drinks, too, such as were suggested for the nursing mother will often appeal to the child.

No matter how it is done, the child must be persuaded in some way to take his quota of milk every day.

Although we are all fond of sweet desserts, such as puddings, pies and cakes, it would be well to encourage in children the habit of eating something which requires chewing at the end of the meal such as apples or crisp salads, as this would tend to clean the teeth of foods which remain in the fissures of the teeth and aid in their decay.

IT'S not so very long ago that only the rich could afford to serve spinach in winter time.

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My Secret of a perfect figure and glorious health

Let me prove that you can learn it in 10 days

By Annette Kellermann


When I was a child I was so weak, so puny and so deformed that I could not romp or play as other children did; everybody felt sorry for me; I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; my knees were so weak I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces, which I wore continually; for nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would be known as the "World's most perfectly formed woman." No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Nephtune's Daughter," etc. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life, and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods used by me.

Now I want every tired, sickly young woman or mother to write me so I can explain about my personal methods. Let me tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency, in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just write me a postcard or letter. I will mail you my very interesting new book at once, without charge. Just say "send me your book free." Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 82, 29 West 34th Street, New York. All this costs you nothing, but may show you the road to being a new, stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful woman, as it has already done for tens of thousands of others.

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Double Doom

[Continued from page 67]

"It's life against life. Before I let him go, we'll have it out here. Yes, you and I!" "If that suits you best," Francesca shrugged. "But listen to me first: You are mistaken. Mr. Manship knows nothing, or as little as nothing. He couldn't betray you if he wanted to. That power rests with me alone."

Angelo gave a start of dismay. "How is that—rests with you?" he quavered.

"It is I who know your infamy, Angelo, all the wickedness you've struggled so hard to hide. From the first I suspected, today I have learned the whole truth at last. I tell you, I know everything. And because one mother bore us . . . No: because I love Mr. Manship, Angelo, I give you one last chance. If you go now, go quickly and lose no time, you may save yourself. If you delay—"

"Why should I go?" Angelo's spirit had one final flash of defiance. "Because you tell me to? Do you think I'm afraid of you?"

"I have sent the call to the Council. It will meet here in half an hour—in less. You have barely time to get away. When it assembles, I shall fulfill the vow I made with my hand upon the dead bosom of the father your treachery killed. I shall denounce you, my own brother, for 'nfamita,' and lay before the Council proof of my charge they can't question. But till they come, you are free to go."

Francesca offered to brush Angelo aside and move on to Rodney, only to learn that fear and fury had tried his self-control beyond its strength. In that moment the tension, grown too severe, snapped, Angelo became a maniac.

With the inarticulate snarl of a mad-dened beast, he flung himself upon the girl, struck her in face and bosom, threw her back with such violence that she staggered, tripped, all but fell, saved herself only by catching hold of the desk. Then, while she strove to find her balance again, he tore for a moment frantically with fumbling fingers at the breast-pocket of his coat, worried something out, leveled it.

Recognizing the shimmer of blue steel in his shaking hand, Rodney, without hesitation, hurled himself bodily upon the boy. With his hands bound he could do no more; bound or no, he could do no less. The pistol exploded as his shoulder struck Angelo full on his left breast, knocked him fairly off his feet and sent him spinning.

The pistol flew out of his grasp, and with a kick Rodney sent it skimming beneath the desk.

He saw Francesca with a hand pressed to her breast, a look of perplexity dilating the dark eyes in a face faded to abnormal pallor. But she gave no other sign, and without suspicion he turned to give all his attention to the problem of coping, hand-capped as he was, with the madman who was already springing up from the floor.

Simultaneously the hall door was thrown open, Ritchey appeared upon the threshold, paused half a heartbeat to grasp the situation, then laying hold of Angelo threw him to one side and back into the arms of two more plain-clothes men, and darted across the room to Francesca.

A groan of anguished dread bubbled on Rodney's lips. He started forward, but found himself held back by a policeman in uniform who had come in on the heels of the plain-clothes men and, seeing Rodney with his arms bound, hastened to set him free.

"Easy," he counseled in a voice of rough sympathy. "Stand still, and I'll turn you loose in a jiffy, sir."

"Let me go," Rodney pleaded. Ritchey looked up from the body which he had lowered gently to the floor.

"No, Mr. Manship," he insisted. "Better stay where you are. It's too late . . ."

A scream of mortal terror interrupted him, and Angelo lunged forward madly, only to be jerked back by the detectives.

"Too late? What d'you mean? She isn't hurt!"

"No," Ritchey replied to him directly. "I guess you wouldn't say she's hurt, not now. It's worse than that."

"Not dead? Not dead?" For all answer, Ritchey turned back the front of the man's coat which Francesca wore, exposing the bosom of a white shirt darkly and widely stained with blood.

Again Angelo strained to break away, but without effect.

"Not dead!" he shrieked. "Not dead!"

With a sad shake of his head, Ritchey drew a white handkerchief from the pocket of Francesca's coat, and with it reverently masked the pale, sweet, immobile face.

Then hastily he rose and interrupted Rodney as the latter stumbled, stricken, toward the body of his love.

"No, Mr. Manship," he insisted kindly. "It's too late, you can't do nothin' now. Wait a minute— Watch!"

He wound a firm arm round Rodney's shoulders and swung him round to face Angelo.

[Turn to page 91]



Like Snowflakes

In their texture—
Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Grains—grains puffed to bubbles—are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

Thin, crisp, toasted—as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. They are food confections.

The grains are puffed to 8 times normal size.

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But remember this. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were invented by Prof. Anderson. And his object was to make whole grains wholly digestible.

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Puffed Wheat in milk is the ideal bedtime dish.

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If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Wheat in plenty. It makes whole grains delightful.

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How Did Ruth Get Her Trousseau?



Had She Found a Fairy Godmother?

For half an hour Ruth had been showing us such a trousseau as we girls had all read about and dreamed of—but thought we could never hope to own.

There was the daintiest lingerie, all wee hand-run tucks, embroidery, and ribbon rosebuds. Sue sat stroking a blue satin negligee, while Eleanor had seized upon two adorable breakfast caps, declaring that they should never again find their way into Ruth's trunk.

And now dainty, wavy-haired Ruth appeared from behind the screen in what she called "Exhibit B." We all gasped, then sat like statues as she trailed prettily toward us in a shimmering mist of moonbeams and frost flowers and dew on a white rose—her wedding gown.

Where ever had she gotten it? She was just one of the stenographers at Barnaby's—and we all knew what her salary was, because we worked there, too.

"Ruth!" gasped Eleanor—"who—"
"Me," answered Ruth, too happy to be grammatical.

How She Did It

Then she told us what we'd been dying to know. A year ago, when she'd started planning her trousseau, she'd been so discouraged. The money she had saved out of her salary would buy only a few of the plainest, ready-made things.

But one night the girl next door asked her to help hang a skirt she was making. And that was where Ruth found her Fairy Godmother! Before she went to bed she had written to the Women's College for the interesting booklet "The Power of Dress."

which told how she could have three pretty dresses for what she then paid for one. Inside of a week she was learning by mail to cut, fit, and make her own clothes.

The Women's College taught her everything, from how to make the simplest house frocks and blouses to how to design and complete the entrancing wedding gown she had on. It taught her how to study her own type, just what things she ought to wear, and how to copy the lovely frocks shown in the smartest French shops. It taught her not merely to "make clothes," but to add a hundred and one distinctive touches.

The Women's College taught her to select infallibly the best color combinations for any costume or complexion.

And the most wonderful thing is that six months ago Ruth couldn't sew a stitch! Eleanor and I are enrolled with the Women's College. We're both saving almost two-thirds and getting lovely clothes. We are urging all our girl friends to write for the fascinating booklet, "The Power of Dress," which is sent free upon request.

Why don't you get a copy? The convenient coupon will bring it to you without expense or obligation.

Women's College of Arts and Sciences,
Dept. 141, 15th and Wallace, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me your free booklet "The Power of Dress," and tell me how I can have three pretty dresses for what I usually pay for one.

Name
Address



If a Child is Below Normal

Then Special Care Must Be Given to Feeding Him

By Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

BY a runabout child we refer to the child who is two years and older. In medical

practice among children a great part of the physician's clientele are those who are not suffering from any demonstrable disease, but who fall short of what we have come to look upon as the normal from a study of average well children.

Physically sub-normal children are poor individuals. They are of inferior general development. They lack endurance, in that they tire readily and cannot keep up with their fellows either at school or at play. They have poor resisting powers as regards colds and infection. Generally a slight exposure to inclement weather, unusual exertion or excitement, unusual articles of food—in short any event that necessitates physical or nervous resistance—is followed by an indisposition of some sort.

They are often underheight but not necessarily so. They are almost always underweight and usually show a mild degree of anemia and practically always have a poor muscle development. They readily acquire postural abnormalities such as drop shoulders, narrow chests and spinal curvatures. They are apt to be of an irritable disposition; they are difficult to manage and do not mix well with other members of the family; often they are inclined to be a bit anti-social. They are mentally normal and alert, perhaps precocious, but have poor concentration because of a lack of physical and mental vigor and are usually indifferent students as regards sustained advancement.

They supply as a class a great many of those small individuals who are brilliant in spots, those who are "shown off" to relatives and friends.

In fact physically sub-normal children have so many characteristics in common that they constitute a class by themselves.

The condition in a vast majority of cases is preventable—which means that the child is not born delicate but that the requirements for proper growth and development have not been supplied during the early months and years.

The rapidly growing child—and all children grow rapidly if they grow after a normal fashion—demands certain advantages. He must have suitable nourishment given at the right time and in right amounts; he must have adequate rest, suitable clothing, fresh air, the advantage of cleanliness and plenty of opportunity for active play—suitable amusement and recreation is no small part of the child's necessities.

The most vital error in child-management and the one that is most productive in making sub-normal weakly children, is the food supply. In previous copies of this magazine I have supplied feeding schedules suitable

DOES your child lack endurance? Does he catch cold easily? Is he irritable, difficult to manage? Must he be coaxed to eat? Then this series is for you.

for the growing child.

In our relations with children as regards the food supply there is

entirely too much sentiment and too little sense. The child's food and feeding is with him a business proposition. The kind of individual he is to be from the physical—and largely from the mental—standpoint is determined before he is ten.

Food must not be selected in a haphazard fashion. Every family with a child or children should have a feeding schedule.

Further, the three meals should not be close together. There should be at least four hours after the completion of the meal before another feeding is given. Four hours—and for some children a longer period—is required for emptying the stomach.

GIVING food at a lesser interval is very apt to produce an indifferent or entire loss of appetite and the child must be coaxed and forced to eat, a course which is often followed by acute or chronic digestive disturbances. If a child is given the first meal at 9 or 9:30 and the dinner at 12 or 12:30, he is getting the first requisite for sub-normal development, because the appetite will be impaired, there will be a defective food-intake and growth will not take place.

All this applies, likewise, to feeding or eating between meals. A stomach that is kept constantly at work will not work well. Every normal, well child is hungry at meal time and does not have to be coaxed and told stories in order to complete the meal. To prevent defective growth the food should be simple, properly selected and well cooked. When it is not readily taken the child is to be excused and prevented until the next meal, from taking any food which includes milk.

When the feedings are persistently refused it means that something is wrong with the digestive tract and a physician should be consulted without delay.

Among those who can give their children suitable food in proper amounts, properly prepared, one pint or one and one-half pints of milk a day is all the child should have.

It is my custom for runabout children to give milk but twice a day, for the morning and the evening meal. For some children a glass of milk is allowed in the mid-afternoon.

I have found however that the vast majority of children thrive better if they are given raw fruit at this time. It might be remarked in this connection that raw fruit or orange juice never should be given before breakfast. If fruit or fruit juices are to be given early in the day it should be after the meal. The habitual use of orange juice before breakfast is an appetite-destroyer of no mean order.





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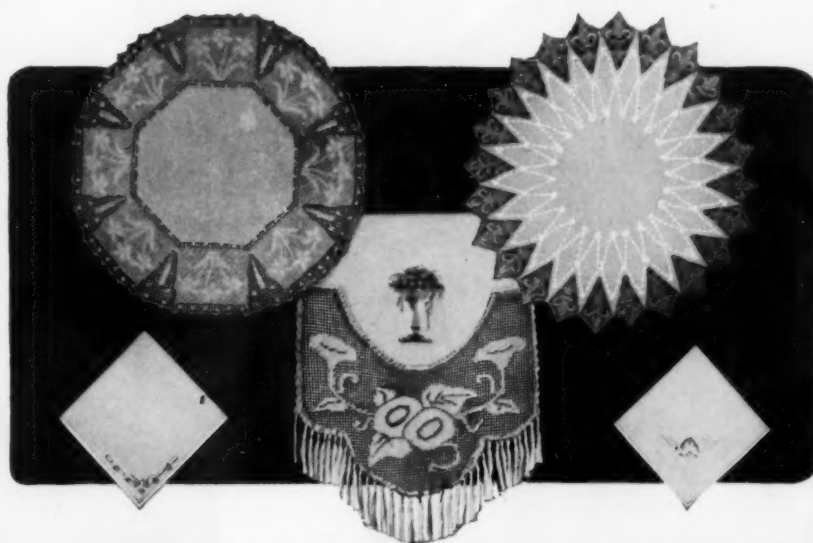
THE lovely centerpiece developed in Ecru is from O. N. T. Book No. 11, which is devoted to household linens. O. N. T. Book No. 9 supplies the design for the other centerpiece as well as a variety of edgings, insertions, and medallions.

Cross-stitch and crochet combine in the table scarf from O. N. T. Book No. 15. The cross-stitch patterns alone are worth many times the price of the book.

Hot iron transfers for the handkerchief designs and for other embroidered articles are found in O. N. T. Book No. 16.

Buy the books from your dealer or use the list and coupon below.

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The Mode Favors Contrasts In Street Costumes

No. 2968, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Transfer No. 1154, if used, will make a most effective border trimming.

No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 16 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3054, LADIES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The sleeveless coat worn in combination with a dress is a new departure in smart costuming.

No. 3055, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS, kimono sleeves lengthened by leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for waist and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for skirt and sleeves. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Costume Nos. 3053, 2240. Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3053, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Transfer No. 927 may be used for the embroidery.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

2968 Coat
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42
2286 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20

3013 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
3003 Skirt
7 sizes, 26-38

No. 3013, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURPLICE BLOUSED COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3003, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; with side drapery. Size 26 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Costume Nos. 3042, 3061. Small size requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

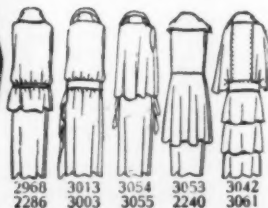
No. 3042, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COATEE. Small size requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3061, LADIES' THREE-TIER SKIRT. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27-inch for foundation. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

3054 Suit Coat
7 sizes, 34-46
3055 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3053 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Transfer No. 927
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

3042 Coatee
Small, medium, large
3061 Skirt
5 sizes, 24-32





3052 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Girdle Transfer
No. 1216

3039 Cape Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3034 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1232

3035 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1126

Paris Cables Her Decision As To Spring Styles

Apron Tunics and Front Draperies
Conspicuous Features of the Mode

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

TWICE a year Paris exhibits something near five thousand garments to the American trade. Every firm, no matter how small or how large, how popular or how exclusive, will eventually accept the decisions reached at these collections. At this hour the makers of clothes are foregathering in Paris. They come with the zeal of war correspondents arriving at the front line of battle or political writers reaching the scene of an international conference. They come to ask a vital question: "What will Paris do in clothes?" The answer lies in a cable received recently from the director of designing for The McCall Company who is reviewing the newest fashions in Paris.

"It is evident that front aprons and front draperies are to be featured. Long sleeves to the hand are in direct contrast to the sleeveless bodice. There is no compromise in arm coverings. It is either the most that can be carried by a single arm, or none at all. The waistline continues long, regardless of the efforts of powerful persons to shorten it. Skirts are eight inches from the floor. There are few side draperies, many jabot effects, a continuance of straight lines, also a few basques."

ROBIE.

Succinctly put, this cable films in the mind an exact photograph of the silhouette, the essential details of which the consumer wishes to know.



3042
Cape Coat
Small, medium
large

No real upheaval has occurred, as the cable indicates, or will occur, except in the minds of those who do not watch the clouds on the horizon, the straws in the wind. What has happened is the establishment of fashions that have been experimental.

THE MOYEN AGE WINS OUT

WHETHER these fashions come from Persia, Arabia, Italy or medieval England and France, they belong to the twilight period in politics and good government which we call the Middle Ages. If learning was dead then, costumery was not. Women gloried in gowns and capricious head covering. Drifting into the early Renaissance, fashionable women kept genius from starvation by giving it orders to create whatever was odd, whatever was lovely, whatever was conceived of craft and skill.

When dressmakers lead us by the hand back to the Moyen Age, therefore, there is no reason to prophesy ugliness. Here is the summary of the new silhouette. We will wear slightly full skirts gathered to long, slim bodices. We will finish round neck-lines with generous berthas of silver lace or narrow collars of precious thread lace. We will wrinkle our sleeves to the knuckles or gather them to a low armhole and a tight wrist, possibly adding up-standing and down-falling ruffles of bright-colored taffeta at the elbow. We will wear helmets on our heads that suggest the hennin, that curious monstrosity which brought forth a Papal Bull, a threat of excommunication that had no effect upon women. Our shoes will have broad tongues, immense buckles and festive heels. Our hair we will coil with pearls and jeweled nets. Our ears and our caps will hold long earrings. We will wear ruby and bottle-green, dead-rose and raspberry-red. The mantle of the Venetian doges will be flickered about by a flapper. If we go to the end of the long road to the Middle Ages we will suspend exquisitely wrought mirrors from jeweled girdles

[Turn to page 87]

The Simple Side of the New Fashions



3022 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1051

3033 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3022, LADIES' BLOUSED DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 1054 may be used for the braiding design.

No. 3033, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch chiffon for apron tunic and sleeves. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3021, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOUSED COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch plain material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

No. 2957, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulder and underarm; six-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 1044 may be used to trim the sleeves.

No. 3020, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece circular skirt. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Suitable for satin, taffeta or silk crepe.

No. 3025, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS; with waist lining; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A simple braiding trimming makes a very smart finish. Transfer No. 1054 may be used for it.

No. 3043, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; uneven lower edge; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 9-inch contrasting material for front inset. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



3021 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16 years
36-44



2957 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1044

3020 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50



3025

3025 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer No. 1054



3043

3043 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



3022 3033 3021 3020

Frocks May Be
Bloused or Slimly
Straight and Still
Be Smart

Definitely Accepted Paris Styles



3034 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1200

No. 3034, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A narrow bead edging finish may be carried out by using Transfer No. 1200.

No. 3022, LADIES' BLOUSED DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and 2 yards of 40-inch chiffon for the shirred panels. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3055, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for waist and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for skirt and sleeves. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3052, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 1099 may be used.

No. 3024, LADIES' BLOUSED DRESS; with camisole; closing at left shoulder and underarm. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. For the embroidery, Transfer No. 927 may be used.

No. 3026, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for collar and facing of drapery and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1243 may be used for girdle ornament.

No. 3029, LADIES' SURPLICE DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer No. 1142 may be used for embroidery.



3055 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3022 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

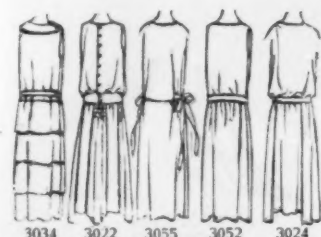


3052 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1099

3024 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 927

3026 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Girdle Transfer
No. 1213

3029 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer No. 1142



Along With
Front Drapes, Bands
and Panels Assert
Themselves



3030 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1243

3040 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1055

3063 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Particularly adapted
to jersey tubing
Transfer No. 1242

3023 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 936

3066 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Particularly adapted
to jersey tubing
Transfer No. 1249



3065 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Particularly adapted
to jersey tubing
Transfer No. 1184

The Slip-On Dress Continues To Emphasize Simplicity

No. 3063, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. This design is particularly suited to jersey tubing. Transfer No. 1243 may be used for girdle.

No. 3040, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1055 is suggested to trim.

No. 3030, MISSES' BLOUSE DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards. For girdle, Transfer No. 1243 may be used.

No. 3065, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. A design particularly suited to jersey tubing. Transfer No. 1184 may be used.

No. 3023, MISSES' SURPLICE DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. For embroidery Transfer No. 936 is suggested.

No. 3066, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Particularly suited for developing in jersey tubing. Transfer No. 1249 may be used.

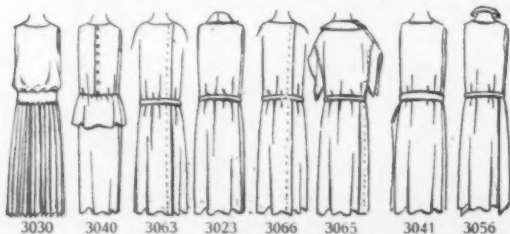
No. 3041, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 5-inch ribbon for vest. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1179 is suggested for embroidery.

No. 3056, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.



3041 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1179

3056 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20





3060 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 819

3044 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1213

3059 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3035 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1248

With Apron Drape, Tiered Skirt, Pleats or Panels

No. 3059, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 2 yards.

No. 3060, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 819 may be used for the braiding.

No. 3058, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt with three ruffles. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer No. 1232 may be used.

No. 2962, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves; four-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards.

No. 3044, MISSES' BLOUSE DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch and 1 yard of 40-inch for panels. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3018, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. For the embroidery, Transfer No. 1243 may be used.

No. 3035, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The front may be embroidered effectively by using Transfer No. 1248.

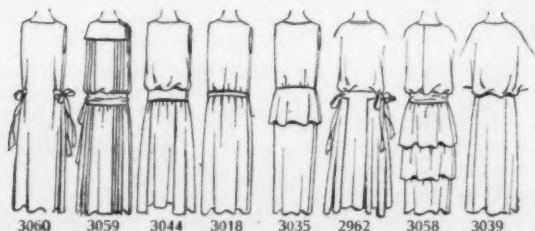
No. 3039, MISSES' CAPE DRESS. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 36-inch to line cape. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer No. 1227 may be used.



3058 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1232



3039 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1227



2962 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



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3062 Blouse
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40
Transfer No. 1020

3050 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3051 Blouse
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer No. 1022

3047 Basque Waist
5 sizes, 34-42



3064 Skirt
5 sizes, 24-32

3061 Skirt
5 sizes, 24-32

3032 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

Blouses and Skirts of New Design

No. 3062, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch jersey tubing. This design is specially adapted to jersey tubing. Transfer No. 1020 may be used for monogram.

No. 3050, LADIES' BANDANA BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch silk for bandana.

No. 3051, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. With just a touch of braiding, for which Transfer No. 1022 may be used, this blouse is smartly up-to-date.

No. 3047, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 21-inch lace for bertha collar.

No. 3064, LADIES' SKIRT. Size 26 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch jersey tubing. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This design is specially adapted to jersey tubing.

No. 3061, LADIES' THREE-TIER SKIRT; two-piece foundation. Size 26 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 27-inch for foundation. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 3032, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3036, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards. Transfer No. 1172 may be used for the appliqué pockets.

No. 3049, LADIES' SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 1249 may be used.

3036 House Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer No. 1172

3049 House Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer No. 1249

Why My Husband Calls Me "The Best-dressed Woman in Town"

How I solved the clothes problem in our family and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home. A personal narrative.

By MARY ELIZABETH RAWLINGS

A LITTLE while ago, my husband and I woke up to the fact that we were getting nowhere on his salary. At the end of each year we found we had saved nothing—absolutely nothing.

We could not afford amusements and we were drifting into a dry, monotonous existence.

We managed to keep out of debt only by going without many of the things we wanted and really needed—particularly in the way of clothes.

The thing that hurt and discouraged me most was that I discovered that my husband was ashamed to go any place with me because I had no pretty clothes to wear.

Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heartaches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so that no one would know how terribly unhappy I felt.

After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine and my glance fell on a story that attracted me. It told of a woman, just like myself, who had won happiness, solved her clothes problem and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home.

Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—that I wrote that very night for full information.

In just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, to make attractive, becoming clothes at merely the cost of materials.

I made up my mind that if other women could do it, I could do it, too. So I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

Almost a Love Letter

When my first lesson came, I seized it as eagerly as one would a love letter and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightful way to study!

THE lessons are written in language that even a child could understand, and every step is not only fully explained in words, but also by pictures. There are hundreds of actual photographs which show you exactly what to do. You can easily imagine what a big help that is.

From the very beginning you work on practical garments for yourself. I think that is one of the finest things about the Institute's course. You start right in. There are no tedious preliminaries.

Why, one of the first things I did was to make three unusually attractive day-dresses.

I bought 14 yards of gingham at 35c a yard, three dozen buttons at 20c a dozen and a pattern for 20c—or a total of \$5.70. Similar dresses were selling in the stores for \$4.85, making a total of \$14.55 for the three. So you see, the saving was over eight dollars. Mine were prettier dresses, too.

Then one day, in a shop window, I saw a beautiful printed georgette



"Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again."

crepe dress, combined with val lace. I wanted it very badly, but the price ticket was marked \$48 and, of course, I couldn't afford that. But I knew I could copy it!

So I purchased all the necessary materials and made myself the most wonderful dress I had ever had for only \$24.50. I had saved nearly \$25. Best of all, the dress fitted me far better than if I had purchased it ready-made. And I was sure of the material, for the Institute had taught me how to make the professional tests that prove whether fabrics are all they are represented to be—how to detect shoddy, false surfacing; how to test dyed fabrics for durability of color; how to know real linen from processed linen, etc.

"Ten Years Younger"

I don't think I shall ever forget the look on my husband's face when I stood before him in my first dress. "Mary," he said, "where in the world did you get that dress? Why, it is the most becoming one you have ever had. It makes you look ten years younger."

And then, one Sunday afternoon, for the first time in months, my husband and I took a walk together. I wore a lovely new three-piece suit that I had just finished. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was really very proud of me.

Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking who made them. When I told them that I made them all myself, they were just as surprised as my husband was. Sometimes I was even surprised myself at what I was able to do.

THEN a happy thought came to me. If I could make such attractive and becoming clothes for myself, at such

great savings, why not make them for other people, and thus add to the family income? It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could, so I let it be known that I would welcome outside sewing.

The first garments I made were three blouses, one skirt and two camisoles for my sister-in-law.

Then one of my neighbors asked me to make over a wrap for her. It was about a day's work and I charged her \$5.50. Everybody thought it was a new wrap. When she told them it was a two-year-old one that I had made over, it seemed as if every one in town wanted me to do their sewing.

That very first month I made \$61. In addition to remodeling the wrap, I made a silk blouse, three one-piece percale dresses, a baby petticoat and baby dress, a tinted voile dress with decorative stitching, and two other very dainty afternoon dresses.

\$384 in Seven Months

During the last seven months I earned \$384 in actual money, in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. There was never a time when I did not have more work than I could do.

To-day I have a bank account of my own and we have the little luxuries and comforts we always wanted. Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again. He often says that I am "the best-dressed woman in town."

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

You can have them, for through the Woman's Institute you can learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, to make them yourself at merely the cost of materials. You can save at least \$25 on a suit priced at \$40, for every item of material it contains would cost not more than \$15. On a dress retailing at \$20, you can save \$12 or \$14. Even on a blouse or a child's frock, or a little boy's suit costing \$5, it is easily possible to save \$2.50 to \$3 by buying the materials and making it yourself.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 150,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and by the dollars they have saved and earned, the success of the Institute's methods.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail, and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-P, Scranton, Pa., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

Send for Handsome Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession. Write a letter or postal or send in the convenient coupon to-day, and a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you absolutely free by return mail.



TEAR OUT HERE
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-P, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 64-page booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy." I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

- ☐ How to Make My Own Clothes
- ☐ How to Make Children's Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Plan and Design Becoming Clothes
- ☐ How to Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....
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2978 Suit
3 sizes, 2-6

2768 Dress
4 sizes, 2-8

2803 Suit
5 sizes, 2-8

2700 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

Fashions For Rising Citizens

No. 2545, Boy's SAILOR SUIT. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2978, Boy's SUIT. Size 4, waist, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch; trousers, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch.

No. 2768, CHILD'S RAGLAN DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch.

No. 2803, Boy's SUIT. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2700, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS AND BLOOMER. Size 2 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2747, GIRL'S COAT. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2412, GIRL'S COAT. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2970, GIRL'S RAGLAN COAT. Size 14 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2965, Boy's RAGLAN OVERCOAT. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2570, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

2545 Sailor Suit
5 sizes, 4-12

2747 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

2412 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14

2970 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14

2965 Overcoat
7 sizes, 2-14

2570 Coat
5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years



To
My
Valentine

To
My
Valentine

2950 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

3028 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer No. 1196

3027 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer No. 1177

2820 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

3057 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

Frocks to Gladden Young Hearts

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No. 2950, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; raglan sleeves. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch for collar.

No. 3028, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 2 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. For appliqué, Transfer No. 1196 may be used.

No. 3027, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 2 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Transfer No. 1177 may be used.

No. 2885, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 1239 may be used for cross-stitch.

No. 3048, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS, with circular set-in godets. Size 12 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch for insets.

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No. 3045, GIRL'S SURPLICE DRESS. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 2820, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3046 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 2906, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1209 may be used for the appliqué.

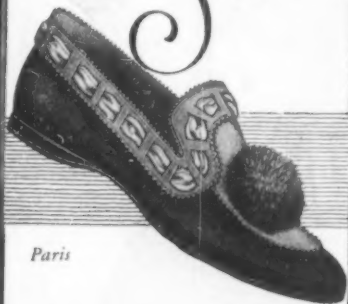
2885 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1239

3048 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3045 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

2906 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Transfer No. 1209

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Paris

WHEN you purchase a felt slipper you need go no further than the Capitol Slipper for those three qualities which make a fine slipper—comfort, style and value.

Comfort!—You will find it in the Capitol Slipper's soft, high-grade felt—in its Lamb's Wool inner sole of soft, fleecy wool (patterned after the famous Capitol Sole, for women who knit their own)—in its flexible leather outer sole, sturdy and pliant. You will discover what a combination of good material with excellent workmanship can do to make snug comfort.



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For All the Family

3031 Set of Vests
Small, medium, large2991 Nightgown
Small, medium, large3038 Negligee
Small, medium, large
Transfer No. 11413037
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Small, medium, large

No. 3031, LADIES' AND MISSES' SET OF VESTS, with collars and cuffs. Small size requires, No. 1, 1 yard of 36-inch material; No. 2, 1½ yards of 36-inch; No. 3, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

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No. 3038, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON NEGLIGEE. Small size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards. Transfer No. 1141 may be used to trim.

No. 3037, LADIES' AND MISSES' SET OF COLLARS. Small size requires, No. 1, ¾ yard of 45-inch material; No. 2 or 3 A, ¾ yard of 36-inch; No. 3 B, ¾ yard of 36-inch; No. 4 or 5, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 2263, LADIES' CORSET COVER. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 781 may be used for spray.

No. 2369, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOOMERS. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material.

Important Dress Accessories

IN anticipation of spring, dress accessories begin to appear as a significant part of the costume. Most important of these are the vests with collars and cuffs to be worn with suits and sweaters. They come in pointed and straight outlines finished with hemstitching or touched with color.

The large bertha collars in lace or chiffon continue to be most popular. Both round and square styles are high in favor.



For School or Play or for a Party

The prettiest and most serviceable children's dresses are trimmed with

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Made in 13 colors of fast color percale and 6 colors of fine taffeta silk. Also in black, white and fancy materials. Leading fashion magazines for this Spring have many excellent designs for trimming with tape.

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APRON
DRESS No.
2237, full
front and
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of unbleached
muslin for
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2-4-6 years.

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Hand-embroidery makes
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The little touch you personally add to an



Ready-to-Embroider Dress

converts a simple little frock into a garment you
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Beautiful Workmanship!

Every ARTAMO dress comes to you in a dust
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cotton to complete the design.

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Corset Cover
7 sizes, 34-46
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—to your friends and neighbors. We will show you—as we have shown thousands of others—how to obtain a comfortable income and have your own money to spend.

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Hundreds of our representatives earn from \$100 to \$250 each month. Thousands of others have modest but steady incomes for part time work. You can do the same. With our help you can quickly and easily build a permanent, profitable business.

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Write today. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalog showing how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Protected territory—prompt deliveries.



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NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS
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Complete set of 17 patterns for baby's first wardrobe, including 9 patterns usually sold at 25c each.
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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

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For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

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W. A. Weber, Box 30, Mankato, Minn.

Paris Cables Her Decision As To Spring Styles

[Continued from page 77]

instead of carrying a tiny mirror with cosmetics in a tiny bag.

Do not be alarmed by such statements. Look about you with keen eyes and you will observe that these fashions have been with us since last autumn. Ultra-smart women adopted them early in the season. They knew they were coming. The draped skirt, the chemise frock, the short, square coat, which are the predecessors of the Moyen Age fashions, will continue to hold some of us in their grip, but the tentative fashions of September will be established in February.

Already there is a strongly defined movement toward a frock that curves in at the waist and ripples at the hem. Where women will get the waists to go under these frocks is left to the dietists and the athletic directors. It may be that small waists will not return. We may not be able to overcome the human figure as it has developed in this quarter century. The Moyen Age women did not wear corsets; it may be possible, therefore, that we will let the waist remain free and unconfined and continue to strap in the hips and abdomen.

The long Moyen Age bodice has nothing in common with the Victorian basque. It is not boned, nor made with seams and darts, nor fastened with buttons. It slips over the head or it fastens loosely down the back. But it does outline the figure more clearly than the sagging overblouse which we picked up from the Orient and which will continue to be our chiefest joy.

The new full skirt gathered to the bodice will not be as long as American dressmakers build it. French ones drop to six and eight inches from the floor and are considerably shorter for morning usage and sports. There is not enough material in them to weight the hips. Only the extreme ones are six yards at the hem. The average width is more a movement toward a new style than a burden to the wearer.

The jackets which are imitations of Persian tunics are knee-length. They follow the lines of the figure until they reach the hips where they flare outward at the sides, leaving the front and back flat. Properly worn such tunics should have sashes or girdles, but the American will cut them of demure cloth and put a bit of braid or possibly embroidery on the borders.

We will not wear belts with these tunic jackets. We have ceased to wear them with the short, square jacket that Jeanne Lanvin gave us, and there was no place for them on the jumper jacket which was adopted by every woman old enough to vote. So we are somewhat weaned from them.

CONCERNING EVENING GOWNS

Evening gowns, strange to say, are less Moyen Age than the other paraphernalia we adopt. They are strongly Oriental. Some are Venetian of the Renaissance period, especially when of taffeta with a full skirt and lace bertha that covers the arms and starts in a low, round décolletage. The evening gowns we have been wearing belong to the Fourteenth Century far more than the new ones. The latter, as opposed to the former, uncover an expanse of shoulder and back.

Dressmakers united in an effort to banish the bateau neck-line, which was filched from the Italian Renaissance and which has held out for six years, and they have succeeded. The trade realized that women adopted the economical fashion of wearing the same gown in the evening as in the afternoon. When a frock of black crepe with neck-line cut across the collar bone, and experts say it is suitable for lamplight as for sunlight, of course, women do not bother to change. Such economy was not to the liking of dressmakers. By slow process and subtle propaganda they succeeded in establishing a cleavage between what is worn before and after eight o'clock at night.

The depth of the décolletage is the deciding factor. There is a revival of the girder bodice which was as popular a fashion before America went into the war as the jumper jacket is today. The new varieties of it are exact copies of what was worn. There are the straps of glittering crystals over the shoulders, the bare arms and wide exposure of shoulders. No reformer can rise up and say this is the exclusive fashion for the footlights and smart society, because it was worn by girls who had only one evening gown as well as by women whose maids selected one out of fifty frocks for evening gaiety.

A few of the new gowns are high in front and deeply décolleté in the back. Others are half low in front with a panel of flesh-pink chiffon or georgette crepe plastered across the back to suggest bareness above the drapery of the frock which starts below the shoulder blades. This is only done with classic drapery. There is no effort to put sleeves in evening gowns.

[Turn to page 89]



WEST ELECTRIC

Three Aids to Beautiful Hair

WEST
"Softex"
Shampoo

Shampoo with West Softex. It cleanses the hair thoroughly, leaving it soft, full of life, and easy to manage. Contains just enough Egyptian Henna to give the desired shimmering tint. Also prepared without henna. 10c a package.

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"Beach and
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If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, enclosing purchase price and dealer's name and address.

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Use **Liquid Wax** for furniture, woodwork, leather, shoes. **Powdered Wax** makes perfect dancing floors.

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Paste - Liquid - Powdered

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Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy. Leading linoleum manufacturers recommend it.

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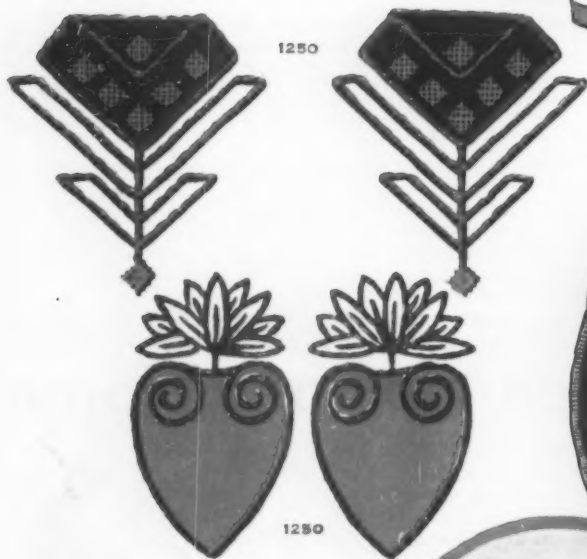
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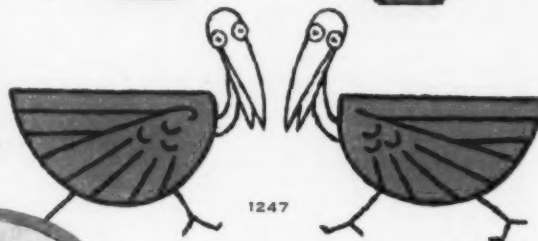
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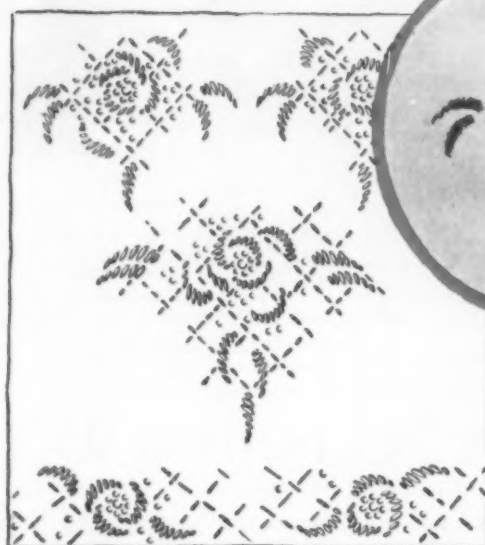
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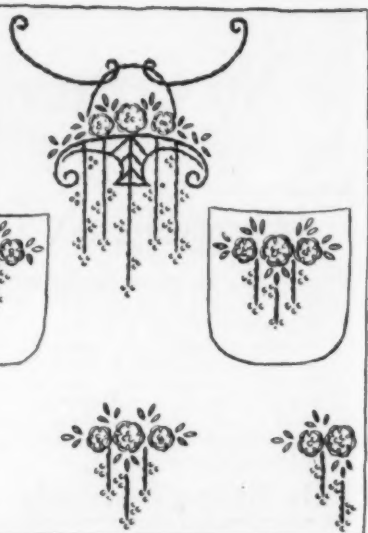
1249



1249



1246



1246



1245

1250—Transfer Pattern for Ladies' Pockets. Includes 1 pair each of 3 designs—grape pockets, cross-stitch pockets, and lily-pod pockets, each about 6 inches across. For the bungalow dress or apron of sateen or unbleached muslin, patch pockets of contrasting sateen or gingham are unusually smart. Full directions for embroidery given, colors to use, etc. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue. Ladies' Apron No. 9606, in 3 sizes, small, medium, large. Price, 25 cents.

1244—Transfer Pattern for Child's Quilt. Design measures 19½ x 19½ inches; patch-pieces for the geese, sunshade and bonnet included. Patches of yellow sateen on white sateen embroidered in colors make an attractive quilt. Full directions given. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1247—Transfer Pattern for Child's Pockets. Includes 1 pair each of 3 designs—cross-stitch, bird and lantern patch pockets, each about 4 inches across. Full embroidery directions complete these pocket transfers for children's rompers, frocks and bibs. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue. Child's Dress (lantern pockets) No. 2950, sizes 2 to 10 years; Child's Dress with Bloomers (illustration showing bird pockets in contrasting color) No. 2902, sizes 1 to 10 years; price, 25 cents each.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 233-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

1246—Transfer Pattern for Child's Trimming. Includes 1 motif 4½ x 4½ inches; 2 pockets 4 x 4½ inches; and 3½ yards of banding 2½ inches wide. Dainty in lazy-daisy, outline and buttonhole-stitch with French knots, on a child's dress. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1248—Transfer Pattern for Darning-Stitch. Includes 2 double-bird motifs 10½ x 12 inches; and 10 flower sprays in two sizes. These motifs are unusually handsome, the darning-stitch in colors giving a tapestry effect, on dresses, pillows or curtains. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1249—Transfer Pattern for Dress Trimming. Includes 2 motifs 8½ x 9½ inches; 6 motifs 6½ x 8 inches; and 6 yards of banding 1½ inches wide. For darning-stitch and French knots, an attractive trimming in lattice effect, developed in contrasting colors. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1245—Transfer Pattern for Child's Outline Figures. Includes 1 pair each (given as opposites) of 9 different motifs from 1½ to 3 inches high. Delightful in outline-stitch for baby's frocks and bibs. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue. Owls illustrated on Child's Dress No. 2860, sizes 2 to 10 years; price, 25 cents.



THE TREO Elastic Girdle, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of "Treotex." This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the Treo Elastic Girdle imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetiers, designers, all acclaim it as the perfecting touch to the Treo lines of models, which, with their exclusive features, their smartness, and their universal utility, has made them the accepted of the fastidious.

The "Anchor Band" (the waist line band), which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the "Feature Strip" (the strip above the waist line), which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new "Panel Back," which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found only in the Treo Girdle, The Original All-Elastic Corset. Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, \$3 to \$10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Treotex surgical web, \$5.50 to \$10; Treo Girdles of Silk Treotex surgical web, \$12.50 to \$25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

TREO COMPANY, Inc.
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Great Britain: Distributing Corporation, Ltd.,
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The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle Models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure.



Note the Panel Back in illustration at left—it flattens the figure at the back into the new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is above-the-average figure!

TREO GIRDLE
The All-Elastic Corset

The more elastic to the corset
—the more grace to the figure

Paris Cables Her Decision As To Spring Styles

(Continued from page 87)

MODES IN MILLINERY

The milliners took up the Moyen Age hats in modified form in early autumn. The Italian helmet invented by Lanvin proved to be one of the six best-sellers. It has a high ridge of stiffened material running across its top from ear to ear. It is made of black velvet with a velvet or lace ridge across the top, also in soft silver tissue with a ridge of silver and a loose lace veil of white Venetian lace. This veil is a true medieval touch.

As one helmet succeeded another, number and variety established the high-crowned hat in fashion. It will continue until or through the spring. Some of these helmets look like inverted flower-pots, others like beehives. Each, except the Lanvin helmet, has a sloping brim that covers the eyes and reaches to the nape of the neck.

Cecile Sorel, called the best-dressed woman in France, inaugurated the leopard skin helmet taken from Roman warrior days. She wore it in America during her visit to New York. These high hats shade the eyes so entirely that one must recognize a friend by her mouth and nose. They are not only for the young. They have subtle qualities of concealment for the woman with tired eyes. Mlle. Sorel, as an artist, knows and proclaims that a woman over forty should wear a hat that shadows her eyes.

There is an effort to substitute black watered silk for velvet in helmets for spring wear. Silver wheels, links of jade and metal, Venetian embroidery and other decorations prove that the rule of the absolutely plain hat is abrogated. Hats that are entirely covered with Indo-Chine embroidery and edged with terra-cotta are fashionable.

Old Egypt stretches a finger out to touch millinery. Admirable hats are copied from the Egyptian headdress of Isis and Osiris. The fabric is folded across the top of the head and again folded in two broad tabs that stand out from the ear and reach to the base of the neck. They are embroidered with ancient Egyptian figures or queer Indian patterns.

The Venetian tricorne of satin has had success since its revival and will be repeated in satin for spring. It is often worn with the short masque veil that ends abruptly below the eyes.

A New Day in Pictures

(Continued from page 47)

thoughtful producers have taken heed to this very point, and carefully dressed their sets to correspond with the real life the picture portrays.

Theorists may talk, social workers may rave, ministers may preach, and all of it may have seemingly small effect; but when that thing in our land, which I can no better denominate than "public opinion" puts its weighty and mighty foot flat upon any project, that project is smashed; it is sat upon as was Dewey's transfer of property given him by the nation to his wife, Grant's third term for presidency or Woodrow Wilson's personal ambition for world power. Today the general public has smashed down on extremes in picture settings, in dress, in passionate portrayal; and these things are dead. At the peril of his picture will any producer try to resurrect them. I do not know the breadth of sweep allowed Mr. Hays, I imagine it is unlimited; one thing is sure, I know no man willing to test it on the side of displeasure. So this ushers in a new day for pictures. At last the public may have what cultured ambitious, far-seeing folk long have hoped for, sane, clean, educative and superbly beautiful pictures. The salacious, the nasty, the suggestive, the untrue must stay out. In appropriate setting we are now going to have all of truth to beauty, to art and to life that it is fair and possible to make into a picture which is to be viewed at the same time by the seasoned adult and the young people of our land. I know that a desperate effort is being made in the greatest stronghold of moving-pictures in all the world, to do better, finer, stronger, more beautiful work than ever before has been done. This being the case it is now up to every man and woman of our land to forget the past of moving-pictures. There is such a little bit of that past, it should not require great effort. Art has traditions old as time, the stage several thousand years, the novel several centuries, moving-pictures about twenty years. Please, you highly critical people, have patience! Give this beautiful form of entertainment time for a little more background before you condemn it. With Mr. Hays at the helm, a new day has dawned for pictures, the coming year is going abundantly to prove it.

Safe-Keeping Your Teeth by the Colgate Method

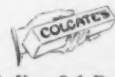
5 Good Rules for Good Teeth—Good Health



1—"Wash," Don't Scour Your Teeth (you wouldn't scour piano keys)



2—After Each Meal



3—Use a Safe Dentifrice



4—Rub the Gums (Gingival massage)



5—See your dentist twice a year

"Wash" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel protects the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.

"Wash" your teeth after each meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. "Wash" your teeth regularly, carefully, and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.

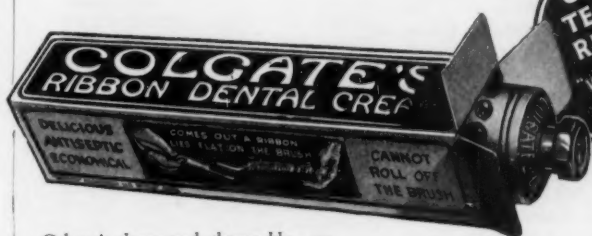
Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist regularly, twice a year at least.

COLGATE'S Cleans Teeth the Right Way

"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour



Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube cost 25c—why pay more?

CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

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One and Two Ounce Balls, Ready for the Needle, No Winding
150 COLORS. ELEVEN DIFFERENT QUALITIES

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Send for Free Color Card and Leaflets of Latest Styles with Knitting Instructions
BEACON WORSTED CO., Dept. A, 112-114 East 19th Street, New York

Keep Painted Woodwork CLEAN

Clean wooden floors, linoleum, tile, marble, concrete, with

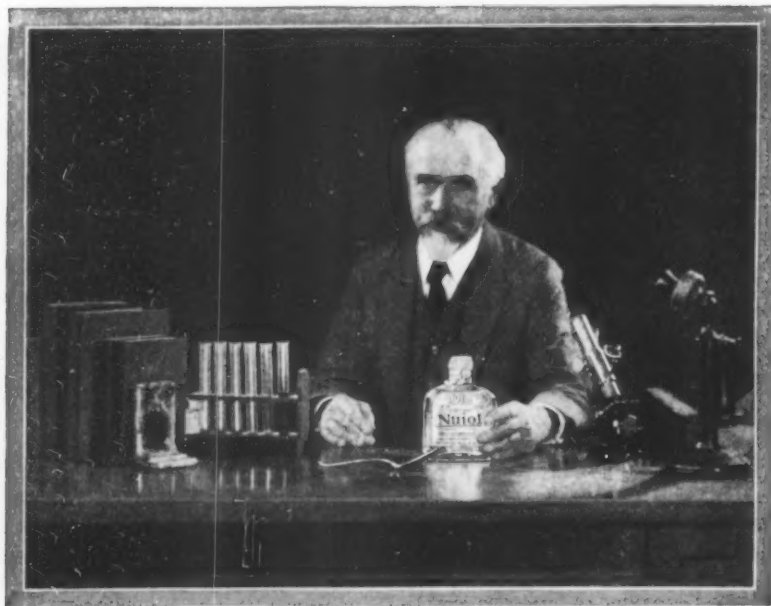
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Makes all house-cleaning easy.

Large cake. No waste.

Sole Manufacturers
Enoch Morgan's Sons Co.
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"If more people knew of its merits, there would be less sickness and suffering in the world."

Letters from Physicians and Public

Tell how Nujol has overcome many thousand cases of constipation

IN OUR FILES are thousands of letters from users of Nujol—voluntary tributes of gratitude inspired by the good work Nujol has done. Daily they come pouring in, each with its earnest, human story of sickness conquered. These letters bear eloquent testimony to the ability of Nujol to overcome constipation in people of all ages and conditions of health. We quote a few extracts from letters picked at random.

"Relieved her without affecting the baby"

"When the same trouble (constipation) began with our third child, our physician said there was no laxative medicine for my wife that would not hurt the baby. I then persuaded my wife to try Nujol. It relieved her without affecting the baby; as a result we have the healthiest, happiest child I ever saw."

"Constipated for two years, relieved by Nujol"

"I don't think there was ever anybody more constipated than my little three year old boy. He had been constipated for two years. I tried Nujol, and it relieved him. From a mother who will always be thankful for your great remedy for constipation."

"Relieved hemorrhoids"

"For two years I suffered with hemorrhoids. I spent about \$800 before I discovered Nujol."

To-day, after five bottles, I am feeling as well as the day I was born as far as knowing what pain is."

"A wonderful product"
—Says doctor

"I beg to say that Nujol is a wonderful product. I have quite a number of patients now using it and all are pleased with it."

"Nujol all it is claimed to be"

"Nujol has given me new life, strength, hope and comfort. It possesses a wonderfully soothing effect upon the intestines, without any of the hot, burning, weakening sensations that usually result from the use of pills or other purgatives. Nujol is all it is claimed to be by its makers, and if more people knew of its merits there would be less sickness and suffering in the world."

"Sure to give relief without griping"

"I am seventy-four years of age and had chronic constipation for years. Have suffered much at times trying to get relief by using physics. Now I use Nujol every morning and find it sure to give relief without griping pains of any kind. I cannot say too much in favor of Nujol as the best remedy for constipation. My friends use it with the same results; never fails; no griping; no physicking; no inconvenience. I surely recommend it to all sufferers from constipation old or young."

Nujol overcomes constipation, by the so-called lubricating method. When you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced by your system to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe the gentle lubricant, Nujol, because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless and pleasant.

Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

For Constipation

Nujol

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Mistol, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories



Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

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Nujol, Room 812P 44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 24-page booklet, "Dangers of Constipation." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name..... Address.....



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

VELVET GARMENTS SHOULD BE WASHED in lukewarm soapsuds but neither rubbed on a board nor wrung free of water. Rinse in lukewarm water and lift it on a clothes hanger to let it drip. Shake occasionally until it is dry, when it can be brushed with an ordinary clothes brush, rubbing with the pile.—Miss C. L. K., Oklahoma.

PAPER CLIPS ARE VERY USEFUL in sewing. Use them when basting seams and in turning up hems. They will not fall out readily.—Mrs. M. A. C., Pennsylvania.

A HOT FLATIRON as a foot-warmer often scorches the sheets. Avoid this by slipping it into worn socks.—L. H., Michigan.

WEARING GLOVES WHEN SWEEPING does not altogether keep off "broom corns." A better preventive is two pieces of velvet or felt fastened with glue to the broom handle just where you usually grasp it.—Mrs. E. H. H., Mississippi.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S DISLIKE for vegetables became a cause of worry to me, so I worked out this scheme. I bought some tiny aluminum kettles and showed her how to use them. She now prepares and cooks her own carrots, potatoes, and seasons them herself. Everything she prepares is soon eaten with great relish.—Mrs. M. D. W., Washington.

STRETCHING A CARPET OR RUG which does not lie smoothly on the floor is helped wonderfully by wearing rubbers and pushing along the wrinkles with the foot.—Mrs. C. E. H., Kansas.

A WOODEN RULER IS A GREAT AID in turning up hems. When dresses are worn seven inches from the ground, I cut off the ruler at nine inches which is far more convenient than using the foot rule.—Miss M. T., Pennsylvania.

USE A PLATE-SCRAPER for other things besides cleaning plates. They are much better than a spatula for cleaning bowls and pans which have held cake batters, salad dressings, cream fillings and the like. They may also be used as a window drier for small glasses in windows, doors and bookcases.—Mrs. T. A. T., Iowa.

Is Breakfast Just a Meal?

[Continued from page 54]

can pour it out of a small pitcher set down at each one's place and that they will eat poached or scrambled or shirred eggs served to each one in a small casserole or shirred egg dish, whereas they eye them scornfully on a platter. And she says that her husband will consume anything at all if she garnishes it with radishes or crisp green parsley.

Every homemaker must decide how much of herself she can spend on breakfast. To me it has always seemed the most important meal of the day, the rite whose celebration demands all the homemaker's wisdom and love. If the purpose of life is to make people useful to themselves and others, then husband and children should go out from home in the morning eager to get at their work, and filled with a determination to see it through to a successful conclusion.

They will need steady nerves for this because competition is keen even in school, and the race does go to the strong. I have seen men in business let big deals slip through their fingers because some unpleasant occurrence before they left home in the morning had unsteady their poise and dimmed their enthusiasm. I have seen children sullen and inattentive in school most of the day because of inharmonious home conditions.

It is a wonderful tribute to a wife and mother to have her family glad to come home to her, their day's work finished. But the highest pinnacle of triumphant homemaking is to make them glad to go away from her in the morning, inspired with the will to learn, to develop and to achieve.



It cleans where you can and cannot see

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. It removes quickly all stains, discolorations, incrustations. The porcelain gleams.

No scrubbing—no scouring!

The hidden trap. The unhealthful trap—Sani-Flush cleans it thoroughly, too! And destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Nothing else is like it. Just sprinkle it into the bowl. Follow directions on the can, and flush. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Canton, Ohio

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Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

19¢
per oz.

Beautiful Sicilian Floss

A lovely silk and wool Peace Dale yarn for life an ounce skein! Sicilian Floss is very popular for the fashionable sweaters and scarfs for Spring. Comes in all the new colors. Send today for over 100 FREE samples of Sicilian Floss and other Peace Dale yarns. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 118, 25 Madison Ave., New York.

PEACE DALE YARN

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For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

AGENTS—\$5 to \$15 DAILY

Introducing New Style Guaranteed Healers—Latest shades—Champagne, Gold, Silver, Bobolink, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We deliver and collect. Experience unnecessary. Lee Higgins made \$21.45 first day. (Sweat proof furnishings). Outlets furnished contain all colors grades including full fashioned silks, laces, silk and wool and wool heathers.

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Brides! 100 Wedding Announcements or Invitations for \$8.60. Padded paper. Double envelopes. Three styles of lettering. Enclosure cards to match. Send for samples.


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BIG MONEY Quick Sales, Fine Profits and steady demand online. Clows-Kitt guaranteed bakery direct from mill to warehouse. All styles for men, women, children. Many making \$200 per week. George Clows Co., Desk 81 Philadelphia, Pa.



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Every Woman's Depilatory



Hair Roots Cannot be Destroyed with Sealing Wax

WE will forfeit \$10,000.00 if it can be proved that any sealing wax ever destroyed a single hair root.

Do not buy anything for removing hair unless you get a promise that your money will be refunded if you are dissatisfied after using it once. This is the guarantee under which DeMiracle is sold.

Pulling hair out with sealing wax is painful. It does not destroy hair roots but does enlarge the pores. A simple and inexpensive way to prove this is to try pulling hair out with a small piece of adhesive plaster.

Remember, DeMiracle is the only method that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals, and Prominent Magazines, for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms, limbs, etc. Write for free book, The Truth About Superfluous Hair.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

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FACE POWDER

"How the elusive perfume of Lablache takes me back—Grandmother's lightly powdered cheek—Mother's dimpled chin—and home. Fifty years of dainty custom—three generations have established Lablache as the finishing touch to the toilette of well-groomed women. Refuse Substitutes."

They may be dangerous. Fleck, White, Pink or Cream, 50c, a box of droplets or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

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is guaranteed by 30 years service to millions of Americans. Kondon's works wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, headache, sore nose, etc.

FREE
20 Treatment tin on receipt of your name and address
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Druggists have it 30c



An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Fortune's Fool

[Continued from page 68]

As he drew nearer over the soft yielding turf that deadened all sound of his steps, he saw Nancy sitting on that stone seat where a month ago he had left her in the conviction that he was never to behold her again with the eyes of the flesh. He paused, his pulses throbbing.

He stood breathless, at a loss. And then she slowly turned and looked behind her. A long while she stared, startled, white-faced.

"Randal!" She was on her feet, confronting him.

He plunged forward.

"O Randal, why have you come here? You should have gone today."

"I went, and I have returned, Nan," he told her, standing there beside her now.

"You have returned!"

"Nan," he said, "a miracle has happened." And from his breast he pulled a parchment with its great seal. "A month ago I was a beggar. Today I am Colonel Holles in something more than name, commanding something more than a mere regiment. I have come back, Nan, because at last I can offer you something in exchange for all that you will sacrifice in taking me."

She sank down slowly, weakly, to the seat, he standing over her, until they were in the same attitude as a month ago. But how different now was all else. She leaned her elbows on her knees a moment, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples.

"Is it real, this? It . . . it is true? True?" she asked aloud, though clearly not of him.

"It is not very much perhaps, when all is said, though it seems much to me today, and with you beside me I shall know how to make it more. Still, such as it is I offer it." And he tossed the parchment down into her lap.

"But you haven't looked," he protested.

"What need to look? It is your kingdom, you have told me. And I'll share your kingdom whatever it may be."

"It is situated in the Indies . . . in Bombay," said he.

She considered. "I ever had a thirst for travel," she said deliberately.

He put an arm about her shoulder, and drew her head down on his breast. "My dear," he murmured and held her in a silence that was like a prayer, until, at length she raised her face.

"Do you know, Randal, that it is more years than I care to think of since last you kissed me, and then you vexed me by stealing what is now yours to take."

[THE END]

Double Doom

[Continued from page 73]

"Steady!" he begged in a hoarse whisper. "Take it easy, Mr. Manship, and—get this!"

Without wonder, without comprehension, crushed by that first, cruel shock of grief, Rodney saw that Angelo had ceased to struggle, had fallen into a phase of strangely rigid passivity in the hands of the other detectives.

His head lowered and thrust forward, mouth agape, eyes so wide in their downcast stare that a finger's breadth of white showed above their dark irises, he stood gazing at the still form of his twin sister, then with a convulsive start shrank back and fearfully consulted Ritchey with a glance.

"For the love of God!" he stammered. "Tell me she isn't!"

"You fired the shot that killed her," Ritchey brutally cut him short. "If you want to make anybody believe you didn't go to do it, save your lies for the jury that'll send you to the chair for murder in the first degree."

Angelo replied only in a husky monosyllable freighted with the fright that was freezing his heart:

"Dead!"

With a sharp, spasmodic movement he broke the hold of the plain-clothes men, took one uncertain step toward the body of his sister, essayed another but faltered, swaying, threw out his hands in the gesture of a man groping blindly in the dark, and without a moan, without a struggle, collapsed as if stricken down by a hand invisible of resistless weight.

Ritchey dropped to his knees, heaved the boy over till he lay with face to the light, tore open his shirt and placed a hand above his heart.

A curious smile darkened his plain countenance.

Then suddenly he swung upon his subordinates with indignant barks:

"Here, you, run! Find a doctor, quick! Telephone for an ambulance! Don't stand there like a pack of pop-eyed fools. Get a move on you—it's life and death!"

The detectives fell back, dismayed, hesitated and, turning with one accord, disappeared in haste.

[Turn to page 95]

Authorized Styles for Spring and Summer 1923

Models straight from Europe's Fashion Openings and Rich Domestic Creations are shown in this book—the most authoritative style guide in America. It is worth its weight in gold. Like thousands of other fashionable women, you may wear expensive looking clothes at little cost. WRITE TODAY.



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A GROUP OF LITTLE HOMES, compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman, gives plans for twelve small houses of varying types to suit every site and taste—all designed for the convenience of the home-maker.

THE MODERN HOME, How to Equip and Manage It Wisely, by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough, will tell you about the new household appliances which do the house-work more quickly, cheaply and better than the old way of hand labor.

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PARTIES' ALL THE YEAR, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald—here are sparkling, original plans for all kinds of good times, rhymed invitations, fun-provoking contests, stunts, writing games, tableaux.

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The booklet has the endorsement of Dr. Franklin A. Dorman, Director of the Maternity Division of the Woman's Hospital, New York City.

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I invented my hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Though this was many years ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still beautiful as a girl's.

A Statement by Mary T. Goldman

I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old."

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so young, for the older you grow the older gray hair makes you look. No—gray hair is an affliction at any age, but one that need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if such a preparation had been in existence when I found my hair turning gray. Then there were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how easily and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original color to your hair.

What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by combing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

There is no untidy sediment, no greasy stain, absolutely nothing to wash or rub off.

Users of my restorer are never betrayed by discolored hat linings or soiled pillow slips. My restorer keeps your hair clean, soft and fluffy. Wash it as often as you like, for the color can't come off. This is because it is restored, not crudely dyed.

Restored Color Perfect

But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer. No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of mortifying streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were sixteen.

You can go in swimming, in either fresh water or salt, and get your hair wet without worrying about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this safe, sure, scientific way.

Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer



It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it will restore naturally gray hair.

A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to restore my own gray hair, for I found that it achieved perfect results.

But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of the use of a wonderful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair, dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent to you absolutely free if you will mail the coupon.

Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving that every word is true. I would not dare make them if I could not back them up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you take advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked is important. If possible enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair.

But—don't neglect this warning:

Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competition by hordes of imitators who offer unworthy imitations and substitutes.

Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package. If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

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Why Internal Bathing Has Given Such Amazing Health Results

There was good reason, during the World War, why the percentage of Typhoid Cases in the American Army were insignificant as compared with those in the Spanish American War, though there were ten times as many men in uniform.

There is good reason why so many of the dangerous, even fatal diseases of twenty to forty years ago—diphtheria, small-pox, inflammation of the bowels (now appendicitis) and many others are not so commonly heard of today, and when they do make their appearance, are not so dreadfully feared or so frequently fatal—

And the reason in every case is—Prevention, more than cure.

Just so it is with the proper Internal Bathing which has grown so tremendously in general favor in the last decade, and now has its millions of enthusiastic advocates—

And here are the reasons:

A great majority of human ills have their origin in retention of waste matter in the lower intestine and the auto-intoxication which always follows because of the absorption of this toxic (poisonous) material.

Witness the fact that when you are really sick, a laxative is always prescribed.

There are also many weaknesses to which accumulated waste is a contributing cause—it exposes one to infection by lowering the vital resistance, poisoning the blood, depleting the system of its oxygen carrying power, and by actually killing off vast numbers of leucocytes or defensive phagocytes of the blood.

Some of the very greatest authorities claim, indeed, that immunity from the most ordinary infections depends upon a clean condition of the lower bowel and its freedom from poisons.

Health Commissioner Copeland, of New York City, recently said in the columns of the New York American:

"The lining membrane of the colon (lower intestine) is thick and corrugated, lying in folds, not unlike a miniature washboard. The folds afford many hiding-places for germs. The waste material of the body standing and fermenting in this Canal and the heat of the body combine to make the Colon a glorious breeding place for germs."

And he recommends giving rectal injections of simple, pure warm water.

Review, if you will, two of the commonest complaints caused by this accumulated waste with which every one of us is afflicted unless we have two bowel movements per day—

Headache: Thousands of people have testified to the prompt relief of sick headache or congestive headache, following an Internal Bath and the cleansing of the poisons from the lower intestine by this process.

Gastric and Intestinal Indigestion and Fermentation: Accumulated waste prevents the development of the nor-

mal gastric secretion, by reducing the activity of the digestive enzymes.

But remove this cause, and one must be careless indeed of his diet to suffer from these annoying and often dangerous digestive discomforts.

Among the most conspicuous diseases caused directly by intestinal infection are rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, neuralgia, and sciatica, and there is no physician who would not devote his first attention in such cases toward eliminating the waste from the lower intestine and recommending foods which would be easily assimilated and keep that waste down to the minimum.

High blood pressure and hardening of the arteries too, with the apoplexy that they help to produce, are due, in large measure, to the effects of the toxins absorbed from the alimentary canal; acting upon the walls of the arteries, they tend to produce calcification.

They also irritate the delicate neurons and neuroglia of the nerve cells, which often manifest itself in nervous irritability, insomnia, distressing dreams and irregular heart action.

How encouraging it is to know then, that by the use of simple pure warm water, used at reasonable intervals with a scientifically correct appliance, the lower intestine can be kept entirely and consistently clear and free from this poisonous waste.

And the joy of it—The way you feel the morning after an Internal Bath!

Sound, refreshing sleep has been yours because every function has been working normally, properly, all night long.

Your digestion has been good. Your blood has taken up its proper nourishment in the proper way, and has conveyed its pure, unhampered, unpoisoned, virile strength to your brain, muscles and nerves.

You are refreshed—you are strengthened—you are confident—you are keen in mind and eager for the duties and problems of the new day—in short, you feel re-made.

There are many scientific facts concerning the Internal Bath which cannot be treated in this brief article, but which are fully covered in a little book called the What, the Why, the Way of Internal Baths.

This can be obtained free of any cost by writing to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 152 West 65th Street, New York City, if you will mention having read this in McCall's Magazine.

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Two Masters

[Continued from page 34]

"Well, I'd hate t'be Sally," said Grandma Bonner, in her cracked old voice, "now she's been such a fool, with Alice after her. T'lose a good husband that makes all that money and takes care of the whole family. That's what's eating Alice, I bet."

Alan's eyes swerved again to Sally. Her little mouth was trembling piteously. Could it be—

A big man with a smooth, southern voice—ah, this must be cousin Arnold!—spoke. "It seems to be the united opinion of the family," he began, "that Sally has been most indiscreet, if not a little wicked."

"Who says Sally's wicked?" Alan was menacing, even as he groped.

He caught a flash from Sally's eyes—wet, imploring blue eyes.

He shook off the grip of his amazement and covered the width of the room at a bound. With one big arm he swept Sally to his side and held her there, very tight, feeling her wild trembling against him.

"You mean you've all been sitting here torturing my wife?" he cried hotly. "Who are you to sit here and abuse my wife? In her own house? What do you mean, picking on this poor little kid this way?"

"We've simply been trying to bring her to a sense of her own foolishness," said Uncle Pelham with well-bred preciseness. "Sally's an undisciplined young woman, and she has brought shame and sorrow—"

Alan Gordon stopped him with a menacing finger. "I'll give you all exactly ten seconds to get out of my house," he said coldly and deliberately. "Sally's the best wife in the world. And don't one of you ever set foot in this house again unless I ask you to. You understand?"

Somebody—it was Sally's mother—started to speak. "Get out," said Sally's husband, "or I'll throw you out."

The door closed.

The man sat down limply and took the trembling, soft little figure in his arms.

"I guess I'll never understand about families," he said, "but you listen to me, Sally Gordon. I meant every word I said. This is partly my fault, because I've been a weak fool. But I'm not one any more. If you ever so much as look sideways at another man, I'll break your neck. You stay right here and take care of me, and my house and behave yourself."

"You've been trying to serve two masters, you poor kid, and neither of them any good. But you've got one now, you understand me?"

"Yes, dear," said Sally happily.

The Affair at Gray Walls

[Continued from page 40]

"Very good. Then you will enter this room. Your mistress will be there in a shaded light. Today she will wish merely to be aware of you there beside her. She will not want to see you plainly nor have you see her. Come."

I followed him into a rose-scented obscurity. A chair was shoved softly to me, and Pietro's hands, urbanely directing yet with something reminding of steel in them, pressed me into it. He went away.

I sat on alone, seeming scarcely to breathe between the quick, full beats of my heart. In the repressed silence that grips a nervous person who waits in uncertainty, my eyes were opened to their widest and kept moving stiffly. A long time seemed to pass before, growing fully accustomed to the dusk, I made out the form of a throne-like, domed bed.

And after a while the very stillness seemed to take on a power that welded with the half-light and became as a wall that held back air from me. And on this choking sensation a depression followed unlike any ever felt before. And just as recognition of this made me try to spring up, sent my gaze like a plunging rapier into the bed's shadow, a voice crept out upon the tomblike quiet.

"Come near—to me," I heard.

Obediently I faltered up. Though the flood of disturbed blood burned in my cheeks, my knees lurched under me as I approached the bed and waited.

Silence followed. And then something occurred that made me almost scream. A hand crept around mine. This, too, though I name it a hand, was a thing outside my experience; the feel of it was of jabbing bone on which loose, dry skin moved, and it brought to my remembrance fragments of dark-brown, rustling papyrus seen under glass in Roman museums. In the feeblest way this hand drew me on until my elbows were pressing into the down and satin of the bed. The fingers fondled mine, sank away, grew a little stronger and again stroked mine waveringly. "Hand of velvet," stole out to me on a whisper as unlike the normal voice as a filament of a spider's web is unlike a rope. "Small, sweet-smelling hand! Ah, the rose, the rose of youth!"

[Concluded in March McCall's]



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Babbie

[Continued from page 24]

dressing-room, he pulled an envelope from his pocket and scribbled a note on the back of it.

BABBIE: I've found you at last, as perhaps you meant me to do. But now I am afraid to knock at your door. I love you, dear; but I can't bear this uncertainty longer. If you can't care for me, refuse to see me. But if you do—Oh, Babbie, if you do!—let me see you now!

MICHAEL.

Sheila had settled herself comfortably on a property chair, and Michael sent in the note by an usher.

Two thousand years later—Celtic time—the dressing-room door opened, and a little maid motioned to Michael to enter. As he crossed the threshold, she sped away across the stage.

Two quick strides, and Michael was standing over Babbie before she had time to rise from her dressing-table.

And Babbie—the Babbie that had been Jane Fisk but a moment before, holding an immense audience in the hollow of her hand—Babbie looked half afraid, and her mouth was trembling.

Perhaps if it had not been for Babbie's mouth, Michael might have stumbled through a proposal of the conventional form—at least as conventional as a Celtic proposal could possibly hope to be. But the sight of it, childlike and appealing, swept all coherent thoughts from his head, and dropping down on his knees beside her, Michael caught her in his arms and burying his face in the smoky masses of her hair, murmured over and over again, "Babbie—Babbie—Babbie!"

And Babbie? The thought that she had known Michael in reality but a week—and seen him, perhaps, ten times in all—never entered her head. She only knew that the strange emptiness that had clung to her heart since that faraway day in London when she had sat, tearfully radiant, through the first night of "Ecstasy" and had seen Michael step out on the stage in response to the call for "Author!"—and had heard the silver blur of his voice and caught the magic gleam of his eyes, was no longer there.

"My wonderful little sweetheart," whispered Michael, feeling for her face and tilting it up to his.

A startled look crept into her eyes, and she trembled.

"Why, witch child! I believe you are fey! Are you afraid of my kisses?"

Babbie smiled shyly, then slowly shook her head.

"No, Michael. It's just that I know my heart will be all gone after that. And somehow, I'm afraid of too much joy all at one time!"

"I can wait, Babbie—for your lips, if you want me to. But I've waited so long already."

And only then did she turn her scarlet mouth to his.

Double Doom

[Continued from page 91]

Ritchey nodded impatiently to the uniformed policeman.

"Here, Henry! lend a hand, and be quick about it. Got to get this stiff out of sight before the girl comes to."

"What!" Rodney cried. "What did you say? She isn't dead?"

Ritchey grinned broadly up into Rodney's face.

"Not so's you'd notice it. Plugged through the shoulder and fainted from pain and loss of blood, that's all."

"But you said—"

"I wanted to see what he'd do, what'd happen when he thought he'd killed her. 'Member explainin' to me how these two thought they had to die at the same time, account their bein' twins? Well, this one"—he indicated the body of Angelo with a jerk of his head—"believed it good and hard, all right—so hard it killed him. Or I guess you might say he killed himself with fear. He was so sure he had to die, he did. But she . . ."

He got up, taking the shoulders of Angelo as the policeman lifted his feet, to carry him out of the room.

"Look for yourself, if you don't believe me," Ritchey advised. "Don't let on to her, when she comes to, her brother's dead; just tell her he's under arrest. So long's she don't find out the truth too soon and scare herself to death, the same as he did, she'll live to see her great-grandchildren—hers and yours."

Alone with his beloved, Rodney lifted the handkerchief and bent solicitously over the face of fatality.

The breath of parted lips softly fanned the cheek he bent to them. He could see pulses beating in the sweet hollows of that round young throat. And as he watched the lashes stirred, the eyes unveiled, she saw him, knew him, and smiling faintly, murmured his name. . . .

[THE END]

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Garden Adventures, *By Mrs. Francis King* *Author of "The Little Garden"*

Now the awakening year stirs garden and gardener alike to a passionate longing for wealth of blossom and glory of green—all that comprise the pageantry of summer. What so enchanting then as to experiment with delicate annual flowers, since every true gardener is an adventurer at heart!



If the man or woman with the small plot of garden ground could only know what the little garden will do, what variety it gives to colorless lives, what surprises, what pleasures, it holds, it would not be long before the leaves of Vallombrosa were outnumbered by the little gardens of America.

AS I write I am looking at some of the most charming of annual flowers, blooming brightly in our own borders, rose color and blue, godetia and nigella. Are they found in every border of annuals? I doubt it. But they should be, and with them there should be another, clarkia by name. Godetias are seen so seldom in American gardens, but they are very beautiful and deserve a place there, especially the fine variety known as Double Rose. For those who want pure blue in their gardens—and who does not?—nigella is a flower of the greatest value. It is sky-blue—as few flowers are—a flower an inch across, with very interesting pointed petals. The plant grows about a foot high.

The variety Miss Jekyll is one of the most important annuals. It should be sown several times during the summer, for its blooming period is not long. The same is true of godetia (which belongs to the evening primrose family) and of clarkia, whose variety, Salmon Rose, will make you think in August that you have peach-blossoms.

I often take up one plant of clarkia in full bloom for an opaque vase or bowl, leaving the roots in the water. The shape of the plant is so graceful, the branches spring so charmingly from the root, it delights the eye. We all

love garden color, but a good deal of pure white there should be for the high lights of the picture. Nothing is clearer in the white annuals than candytuft; nothing better in white plants for edgings than sweet alyssum, though too much of this last is a mistake. Unless a very formal effect of straight lines in the garden is aimed at, break up the monotony of the white-edged border by the use of the foliage of hardy pinks, of annual stocks with their handsome leaves of gray, of that fine perennial heuchera, with its dark, rounded, ivy-like leaves that hug the ground so closely, and from which rise in June such fascinating coral-colored flowers.

The nicotines are not so generally used as they should be. Two, both capital for gardens, occur to me here—nicotiana affinis, with long white flowers, very fragrant; and nicotiana sylvestris, larger in flower and with great effective foliage. These open their flowers only in shade or toward sundown, but their fine form and delicious scent should make them welcome everywhere. Nicotiana sylvestris, by the by, is a perennial.

In a border of annuals arranged by no less a personage in the world of gardening than Miss Jekyll herself, there are groupings which we should do well to bring into our own gardens. For example—near the edge of the border are escholtzia with sweet alyssum before it and tall, lemon-colored African marigolds at the back; nigella behind the escholtzia, the blue cornflower back of that. Migonnette rises behind blue lobelia in the border, dwarf French marigold has calendula before it, dwarf ageratum and that old garden annual so little known here, collinsia bicolor, give blue and lilac tones at the quieter end of low-growing things. Back of all these are pink snapdragons, a group of bluish scabiosa, godetia, more tall marigolds, always in the paler colors, white annual asters, and that lovely annual rose-pink lavatera trimestris, with hollyhocks in white and pink to raise the line of heights in the background. Behind the blue cornflower, Miss Jekyll plants some tall primrose-colored sunflowers, those small sunflowers whose plants are not more than three feet high, and whose flowers are very fine in form and color. Lupines have their place in this border too, but as these are not annuals, they hardly belong to this discussion.

There is nothing better with which to cover bulbs than annual flowers. Their roots are not very deep or demanding. If seed is sown as early as possible, the foliage of annuals will soon blot out, with fresh green, the brown and dying leaves of tulips and of daffodils. Verbenas are capital plants for this. One of my special favorites in annual flowers is

verbena venosa, from the Argentine, with a pretty graceful habit of growth, and a small but rich purple head of flowers.

Collinsia bicolor, the beautiful little annual, already mentioned, flowered with us this summer for the first time. It is about eight inches tall with flowers of lilac and white.

NOT a syllable have I written thus far concerning such plants as annual white cosmos, the dwarf early variety, so nice near lavatera. Do not let the so-called pink cosmos venture near this lavatera or mallow. If you do, both flowers will suffer, as well as your own harmony-loving eye. If you must have the cool pink of this cosmos in your border, see to it that some lavender or purple hardy asters, such as aster amellus elegans or aster Faltham Blue, or Lil Fardell, bloom nearby. With these flowers the pink cosmos is perfect, as well as the cold pink of the Japanese anemone, that perennial so welcome in the autumn.

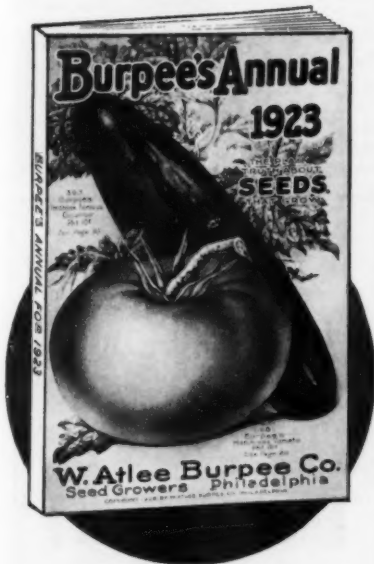
One word now of practical suggestion concerning the starting of the annuals of which I have written. In the latitude of New York, seeds of tender annuals should be sown in the open ground about the middle of April. Others, of slower growth, should be sown indoors about March fifteenth.



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Valentine Letters

[Continued from page 1]

as any other girl's and when he dug through the foot or two of silly affectations and foolishness he found a heart and brain, a heart just as warm and soft, a brain just as keen as anyone could boast. But the point of the thing was that it was so hard to get to them, to touch them in any way. They wanted to be wild, they wanted to break rules and be caught. Sent home. They wanted the disgrace, or rather it was fame to them. They wanted to be talked about. What can be done with a person who commits a misdemeanor not for the sake of the crime but for the punishment? The college gradually absorbs them, changes some, rejects some, endures the rest and sends them out—still flappers—for some have flapper-souls and flappers they'll remain if they live to be a hundred. So girls have changed, suddenly, inexplicably, but why try to explain? The more attention flappers attract the more they flap. That is their business in life to attract attention, to be talked about. When other folk cease trying to explain them and reform them, they will explain and reform themselves.

RUTH STEELE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:

I was much interested in Robert W. Chambers' article in a recent issue of McCall's magazine on "Saving our Forests," and wish that the story could be read by all the people who have the interest of our country at heart. I hope that Mr. Chambers' article will be a means toward starting something that will be along the lines he suggests.

GEORGE THOMAS, Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have taken your magazine for a number of years and it is the one magazine for which I have always renewed my subscription, although I have often neglected the others. Allow me to tell you how much I enjoyed "Charles Rex" by Ethel M. Dell. I hope we will have more of her stories in McCall's. Of course there are other authors whose works I have enjoyed, but Ethel M. Dell is one of my favorite authors.

MISS H. LASSALE, San Francisco, Cal.

TO THE EDITOR:

I read McCall's regularly with great pleasure. I like its stories, they are always sane, wholesome and entertaining. The culinary department I consider excellent, too. In fact I think it is one of the best all-round magazines published.

FLOYD STAHL, Phoenix, Arizona.

TO THE EDITOR:

We Americans owe a great deal to Mr. Robert W. Chambers who understands the present enough to look forward to the future of America and to offer constructive criticism. I am an employee of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, an organization that tries to give compensation in hospital care, salary, vocational training, etc., to the men and women who rendered service during the war. Millions are thus spent, yet all do not receive sufficient compensation from the government. Statistics show the startling number of the boys who returned with tubercular or nervous (shell-shock) troubles. Why could not the government give these men, who are in no condition to hold office positions, work that will prove beneficial to nerve, mind and body? Where better could they work than out in the open forest preserves. Your warning articles, "We Can Save Our Country and Honor Our Heroes by Saving America's Vanishing Forests," makes us perceive the serious condition now, the distressing condition in the future if people do not save our forests for the beauty, health, prosperity and survival of our nation. Hoping that many may become vitally interested in this constructive idea and plan you are bringing to the attention of the people, I am,

MAE SANDLIN, Dallas, Texas.

TO THE EDITOR:

McCall's is surely the best magazine in every way that I have ever seen. No matter what one would like some help about, McCall's is the place to hunt for it. It is complete in each and every department.

MRS. CHAS. O. HENNON, Ramsey, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a reader of McCall's for many years and have enjoyed it immensely. This month's cover was mighty pleasing. The idea of a pretty face reflected in the water is certainly something novel, and I could not help expressing my appreciation.

ALICE CARLING, 31 W. 96th St., N. Y. C.

TO THE EDITOR:

Your last number is the best one yet—keep it up. Tell Ethel M. Dell never to drop Maud, Bunny nor Jake out of her books. I've read all of her books and know them well.

MRS. H. W. CLARK, Brushton, N. Y.

[Turn to page 99]

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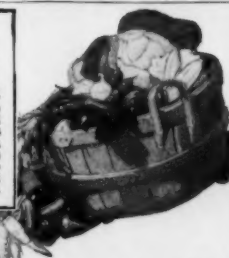
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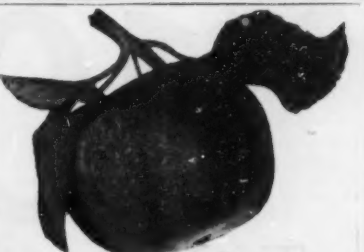
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The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 13]

Pharaoh had seen seven ears of good corn growing on one stalk. Suddenly they had been devoured by seven bad ears. Next, seven lean and miserable-looking cows had suddenly rushed forth upon seven fat cows, who were peacefully grazing along the banks of the Nile, and had gobbled them up, without leaving a trace of skin or bone.

That was all, but it was enough to upset the peace of mind of His Majesty. He asked all the wise people of the land for an explanation, but alas! they were at a loss to tell him. Then the steward remembered the Jewish boy who had been so clever at explaining such things, and he suggested to his master that Joseph be sent for. They found him still in jail, and so they had him washed and shaved and ordered his hair to be cut and gave him a new suit of clothes, and brought him to the palace.

The boredom of prison life had not dulled the quickness of Joseph's mind. He explained the dream with the greatest ease. This was his verdict:

"There will be seven years of plentiful harvests. These were represented by the seven fat cows and the seven ears of corn growing on one stalk. They will be followed by seven years of starvation and hunger, and the seven lean years will exhaust the grain that was grown during the seven good years. Let Your Majesty therefore appoint a wise man to administer the food supply of the country, for great will be the need when the time of famine comes."

Pharaoh was greatly impressed. Then and there he appointed the young foreigner to be his minister of agriculture.

As time went by, the powers of this office were greatly increased. At the end of seven years, the son of Jacob was the dictator of Egypt and ruled supreme in the land. He proved a faithful servant to his royal master. He built enormous granaries and filled them with extra corn against the coming of the evil days. When at last Famine stalked through the land, Joseph was fully prepared.

The Egyptian peasants, who had lived from hand to mouth since the beginning of time, had never saved anything. To get food for themselves and their families, they were now obliged to give Pharaoh first their houses and then their cattle, and finally they were forced to surrender their land.

At the end of the seven years, they had lost everything, and the king had got all the land from the coast of the Mediterranean to the Mountains of the Moon.

In this way, the old race of Egyptian freemen came to an end. It was the beginning of a slavery which lasted for almost forty centuries and which eventually caused more misery than a dozen famines. On the other hand, it kept the people alive, and it made Egypt the commercial center of the civilized world. For the famine was international, and Egypt was the only country that was prepared.

Babylonia and Assyria and the land of Canaan, they all suffered equally from drought and the grasshoppers and other insect pests. Everywhere the people were dying by the thousands. Whole regions were depopulated, and children were sold into slavery to keep the parents alive.

Old Jacob, too, with his sons and all their families, soon felt the pangs of hunger. Until at last, in their despair, they decided to send some one to Egypt for a small supply of grain. Benjamin, the brother of Joseph, remained at home. The other ten sons took their donkeys and their empty sacks and went westward in search of help.

They crossed the desert of Sinai and at last they reached the banks of the Nile. There the Egyptian officials stopped them and took them before the viceroy.

Joseph immediately recognized the bedraggled wanderers as his brothers. But he did not betray his secret. He pretended that he did not know the Jewish language. He told his interpreter to ask the newcomers who they were.

"Peaceful shepherds from the land of Canaan, in search of food for their old father," was the answer.

They were quite sure they were not spies sent out to learn about the defenses of Egypt, so that a foreign invader might force his way into the country?

They swore that they were quite innocent. They were just what they said. They belonged to a family of peaceful shepherds, twelve brothers who lived with their old father in the land of Canaan.

"Where were the other two?"

"One, alas, was dead. The other had remained at home to look after the father."

Joseph pretended that he was not convinced.

They had better all go back whence they came and bring the other brother to prove their words, for the Governor of Egypt had his doubt about the truth of their story. In some way or other, it did not sound quite right.

[Turn to page 99]

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The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 98]

Then the ten were in great distress. They stood around Joseph's tent and talked rapidly in Hebrew. Their old crime was heavy on their minds. It was a terrible thing to have sold their brother Joseph to the foreign slave-traders. Now, apparently, they were about to lose their second brother.

They implored Joseph to be merciful. But he refused. He had overheard their conversation. He was greatly pleased at their repentance. The last thirty years seemed to have taught his brothers a stern lesson. But he was not yet certain. He must try them once more before he would forgive them.

And so it was decided that Simeon should stay behind as a hostage, while the others went back to get Benjamin.

This proved no easy task. Jacob was heart-broken. But his family was hungry, his servants were dying, and there was no seed-grain for next year. And so he was forced to give in. Benjamin and the other brothers returned to Egypt.

The last time, they had been arrested as soon as they had crossed the frontier. Now, however, all the officials were most polite. The brothers were straightway taken to the palace of the governor. There they were given rooms and were entertained in royal fashion.

They did not quite like this. After all, they were not exactly beggars. They were poor, but they had come prepared to pay for whatever they got. They did not want charity. But when they offered their gold in exchange for grain, they were told that they could have all they wanted for nothing, and when they insisted upon paying they found that the money had been returned to them and had been hidden in their sacks. They were talking about this strange occurrence that night when they were resting after the heat of the day's journey.

Suddenly there were loud voices, and out of the dark there came a group of Egyptian soldiers. They had been sent out to overtake the Jews and to arrest them.

The brothers asked what they had done, and protested their innocence. The Egyptian captain, however, had his orders. The drinking-cup of the viceroy had been stolen. No one had been near him that day except a few Jewish visitors. All foreigners must therefore be searched. The brothers submitted to the inevitable. One after another, they opened their packs. And behold! at the bottom of the grain sack which was carried by Benjamin, and which was unpacked last of all, there lay the drinking-cup of Joseph!

Valentine Letters

[Continued from page 97]

TO THE EDITOR:
Isn't "Charles Rex," just glorious, and so finished that one has a feeling of filled-up-ness when the end is reached. Ethel M. Dell is a wonderful hostess, isn't she? Makes one so well acquainted with her extraordinary people that—well, they may go, but their personality lives on forever. Everyone must love Ethel M. Dell. Can't we just have a glimpse of her, and a few personal lines, please. O boy! wouldn't it be heavenly to have her tell us about herself. I am a young authoress myself, on the threshold of success. I am in the throes of happiness at having two of my manuscripts accepted for publication, but if I could get a glimpse of Ethel M. Dell and hear about her own life, my joy would be overwhelming.

OREON MARIE MCKEE,
Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR:
I cannot but express my appreciation of Robert W. Chambers' article, which appeared in a recent issue. I just spent some months in the lumbering districts of Maine and I was much pleased to find that some few, at least, are not indifferent to the horrible thoroughness with which our forests are being butchered.

Oh! blind and more than blind are the people who are responsible for the leveling of our forests. The piles of gleaming spruce and the money which they bring are beautiful in their eyes but they cannot or will not view the horror, which they have wrought, and take the precautions necessary to preserve what is left and prepare for future needs. Publicity is vitally necessary to combat this short-sighted slaughter of the forest and I congratulate McCall's and Mr. Chambers on such a timely and pointed appeal.

KINSLEY G. ROMER, Utica, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:
Your December number frontispiece is most desirable for framing. Have you facsimiles available?

OTTO H. HERMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

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Does Absence—or Nearness—Make the Heart Grow Fonder?

PROPINQUITY accounts for most love affairs, said Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the young ladies of his time—mid-Victorians—were offended. The suggestion also disquiets the girl of today. Never will lovely woman tolerate the idea that the trend of affection can be determined by anything so prosaic as enforced association in a classroom, office, neighborhood or social set.

If her lover loves her because he happens to be frequently thrown with her, why then, will he not love another girl for no better reason?

Doubtless he can, often he does; not infrequently triangles and affinities and infatuations which result in tragedies are produced by propinquity. Here is a neat example of propinquity's subtle method:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am engaged to a man whom I idolize and who adores me. We live in cities a thousand miles apart and I have not seen him for more than six months. We are to be married next spring. But now a terrible thing has happened: At present I am seeing daily a man whom I never can get out of my mind. He is not as handsome as the man I am to marry, not as clever, nor as good.

But I think of him constantly. Do I love him? I used to go to sleep dreaming about my fiancé but now I vision the other man. I plan to shun him, to avoid him in the office, and then I find myself going out of my way to pass him. I say to myself, "I will not speak to J—today," but if I see him talking to another girl, I find an excuse to interrupt.

He knows I am engaged but that doesn't keep him from making violent love to me.

When I use my reason, I am positive I do not wish to be false to my fiancé nor to stop my wedding. Anybody would say that I am engaged to the finer man of the two.

Certainly I never could trust J— as a husband. But somehow, quite against my will, he is replacing my fiancé in my mind. Why, I actually have wanted him to kiss me!

Now what makes me feel this way?—A. L. E., Pennsylvania.

PROBABLY propinquity is responsible for this poor girl's confusion. Modern psychology bolsters up Dr. Holmes' wisdom. It explains how the mind works and why the mind often deceives the heart.

Images of passing events are not easily erased from the memory. What happens during the day is carried into the night by the mind. In the same way as the refrain of a song will intrude again and again; inevitably the business of the day, and images of those who share its activities, haunt the mind after working hours.

Simply because the image of her employer persists, a girl may fancy herself in love with him; many a married man has discovered to his annoyance that the sharp impression of the office girl who sits opposite him all day conflicts with the fainter image the wife can make in the shorter waking hours he spends at home.

The girl who writes the above does not understand the working of the mind. The persistent image of the man she does not love confuses her because, according to tradition, only love can account for it.

Fortunately psychology, in proving how our minds deceive us, has upset some dangerous traditions. The girl who fancies herself in love because she "thinks about him day and night" forgets that people hate in the same way.

Propinquity explains much modern erotic madness.

Poor Training for Husbands

IN letters of astounding frankness from numbers of interesting college girls occurs the question, "What's the matter with petting?" I quote from two of them:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Brains never provide a girl with a good time now-a-days. So if we do away with petting, what will we do to fill the empty spaces?—Eugenie A., Rhode Island.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I wish you would write more about this petting party business. Why is it so awful?

And can you tell me, Mrs. Wilcox, why men find a girl so much more attractive if she conceals her brains? I've got 'em, an inheritance from dad; but-I never air them before men with whom I want to be popular.

I used to detest cozy-corner athletes and petting. I went to college and found I lost out in dates I really wanted with men who were truly worth while. I know you'll say they weren't if they demanded that but I know they were. Of course, men may respect a girl who does not pet but I notice they leave her alone and marry the girls they go with.

For months I have been seeing a talented and successful man who takes petting for granted and does it thoroughly. He knows I go with other men and do the same thing and

CCARE of the body is a duty commonly recognized. Care of the mind often is a neglected responsibility. Physical health means beauty. Mental health means happiness. When the mind is tormented by trouble, mental health is impossible. How to get rid of mental tension is information every woman ought to have. If you cannot analyze your own distress, detail it to another. If your personal perplexity is one you dare to confide only to a stranger, submit it, big or little, to a woman who has had fifteen years' experience with such correspondence. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



I know he goes with other girls. I have not lost my respect for him and if he didn't have any for me, would he ask me to marry him?

But I think twenty is too young for a girl to become engaged and I have two more years of college. I shall meet more men and when I tie myself to any one of them I know it's for life so I'll try to get the right one.

I have traveled much, have lived in Europe and Asia and in many towns, and because my father is a professional man I lived inside a huge training camp during the war. I attend a co-ed U, so I ought to know something about men, don't you think? I have a sense of humor and a conservative streak so I don't get my father talked about.

I haven't any particular problem, only something I have thought about often.

I like your page, I like the attitude you take on the letters you receive, and I wish you'd say why petting is so awful.—J. A., Wisconsin.

WHAT'S the matter with petting?"

Two things: You girls are training young men in conduct which will make you weep as wives. You admit that you grant for nothing except popularity—to men almost strangers—all the privileges of the conventionally engaged.

At a time when habits of restraint, inhibition, self-control and repression should be developing in a young man's character, you girls pamper him in emotional indulgence.

That is mighty poor training for somebody's future husband. It is demoralizing. Here one uses the verb "demoralize" with its literal meaning.

The mere fact of marriage will work no miracle in a man's will, nor destroy his petting habit.

(Keep in mind the fact that you girls are assisting him before marriage to fix his habit firmly.)

After a few years or perhaps months of wedded life, too many young husbands will claim "the need" of emotional variety, and always having indulged "natural instinct" will seek as their "right" an ante-nuptial procession of willing maids addicted to petting.

And the young wife? Well, after a few years or months of wedded bliss, too often she is going to find the settling-down process intolerably monotonous, she is going to crave some assorted admiration and flattery, she is going to miss the varied excitements of miscellaneous petting, she is going to grow dissatisfied with the caresses of the one and only man who by law and religion may be granted her kiss.

In brief, petting is doubtful training for marriage, the success of which depends upon the control of the emotions.

Conscious repression is a source of strength. Even the most radical philosophers admit that man has differentiated himself from the brute by his power to repress and inhibit certain emotions. A general decline in such inhibition would mean a slump in civilization. Character is cumulative, whether for good or evil. Petting parties are not advanced but very primitive schools for potential husbands and wives.

Youth, the Would-Be Usurper

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am a girl of only sixteen and so when I stayed out until two o'clock in the morning, with a man I had just met, one whom my parents did not know, they objected strenuously, but in this day and age the younger generation rules, does it not?—Jackie.

THIS is a favorite doctrine with too many boys and girls, a "heavy line" so often repeated that the adult intelligence is obliged to inquire in just what ways our youths are ruling.

I do not see any of them in Congress; nor governing states; nor on the bench; nor editing newspapers; nor conducting important financial affairs. War is made by old men for young men to fight. The maids who declared last summer that they NEVER would give up short skirts are now wearing long ones.

And how these young pretenders to the throne of authority would wail were all the fathers to go bankrupt tomorrow and stop the precious flow of gasoline!

Why, youth can neither feed nor clothe itself and certainly it does not even rule itself! It follows fads like sheep in a flock—and repeats absurd dictums!

Self-Sufficient Precocity

A GIRL of sixteen asks help in finding happiness. To assist me she gives her weight, height, color of eyes and bob, and states that she is able to smoke cigarettes with the men.

She warns me not to recommend further education nor any occupation because only in the friendship of men can the happiness she craves be realized. She concludes:

"I am just a natural sixteen-year-old girl who ranges from six to sixty in the age of my mind!"

Surely such precocity needs no direction!

Winona Wilcox

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"A STUDY IN VALUES"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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Makes

Bathrooms Sparkle

The Old Dutch Cleanser way is the best way to clean porcelain and enamel. Because—the soft, flat, flaky Old Dutch particles erase the dirt quickly; and the surface retains its fine, smooth lustre and finish. Old Dutch makes cleaning easy. Contains no hard grit which scratches and grinds-in the dirt.

Old Dutch is economical because the flat particles clean a great amount of surface with a small amount of work.

Use it for all cleaning.

